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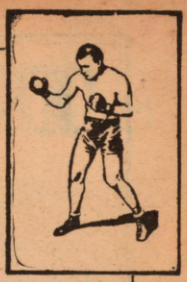

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In Our Next Issue

The British Empire is back in the fistic spotlight with boxers who are holding their own against the world's best. Tommy Farr's great stand against Joe Louis is the talk of the boxing world. In the next issue, The Ring Editor will compare Tommy with other great English fighters of the past. The story will discuss such sterling British ring gladiators as Owen Moran, Jem Driscoll, Jimmy Wilde, Freddy Welsh, Charley Mitchell, Jem Mace and other celebrities.

Pugilism's greatest featherweight since the early nineties, Henry Armstrong, dubbed a second Terry McGovern. The January issue will contain several pages of photographs of his world championship fight with Petey Sarron and an analysis of the contest by The Ring's staff of experts.

The little men of the Squared Circle are coming to the fore with a rush. They are giving the fans the kind of fights that thrilled the spectators when Dad was a boy. The great fighters of the past are finding keen rivals in the lightweights of the present. You'll get a kick out of the story on "Great Lightweights of the Past".

"Ring Oddities," is an interesting article by Bob Edgren.

In addition, special stories by Nat Fleischer, The Ring Editor; Hype Igoe, George T. Pardy, and Daniel M. Daniel.

Don't miss this number with its heaps of interesting pictures

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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MY IMPRESSIONS

The British Empire heavyweight king in a jocular vein.

Tommy Farr, British Empire Heavyweight champion, praises sportsmanship of American fight fans. Condemns scribes of America and England for belittling his ability prior to fight with Louis. Awaits return to U. S. with eagerness. Hopes for return engagement with Louis and a crack at Schmeling.

WHEN "THE RING" invited me to speak through the columns of this high class magazine, I had difficulty in disguising my eagerness to do so. I had longed for such an opportunity, because I wanted the people of the United States to know exactly what my feelings are toward them and I was eager to express it through the medium of "THE RING."

It is common knowledge that I had been rated by most critics, including almost all of the British scribes, as one who had no chance against Joe Louis, but I hope you will believe me when I say I bore no malice toward them on that account. In the nine years of my ring career I have learned to recognize that every person is entitled to an opinion and although on this occasion I knew that my share of the gate would be sadly hit by the adverse criticism I was receiving, I treated the attacks as sheer bad luck.

But I feel bound to point out that some of the writers, again including most of the British scribes who were here to cover the fight, went beyond the spirit of fair play in their write-ups on my training.

* * *

Sneering remarks regarding my lack of generosity can be ignored, but I feel justified in pointing out that had I responded to half the appeals and demands, I should myself by now have been borrowing passage money to return home. In New York alone there are scores of once-famous boxers down and out simply because they did not do what I am doing—provide for a rainy day.

* * *

THERE are parasites in every walk of life. They make their presence felt in the boxing game. A boxer to them is a good fellow while his money flows. That kind of thing applies to Britain as well as to America, but it would be foolish to damn any country for the actions of a few.

Since I landed in America, I have been overwhelmed with kindnesses by Mike Jacobs, the Ace promoter of the United States; Sol Strauss, his lawyer; Nat Fleischer, "THE RING" editor, and Joe Prendergast and his sisters, owners of the West End Casino of Long Branch, who tossed a party in my honor on the night after my fight with Louis.

Shall I tell you my thoughts as I sat there with Governor Hoffman of New Jersey, "Bugs" Baer, the famous American wit, and other celebrities, near me? I recalled the time when I was a young orphan, one of eight children. I was tramping toward London, a distance of nearly 200 miles, without food and using the roadside as a bed.

Do you think I am insincere when I tell you that I shall always feel indebted to America and Americans? I hope to convince you that I am grateful for every little act or word of kindness.

* * *

NOW, I dare say you would like me to make some sort of reference to my fight. If so, I begin with a word of praise for my opponent. Joe Louis fought cleanly and well. As to the verdict, I had intended to offer no comment because only on one occasion—when I was disqualified for an alleged foul—have I put up an alibi. It is my practice to accept decisions without bitterness even though such decisions may be bad.

But I cannot help wondering how the referee, Arthur Donovan, arrived at the conclusion that I had merely won the first round when almost every newspaper gave me at least five. Even Joe Louis disagrees with him in that.

During the fight I felt I was rather handicapped in not being allowed to indulge in in-fighting. Immediately I managed to get close up I was ordered to break away although neither of us did any persistent holding.

Such an interpretation of rules is not seen in English rings, and I tender the view that to keep boxers at a distance all the time is not in the best interests of sport.

* * *

IN all other respects I enjoyed every moment of the fight, and to assure you of that I am going to tell a little story. When I visited a cinema to see the film I found people laughing aloud because they saw me patting Louis on the head at the end of each round. I heard a woman asking her husband what it meant.

Well, I was feeling so pleased that I could not avoid the

# of AMERICA

By TOMMY FARR

(British Empire Heavyweight King. Written exclusively for THE RING*)*

little mannerism. It is my way of appreciating a sporting battle.

* * *

I HAVE been asked by Nat Fleischer to give my impressions of the fight fans here, the managers, the promoters and what not. I'm sorry that I cannot do all that, because I had contact only with the fans and the promoter of the fight and the scribes, and I can assure those of my brethren abroad who continuously take a slap at everything American, that never could I hope for better treatment than I was accorded here. Only a mere handful of reporters, who I am told regard their writings in a witty vein, could I say were not giving me fair treatment, but I suppose if we British subjects could understand American humor, I would have had a hearty laugh at my own expense rather than be peeved by some of the daily comments.

But let me not stray off the path over which I started—namely, good sportsmanship of the Americans. It was indeed a great thrill for me to receive the plaudits of the crowd every time I landed a punch on my adversary in the fight for the world title. If you who are abroad were of the impression that the American sportsmen are first, last and always for the home boy, forget that and sleep on it. It is not so. They seem to give the foreigner, especially if he is regarded as the underdog, none the worse of it. They cheer him on. They urge him to unleash all he has by encouraging him.

That is as it should be and I hope that if my fight with Louis did nothing more, it will bring home to our people the fact that in America one can get a square deal regardless of race, color or creed. Yes, I can say that with all sincerity. It was proved to me even though the referee failed to see me as did the scribes, the other two judges and the gathering of 40,000 persons. Perhaps Arthur Donovan is near-sighted and the commission is not aware of it, but I'm told he's a very good referee, one of the best in America, so I'll not condemn him but ask him in the future, if I fight in America again, and he officiates, that he give closer attention to my scoring.

* * *

AS for the fighting qualities of the Americans, I must say that they have what is necessary to draw out throngs. They are combination fighters and clever men and as a result, with few exceptions, their style is more pleasing than is ours. I have been told by American critics, whose friendship I value, that I fight much like their best men. That's a compliment and I appreciate it.

And now a few words about the crowds. They are the finest behaved sports the world over. They love a fighter. They give credit where credit is due. They encourage a loser and stand by him if he gives any reason for support. That is as it should be.

Personal enmity, racial prejudice and other items seem to have no place with the American fight followers. They love a good scrap and make the boys give them the best in them. At least that was my impression in the several contests I had witnessed, including the Carnival of Champions which Mike Jacobs staged before a huge gathering at the Polo Grounds.

* * *

AS for my future, it seems exceptionally bright. Mike Jacobs has definitely arranged to have me call again. He is planning to give me a chance at the championship again because of the heaps of praise showered upon me by the sporting public and the newspapers following my showing against Louis.

By the time this article *(Continued on page* 45*)*

Tommy Farr in a typical fighting pose.

Schmeling *in* Spotlight

Eyes of Fistic World Now Focused on German—Montanez Weak at Lightweight Limit

By HYPE IGOE

THE Joe Louis and Max Schmeling battle for the world's heavyweight championship will be upon us before we can say "Jack Robinson." With its coming, will be those endless arguments as to the respective merits of the two.

Can Max Schmeling repeat his devastating humiliation of the Brown Bomber? Will the lapse of time have robbed the German of his deadly accuracy with a right-hand counter punch?

Has Louis actually shaken off the effects of that thrashing? It was one of the most severe drubbings I've seen a heavyweight receive since the night Bob Fitzsimmons punched Jim Jeffries' head to twice its normal size in San Francisco, only to lose to the boilermaker in the eighth round.

Jack Dempsey gave Jess Willard an even worse flaying in Toledo when Jack took the title. Jim went on, remained and retired undefeated after that terrific pounding by Fitzsimmons and wasn't beaten until he foolishly tried to come back to fight Jack Johnson after being out of the ring nearly six years.

Willard never was much of a fighter after Dempsey took his title. Louis advanced to win one after the Schmeling smacking, and the question now arises: Can he reverse the knockout at the hands of Schmeling? Did that licking make him "gun-shy," as they say in the gymnasiums?

* * *

SCHMELING insists that he detected this failing in Louis when Joe outpointed Tommy Farr. I don't think Joe fought badly that night. He was up against pretty slick ringmanship. Farr is a much better fighter than the records show or the critics ever were willing to admit, and this goes especially for the English chroniclers.

Therefore, you will have to set aside the Farr argument for the present. Louis waited eight rounds to land his right on Braddock's chin, and when he did it was all over.

Schmeling is always in fine condition. He lives decently, doesn't drink nor smoke, and is always doing light work to keep his muscles in tune. He goes in strongly for trap-shooting, a sport which requires the steadiest kind of nerves and the keenest sort of eyes. When Max recently was awarded a trap-shooting trophy in Germany with 92 out of 100 clay pigeons to his credit, he proved that he still has the sharpshooter's eye.

It is reasonable to suppose that he uses those same eyes much as he does when he is shooting, every time he goes into the ring. He hit Joe so hard and with such beautiful marksmanship, the Brown Boy simply couldn't get away from it.

It was for all the world as if Max was using a high powered pump gun. Louis was utterly helpless against such direct hitting. He forgot all about his own great punching after awhile and seemed concerned only in trying to keep from being hit again and again.

Schmeling was in trouble, real trouble, but once, and that was in the seventh round when the Negro got to his stomach. Max whipped out of it nicely and before the round had ended he was belting Joe's chin with those rights once more.

* * *

IT is my contention that Louis never will be the same, cocksure performer in front of Max again. Even when Joe was being smacked on the jaw in the early rounds, he seemed to hold Max in contempt. It was this attitude of indifference which seemed to leave Joe wide open for the German's hard right-hand punches to the jaw. Schmeling went in sure of himself. He came back after a couple of rounds and said to Joe Jacobs and Max Machon!

"He hits like the dickens. He hits hard." And there his conversation ended. He was simply letting them know that Joe hurt him.

Louis won't laugh off the memory of those punches. He won't forget in a hurry how he went down and from a kneeling position, facing the ropes, rolled over on his side. When Jack Blackburn, his trainer, yelled: "Chappie, get up. Yo' heah me, Chappie? GET UP!" Louis looked over at the corner and shook his head, "NO." There was no question as to how badly he had been punched around. He was utterly helpless and soundly beaten and no amount of goading or coaching would have changed the matter.

Therefore, I don't see how Joe hopes to overcome that utter rout by the German. Of course, Max will be a year older. He is already past the thirty-year mark, the fatal divide, that period when a fighter is supposed to run to seed, become soft and a victim of weariness, bad legs and judgment after a few rounds.

* * *

LOUIS has youth on his side. He has the natural stamina to shake off punches as he did several times against Farr. Max has the ring knowledge necessary to thwart a fellow who can hit as hard as Louis. But what about his age? It has been my observation that fellows who get hit after they are past thirty years of age don't shake off punches as they did when they were nearer the twenty-five-year mark.

Louis maintains that the sole ambition of his young life is to get Schmeling in front of him a second time. Were it not for the fact that Schmeling is such a thoroughly trained athlete and certainly extraordinary as a right-hand hitter, I'd begin to think Joe would have little trouble reversing the bitter defeat of his life.

Schmeling is a plodding, studious, well-tuned athlete. The extra year on his life might not have any effect on his fighting, though it is age which finally brings them down, no matter how well trained they may be.

It is a problem, this bout, and if Louis is as good as he was in the Braddock and Farr fights, Max is going to have a lot of trouble.

Farr's position is unique. He stuck it out for the title distance against Louis and made thousands of friends all over the world. He will be back in there fighting Louis or some other man for the title some day and the man who whips him is the real champion.

Farr is coming back to the United States to fight exclusively for Mike Jacobs and these fights surely will bring him back to a title bout with the winner of the Louis and Schmeling fracas. He will have some stiff opposition on the way up, and because he is not a hard hitter he may have his hands full.

* * *

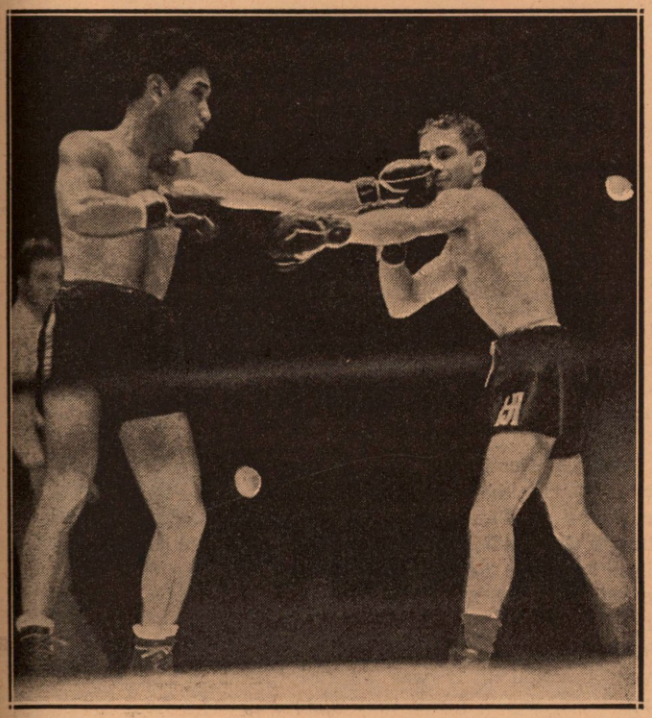
THE victory of little Harry Jeffra over Sixto Escobar was a stunning upset to the Wise Men of Broadway. The little fellow from Baltimore, Md., won easily with Escobar making the mistake of waiting to nail Jeffra with his famous right-hand punch while Jeffra was running up point after point.

Jeffra's victory brought back memories of other Baltimore champions, greatest of all being "The Old Master," Joe Gans. Tad, the late cartoonist of the New York *Journal*, tagged that name on Joe and it stuck to him through the greatest years of his fighting life.

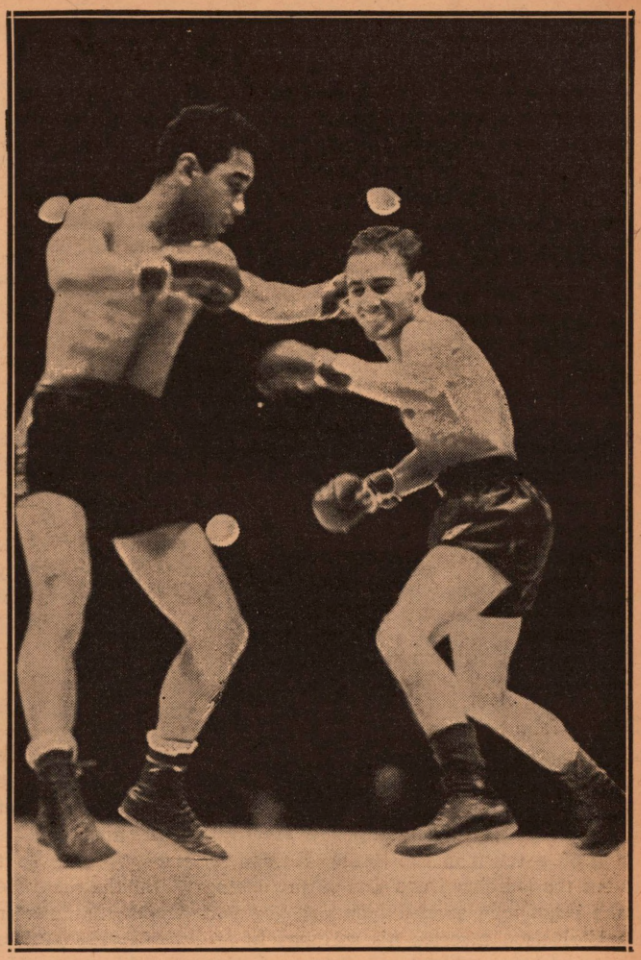
Gans was a great ring general and a splendid hitter with either hand. He would wait until he saw his chance and then he'd feint his man into position and it was all over. They seldom ever regained their feet after being floored by the brown boy from Baltimore.

I saw him wait seventeen rounds to nail Mike Twin Sullivan with an inside right hand. It was an amazing punch and the

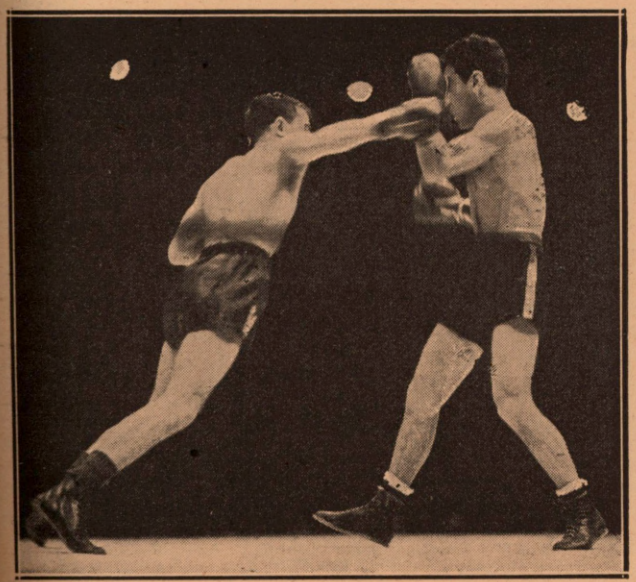
New Champion Crowned



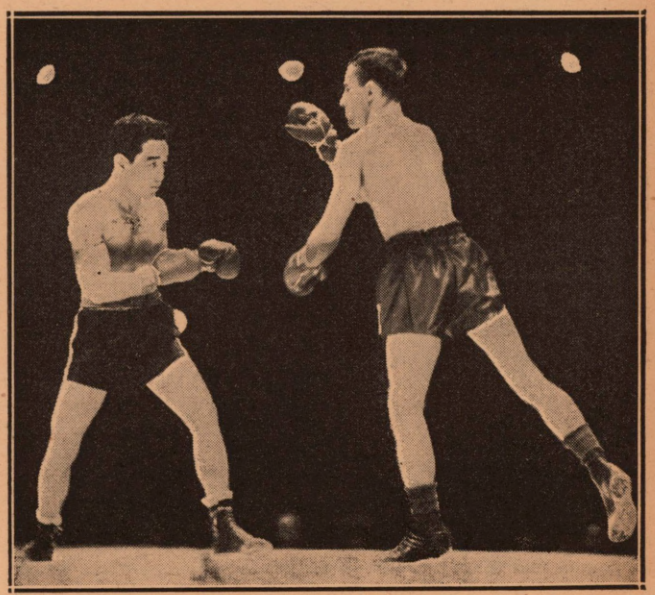
Sixto gets one over, but fails to change the smile of his adversary. Escobar, his right eye bruised, beats Jeffra with a straight left thrust as Harry falls short with his jab.



Worried? Not Jeffra! In the concluding round, so cocksure was Harry of victory, that he laughed off the punches he received from Escobar. Here we see Sixto connecting with a left hook to Harry's ear.



A reminder of the jumping jack tactics employed by Johnny Dundee and Sid Terris. Here we see Harry Jeffra leaping forward to deliver a right to Escobar's chin. Sixto is seen trying to block with the left arm.



Another fine illustration of Jeffra's alertness. Here he is on his toes, ready to send over a snappy jab.

Twin went down like a crowbar, his head dangling over the middle rope as if it had been on springs.

Gans held sway as the lightweight champion until Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane, came along to electrify the world with his endurance. It was that endurance which broke down Gans in two title bouts with Nelson. In their first of three fights, Gans won on a foul in the forty-second round at Goldfield, Nev., after a brilliant fight under the most terrifying conditions ever exacted of a champion.

* * *

BILLY NOLAN was Nelson's manager. In those days the lightweight limit was 133, ringside. Nolan discovered in some old musty tome on rules that the weight was to be made in full fighting rig, tights, shoes, socks and gloves, of all things!

Gans made the weight with all that tack on him and killed himself in doing it. It was the beginning of the fatal attack of tuberculosis which eventually sent the Old Master to his grave.

Al Herford was Gans' manager. He had found him behind a Baltimore oyster counter, shucking oysters. Herford became interested in Gans' early ability and stuck to him right up to the end over a long period of years. There is no telling how much money Gans grossed through his career. Of course, money wasn't so plentiful as it is these days. Big purses were few and far between. Boxing wasn't being conducted on the high plane which now endures and often Joe played to slim houses.

His last fight of importance was against Spike Robson at the old National Sporting Club in Twenty-fourth Street, New York. The old fellow was in the last stages of the dread plague, and his performance was pitiful as compared to the other sterling jobs he had done in the ring. The crowd booed him for not trying, little realizing that they were looking upon the ghost of a once great fighter. Gans died without a penny. Herford is gone and Nolan is living on a ranch in California. He and Nelson eventually split up but the Durable Dane was on the downgrade at the time. He didn't reign long as champion after he parted with the "master mind." Nelson invested his earnings in property in the Middle West and became "land poor," taxes fairly eating him alive. He looms up whenever there is a big battle fought around Chicago or the neighboring states.

* * *

KID WILLIAMS, former bantamweight champion of the world, was another lad from Baltimore. He was a superb champion and was the one to dethrone Johnny Coulon. Williams was a good puncher and he was powerful at the weight, nature having endowed him with an amazing body.

Jeffra is a golf caddy and once won a caddy tournament when he broke a course record at his home grounds just outside of Baltimore, making 68 for the first 18 holes and 69 for the second round.

When he was fourteen years old he read of the exploits of "Shipwreck Kelly," who astounded the yokels by sitting atop a flagpole for days at a time.

Jeffra thought he would try it. He and his brother went into the woods, selected a tree and trimmed it off until they had a rather presentable flagpole. Then they went to the mayor of their city and asked permission to erect the pole in the public square. The mayor not only consented but instructed his city engineers to shore up the pole for the boys so that it would be safe against falling. They built a platform on top of it, long and wide enough to permit Jeffra to stretch out at night and sleep as he lay strapped to the board. There he remained for twenty-five days and nights, and when he came down there were thousands of people on hand to welcome a new hero. The mayor was tickled pink because the little shaver had brought such fame to the little town as it never had known before.

This story serves to prove that Jeffra is a determined, plucky kid. He told me before the title bout with Escobar that he would win. I didn't think so, believing that the making of 118 pounds would weaken him too much. He had been fighting at 120 and 122 pounds and when he came to the boxing commission to weigh in he looked like a skeleton. His cheeks were hollow and there was the look of despair in his eyes. But how he fooled everybody, including Escobar.

Max Schmeling, who possesses the keen eyes of a sharpshooter. Note his expression.

The little Puerto Rican champion was heart-broken over his defeat. He declared that he would never go back to his native Barceloneta until he had regained his crown. They love the little fellow in his birthplace.

With Jack Dempsey and Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, I went to Escobar's home for a Spanish dinner after he had defeated Lou Salica in defense of his title in San Juan, and never have I seen such an enthusiastic homecoming. Bands, fireworks, speeches and presents of every description. It was an unforgettable experience, and I guess that when Escobar realized that things were going against him in the fight with Jeffra, his mind must have wandered back to that occasion.

That is why he took defeat so much to heart. Depending almost entirely on a finishing right-hand sock, he waited, waited, waited in vain for Jeffra to be feinted into an opening, but the opening never came. Jeffra was cute, foxy and fully alive to the fact that Escobar was trying to win with a single punch. Jeffra simply doubled his speed and left-jabbed his way to victory.

They have signed an agreement to meet again within ninety days and Jeffra will no doubt keep his word, though there have been some making such agreements who never lived up to their bargain.

Jeffra has beaten Escobar three times in a row, twice in no-decision bouts when the title wasn't at stake and in this last over the full fifteen-round route.

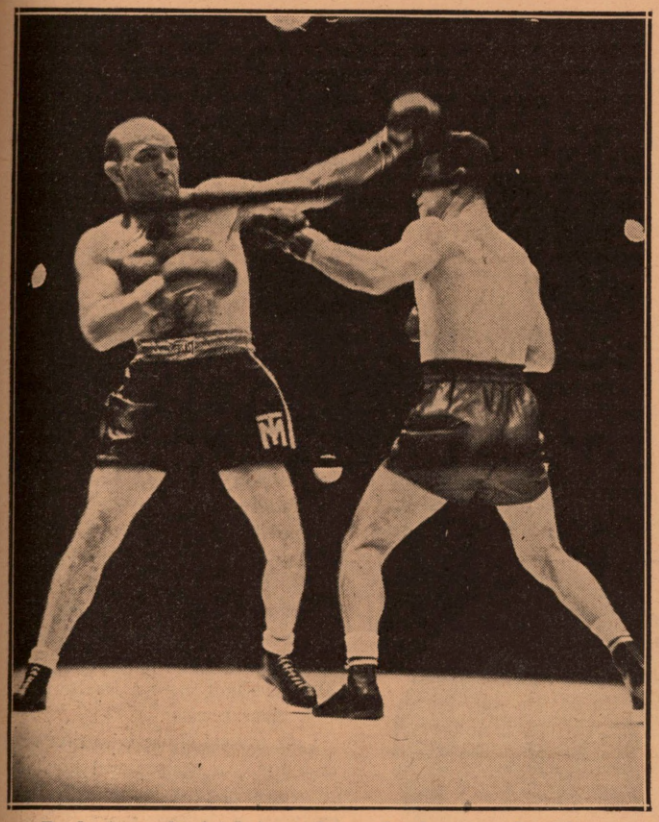
Escobar would have to fight an entirely different battle if he met the new champion a fourth time. Waiting to land his right would not solve his problem because Jeffra knows how to thwart that plan of action.

With the title in his grasp, Jeffra could elect to take less chances and make Escobar come to him and do the fighting. That is a champion's right and Escobar would have to make the best of it.

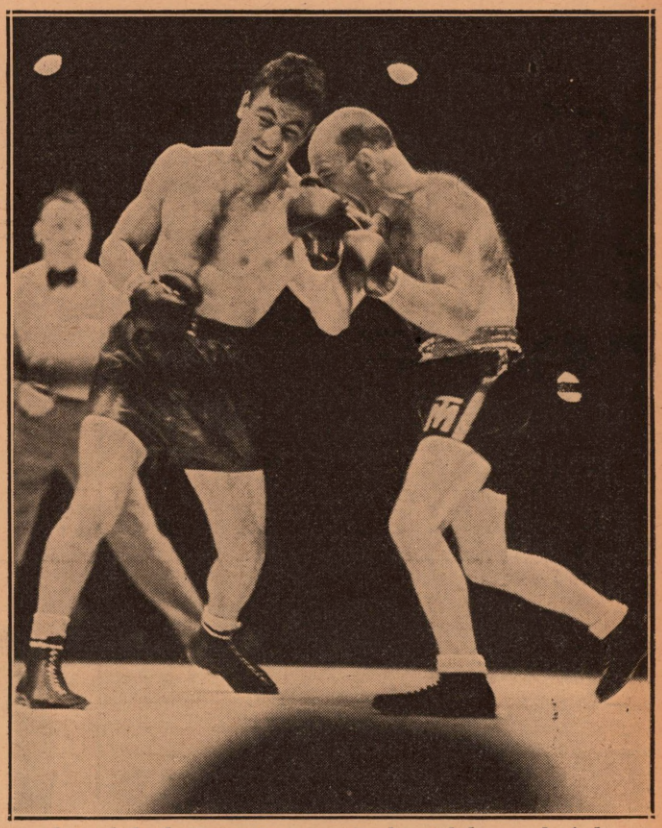
Puerto Rico suffered another shock when Pedro Montanez failed in his quest for the lightweight title against Lou Ambers.

Thought by many to be a cinch to whip the champion, many took a betting flyer on the "green-eyed" lad from our Island possession. Montanez failed because he couldn't land on the slippery Herkimer Hurricane. Ambers, again exercising the champion's right, made Montanez *(Continued on page 46)*

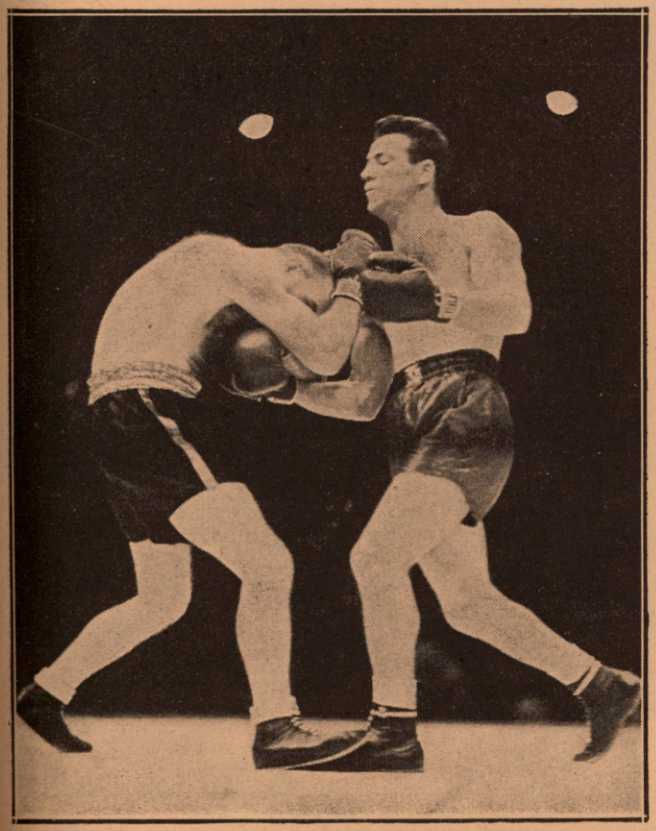
YOUTH *vs.* RINGCRAFT



Fred Apostoli (right) ready to land a speedy jab to Marcel Thil's face. The Frenchman proved a very tricky fighter, who certainly knows what it's all about.



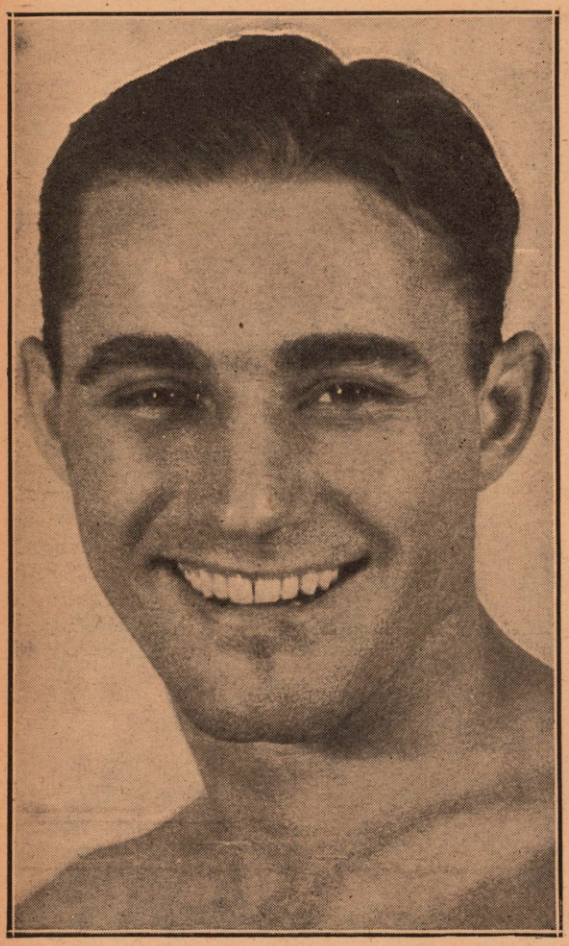
One of the heavy scrimmages in the eighth round of the Thil-Apostoli fight. Note how the Frenchman is blocking, and with determination steps in for an exchange.



Apostoli, cool, delivers a right-hand uppercut to Thil's body. Fred finds it difficult to connect on the head because of Thil's fine defense.

A bloody moment just before the bout was halted by Referee Arthur Donovan. Thil, with severely cut eye, fights back desperately. Marcel had four stitches taken in the cut after the fight.

Ross *and* Garcia *Save*



Harry Jeffra, new world bantamweight champion.

THE CARNIVAL OF CHAMPIONS, the first boxing program ever staged in which more than two title-holders participated, didn't take New York by storm, as it was expected, neither in the thrills that were looked for, nor in the financial returns.

For some reason difficult to fathom, this fistic extravaganza which, it was thought, would yield a handsome profit, was a flop so far as attendance and gate receipts were concerned, with only a total of $232,644.25 gross paid by 32,600 persons. This barely covered the expenses, but despite the tameness of the feature fight, for which Mike Jacobs had guaranteed $95,000—the Montanez-Ambers mill—the promoter seemed satisfied because the affair paved the way for at least three lucrative bouts for his indoor campaign. Ross retained his title against the onslaughts of Ceferino Garcia; Ambers won from Montanez; Harry Jeffra took Sixto Escobar's title, and Fred Apostoli won from Marcel Thil.

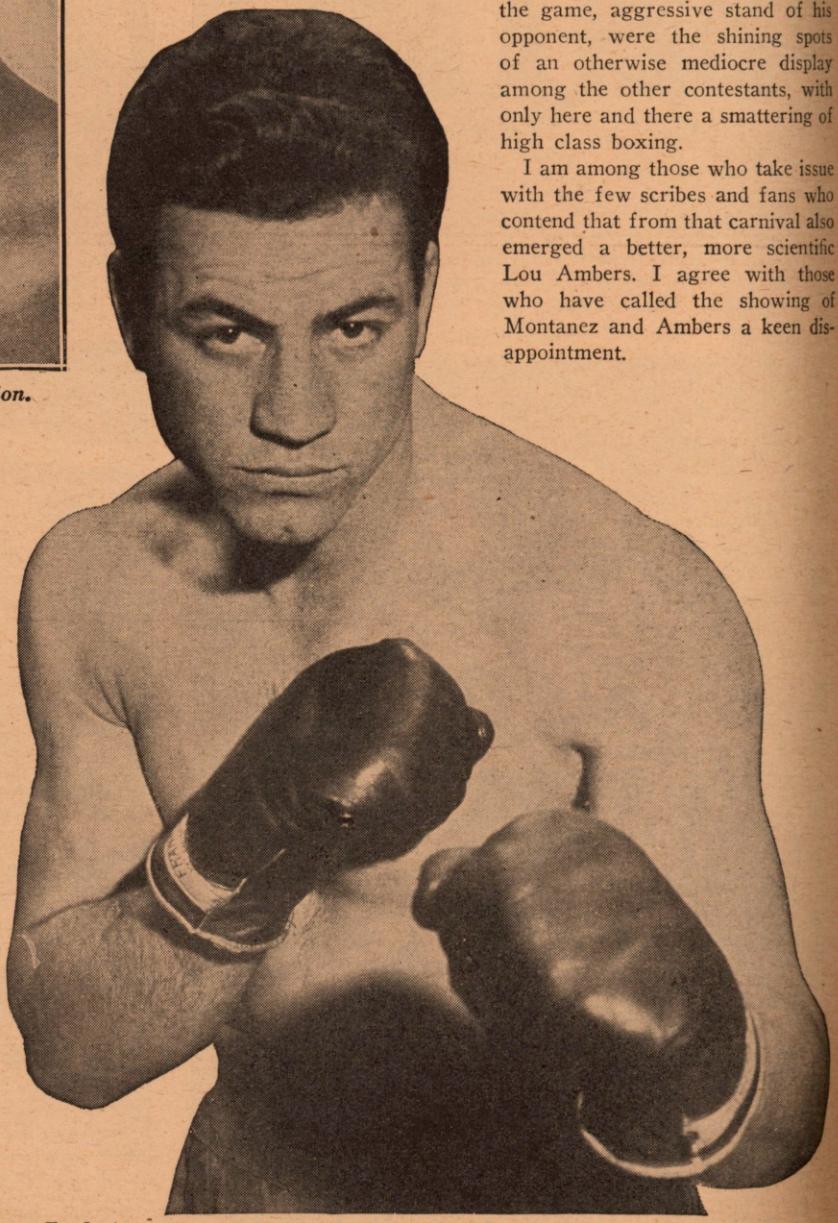
From the point of view of promotion, the carnival was not a complete failure, because of the four bouts, only one, the feature, was a keen disappointment. Had Montanez and Ambers taken the chances that a truly great champion and challenger would have taken, Mike Jacobs' first gigantic venture would have gone down into ring history as a huge success. But as things turned out, despite the excellent performances of Barney Ross, who stole the show; Ceferino Garcia, who was close on his heels, and Harry Jeffra, who relieved Sixto Escobar of his world bantam title, the fans went home with little praise for the big show.

And all because the one big bout of the evening, the Montanez-Ambers mill, which promised the fireworks, was so tame that the fight fans just sat back waiting in expectation for something that failed to materialize. Montanez was far below the form he has shown in previous engagements.

* * *

OUT of the carnival sprouted several possibilities for main events in Madison Square Garden and the New York Hippodrome, matches that either couldn't have been made or would not have been considered prior to the Polo Grounds show. From the carnival emerged a greater Barney Ross than I have ever known. He stood out as the finest example of current day scientific boxing we have, a fighter whose defensive skill thwarted Garcia's title bid and whose rally in the face of defeat thrilled the gathering at the Polo Grounds. His great display of all-around fisticuffs, and the game, aggressive stand of his opponent, were the shining spots of an otherwise mediocre display among the other contestants, with only here and there a smattering of high class boxing.

I am among those who take issue with the few scribes and fans who contend that from that carnival also emerged a better, more scientific Lou Ambers. I agree with those who have called the showing of Montanez and Ambers a keen disappointment.



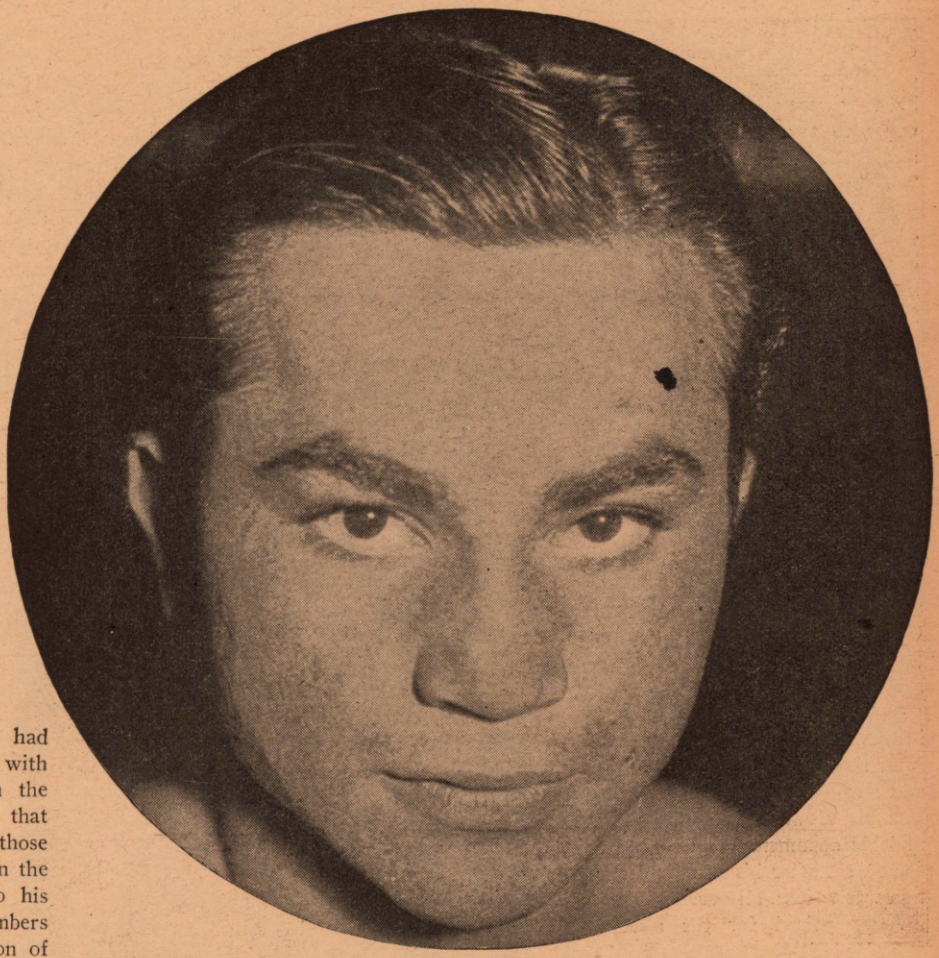
Fred Apostoli, who handed Thil his first knockout in twelve years when referee stopped bout because of a deep gash.

"Carnival of Champions"

Welter champion's defensive skill thwarts Filipino's title bid and thrills Polo Grounds throng—Ambers and Montanez prove keen disappointment—Jeffra displays cleverness in taking bantam crown from Escobar—Thil makes pleasing showing until cut eye forces him to retire—Apostoli's hooks prove damaging.

By

NAT FLEISCHER



Barney Ross, whose fighting courage and cleverness saved the Carnival.

Of course, I realize that the fans had come to the Polo Grounds carnival with the object of seeing a knockout in the Ambers-Montanez mill and when that failed to materialize, the show for those fans was a flop. Those who have taken the part of Ambers point with pride to his clever boxing. They say that the Ambers who made the hard-hitting, sturdy son of Cayey, Puerto Rico, look like a raw novice was a reminder of the clever Benny Leonard just before he reached his prime.

Benny Leonard didn't think so. I cornered Benny as we left the Stadium and asked him what he thought about the fight, and he replied: "Nat, I'm surprised. I thought we were going to see a real battle, the kind a $90,000 purse entitled us to see. Ambers gave a very clever performance. He's a good boy and he is not afraid, but I think that his handlers didn't do right by him in not sending him in after Montanez, who was a total flop."

Lou was satisfied to coast through to victory. That's not what a real good champion usually does. He should have gone after his prey when he saw how poorly Montanez was fighting, especially when Lou got $60,000 for his end. Likewise Pedro. For $35,000 he gave the spectators far less than they had paid to see. That fight was supposed to be the headliner, and instead it was the least interesting of the card.

When a champion, as in the case of Ambers, is content to rest on his laurels, and jab occasionally, just stand and wait for his opponent to come to him and make the fight, he is sure to be criticized, and that's what the fans did. They thought that Herkimer Lou should have been the aggressor when he found Montanez a mark. But I fully agree that Montanez was just as much to blame. He proved beyond doubt what I have so often been criticized for saying, namely, that the first time Pedro meets an opponent against whom he will not be permitted to punch from a pivot, he will lose and be badly whipped. Montanez deserved a better fate because he is the type that boxing needs. He is a good drawing card, but if he can't get his pivot, he seems to be lost. He should also not fight as a lightweight. The weight is against him.

Pedro just couldn't get going. For the first time since Pedro has been knocking 'em cold, a referee who was fearless, Johnny Marto, compelled Montanez to fight cleanly—without holding one arm and punching his opponent silly from that pivot—and what happened is ring history. The man who was recognized until that night as the ranking lightweight challenger of the world, the hardest hitting lightweight of recent years, proved such a complete flop that he will be forced to start all over again to make his way back into the good graces of the American fight fans. He was absolutely at a loss how to fight Ambers after the second round, when Referee Marto warned him against holding, and thereafter enforced his ruling until Montanez, in the fourteenth round, complained bitterly about being hampered by the official.

* * *

IT seems to me that his capable handlers, Lou Burston and Jimmy Bronson, two of the best equipped managers of fighters in the business, should have taught Montanez how to fight without the aid of an arm pivot. He is a great hitter and can both give and take, hence those assets should not be wasted because of a handicap that could, and should, be eliminated. If Montanez overcomes that holding habit, he is still in a position to win the world title.

As for Ambers, he did put up a clever performance, but it was not what the spectators wanted or expected. They figured that Ambers would employ both cleverness and fighting qualities, as he did against Canzoneri and against Montanez in their last fight, and not merely depend on keeping on the right side of the ledger through the least possible effort. It isn't often that a promoter is willing to risk a $60,000 gamble on a guarantee. That's why the fighters should have gone out of their way to give the fans a stirring, thrilling battle—something they could have talked about for weeks.

TO Barney Ross goes the honors of the evening. It was his ability to fall into clever defensive postures that bewildered the tough, hard-hitting Garcia, an opponent who was full of fight yet couldn't get the haymaker across, and enabled Ross to slip through the tough spots. Ross fought hardest when he was cornered and found it necessary to use all he possessed to stave off the bombardment of the Filipino. He fought only in streaks, but they were all winning streaks. Garcia, ever on the alert, always eager to tag his man, advanced through volleys of jabs and straight shots, but only occasionally could he unleash his famous "bolo" punch, a devastating, sweeping overhand right.

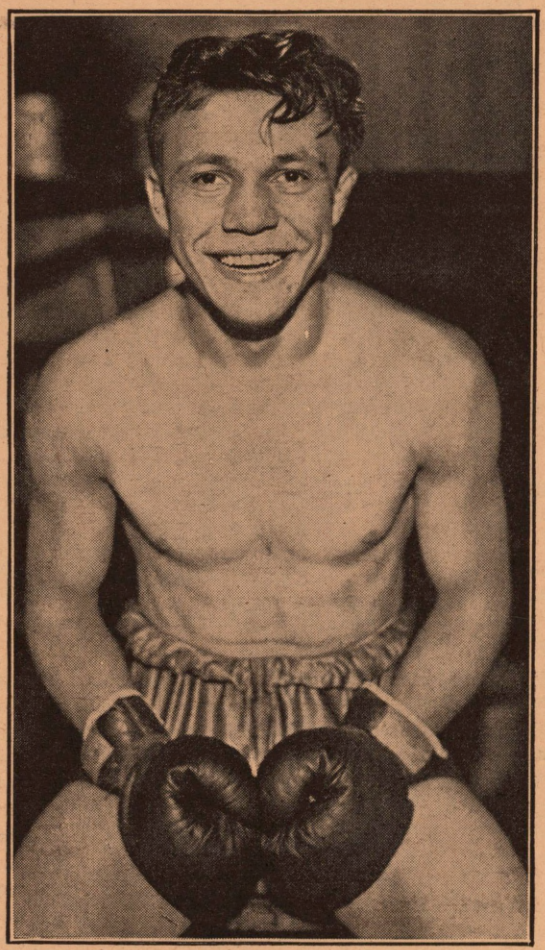
In the sixth round, Barney demonstrated to the satisfaction of the fans why he is an honored champion. The sprightly Chicagoan gave an admirable demonstration of fighting courage and as determined a stand as a champion has been called upon to flash in recent years.

He was cornered. His opponent was flaying him with rights and lefts. Garcia hammered him into a position from which it was difficult to extricate himself, and then started a bombardment of short rights that had Barney's followers in a state of frenzy. Barney had to get into his famous weaving defense and then, with bewildering feints and body swerves, he took the play away from Garcia amidst thunderous applause. It was courage and science, such as seldom is on view as a combination.

Then came another great exhibition in the next two rounds, during which Ross showed what a real champion is made of—one who is not afraid to risk his crown against a most formidable opponent. With cocked fists, Garcia set after his man. Determination was written all over his face.

Arms poised for the attack, he moved stealthily towards Ross, yet couldn't fire away because every time he neared him, Barney's jabs would halt the inward move, and when Garcia shot out his punches, the moving target of Barney was out of range.

Hand-to-hand fighting, severe body exchanges and splendid maneuvering featured those early rounds. Only once in the first six was Ross badly hurt. It was in the fourth, when a left hook to the body almost doubled Barney with pain, and in the next round, Ross left-jabbed Garcia often under the right eye until he cut it and the claret flowed freely.



Lou Ambers, who beat Montanez and upset the dope. Lou gave a clever exhibition but lacked aggressiveness.

It was in the sixth, a furious round of fighting, that Garcia sustained a nasty cut under the left eye that bled continuously from then to the end of the fight. He was accidentally butted when their heads collided in a mix-up.

As the blood continued to flow freely from the face and eye wounds, Garcia became more and more handicapped as the bout progressed. During the eighth, ninth and tenth rounds, Ross flashed his old-time form and took advantage of his opponent's cuts to roll up a good margin of points. Three times, once in each round, Garcia was warned for accidental fouls, brought about by the handicap under which he was working.

Barney reached his peak in the eleventh, but he also suffered severely from two terrific left hooks that caused him to slow up and go to his corner with a look of weariness. As Ross came off the ropes early in the round, Garcia nailed him with a left hook to the jaw and then crossed his right and Barney's knees buckled. It looked like a sure knockdown for the Filipino, but Ross moved away and got to the ropes to save himself. Garcia rushed in and twice again pounded him with similar blows and backed Barney across the ring into the corner, where he again saved himself by resorting to a weaving defense.

* * *

THE best chance that Garcia had came in the thirteenth, and at the end of that session, Barney welcomed the bell. A whistling uppercut soon after the round got under way, had it connected, would probably have brought the title to Garcia. Barney was on the receiving end to such extent in that round that he fought most of it with mouth wide open, an unusual thing for the champion. A right to the jaw caused Barney's mouthpiece to fly to the other end of the ring, and a left hook to the body forced him to wince with pain. He was strictly on the defensive throughout the entire round.

Garcia also did the greater execution in the fourteenth, in which he battered Barney badly with volleys of lefts and rights to head and body. Barney wasn't able to get out of range of the punches as readily as he did in the earlier rounds because of his weariness. Towards the end of the round, he rode the Filipino's heavy right bombardment by bobs and weaves until Garcia tired and had to slow up in the attack.

* * *

WHEN the final round started, Ross' advisers informed him that on those three minutes hung the championship. They told Barney to take care of himself and use his defensive tactics as often as he could to retain the little advantage he had. But no sooner did the round get under way than Barney got in the way of a lopping right to the head and two smashing lefts, and again seemed to be in serious trouble.

The Filipino continued to fight savagely and he had Barney on the go. For a time he had the bleeding Ross worried, and as the fight neared the end, Ross' face became swollen from the effects of Garcia's powerful right-hand smashes.

Barney fought back when he could, and the crowd was treated to as thrilling a finish to a good scrap as ever seen at the Polo Grounds. In the last ten seconds, Barney cut loose with a fusillade of lefts and rights at close range, but when the final gong sounded, he welcomed the gong more so than did his opponent.

It was a great fight, mates—a beauty. It was the lifesaver for the Carnival, which, had it not been for the marvelous exhibition of Ross and Garcia, would have gone into the record books as just an ordinary show.

* * *

NEXT in line of satisfaction, so far as action was concerned, was the Jeffra-Escobar fight, in which the young, rangy Baltimorean far outclassed his Puerto Rican opponent to win the title on a points decision. There could be no dissension in that mill, so far outclassed was the champion. Escobar tried hard, but his efforts fell short. He was not the same Escobar who gave such a splendid performance in San Juan last winter when I officiated as a judge at his bout with Lou Salica.

In Jeffra, who twice previously had whipped Sixto in overweight matches, the Puerto Rican *(Continued on page 43)*

The WINNERS *and—*

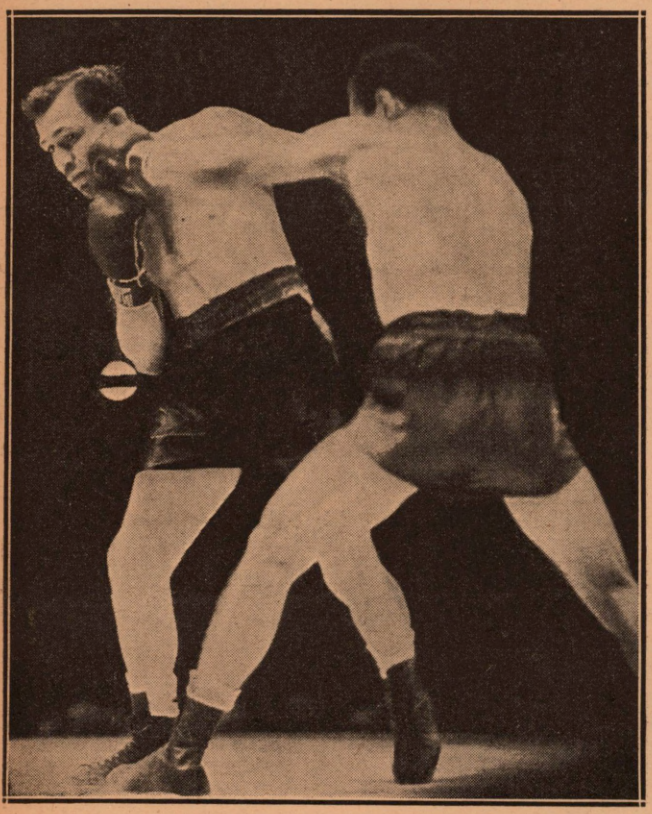
Harry Jeffra of Baltimore who repeated his previous triumphs by defeating Sixto Escobar for the world bantamweight title.

Fred Apostoli of San Francisco who was awarded the verdict over Marcil Thil, champion of Europe. The referee stopped the bout.

Singing Lou Ambers who retained his lightweight crown in his bout with Pedro Montanez.

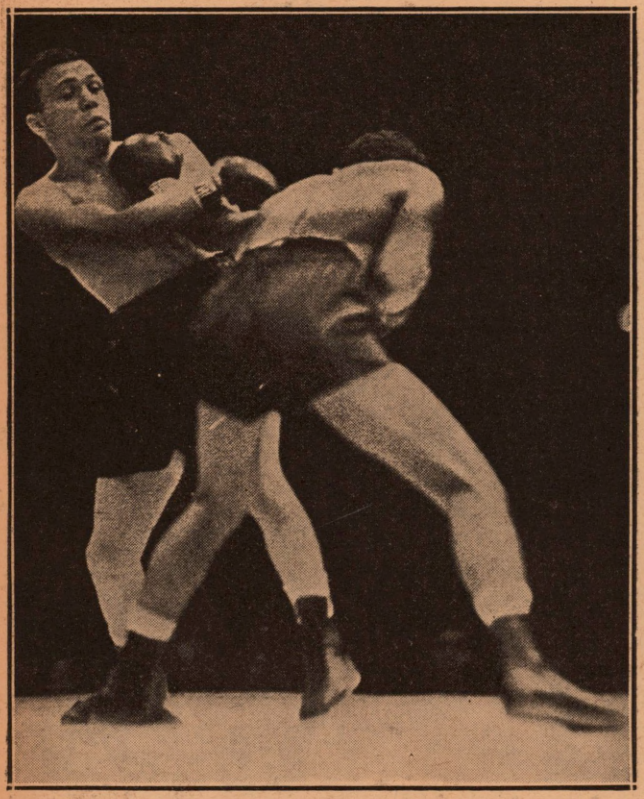
The smile of a champion who stole the show—Barney Ross, proclaimed the winner over Ceferino Garcia.

Not What Was Expected



An exchange of lefts with Ambers, the lightweight king, blocking Montanez's jab and at the same time landing his left to Pedro's face.

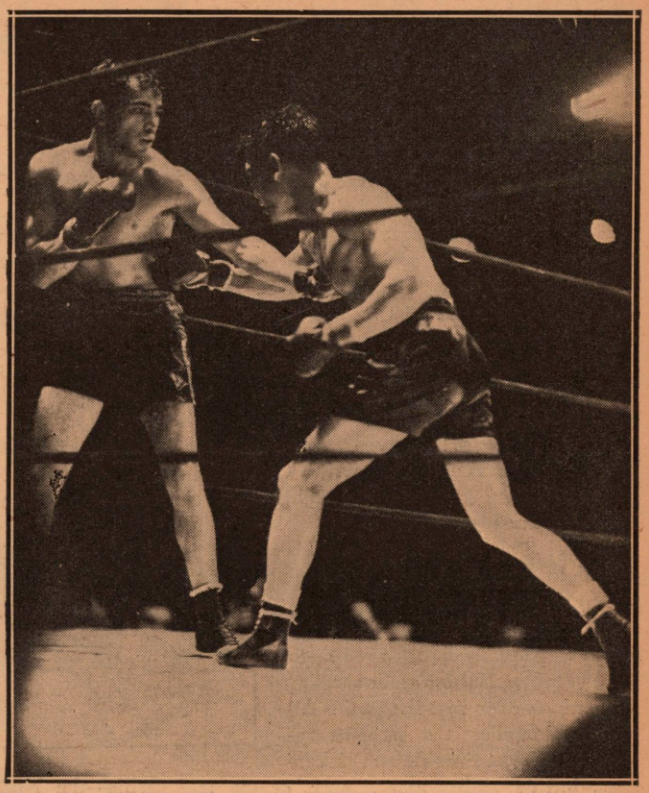
Montanez comes charging in with right to body which seems a trifle low. Ambers counters with a left hook to Pedro's face. Montanez was the biggest disappointment of the evening, his work being mediocre.



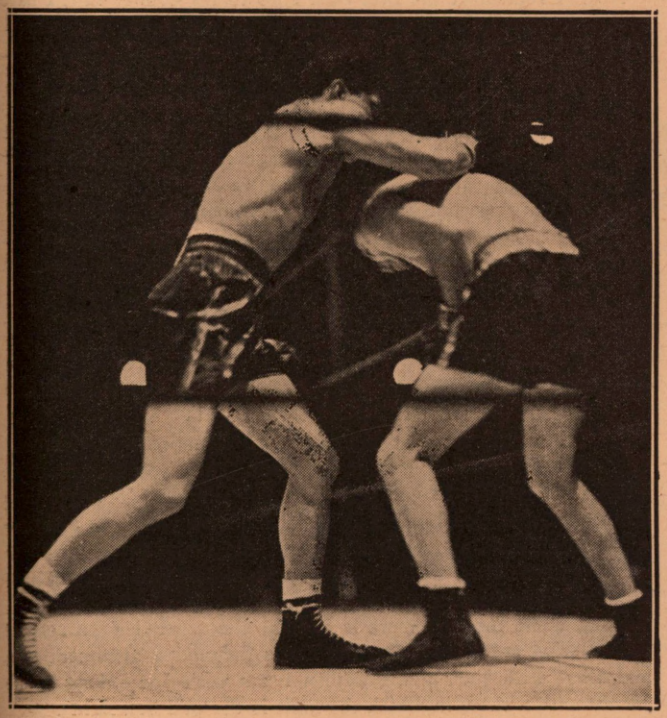
Ambers smothers one of Montanez's left leads and hooks a left in return to Pedro's stomach. The fight between these boys was expected to be the choicest but turned out to be the poorest.

Another exchange of lefts. Each lands high on the chest with Lou trying to counter with the right.

The FIGHT *of the* NIGHT



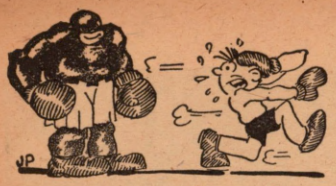
A scene in the fourteenth round in which the spectators were treated to the most thrilling fighting of the evening. Ross is backed against the ropes and Garcia, full of fight, is attacking viciously with both hands while the crowd cheered itself hoarse.



A typical scene of extreme cleverness on the part of Barney Ross, world welterweight king. Barney, backed against the ropes in a neutral corner, maneuvered himself out of danger by ducking and riding.

The welter king displays a bruised left hand in his dressing room after the fight. Note the expression of pain on the champion's face.

Ross and Garcia squaring off in the seventh round. Barney has just connected with a left hook and is watching a counter from Garcia.



The RING'S

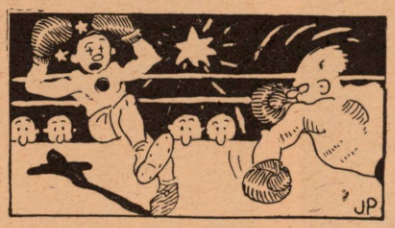
By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THE RING'S GLOBE TROTTER ran into Mike Jacobs, the new grand pooh-bah of boxing in New York, the grand exalted ruler of the cauliflowers, the impresario of the socking science and the entrepreneur of the belting legion. When Mike was seen by the G. T. he had a puzzled look on his face. He was ruminating and cogitating, he was wondering and doping out.

The reason for all this cerebral gymnastics on the part of Mr. Jacobs was the Night of Champions which he staged at the Polo Grounds last month.

Recollect please! Barney Ross kept the welterweight title against the challenge of Ceferino Garcia.

Lou Ambers retained the lightweight championship against Pedro Montanez.



Marcel Thil, the European middleweight champion, was knocked out by Fred Apostoli.

And Sixto Escobar lost his world's bantamweight title to Harry Jeffra, Baltimore boxer.

Just look over that list again. All the class under the light-heavyweight division. Sparkle and cleverness, hitting ability and science, drama and thrills—the Night of Champions.

Yet, with all that array of talent, in the great city of New York, with the tremendous convention of the American Legion in progress, with every factor in its favor—that big show lost money for Mike.

That's why Mr. Jacobs was cogitating and ruminating, wondering wherein he had failed, or his card had failed, or the public had failed—or what?

It is the function of the Globe Trotter to discover the reason for this failure, so let us post ourselves with our candid camera and our sound truck, on the corner of Forty-Second Street and Broadway, and ask passing citizens how come, pourqoi, varum, and for what?

Jake Nittlefess, ear muff manufacturer from Seacaucus, N. J., gives the lowdown on the reason.

THE reason that Jacobs does not make any dough on the Night of Chumpeens is that he forgets to put on a few vaudeville acts. Eight fine fighters is too many. The public thinks it is going to a circus, and the first thing you know they are looking for the handsome young man on the flying trapeze.

I think that if Mike puts on Ross and Garcia, and Ambers and Montanez, the card looks better. Two championships is sufficient unto the night. Three is a little too much, and when you come to four—well, you say to yourself, too much is too much and you begin to head for the train home.

When I am thirteen years old I get myself a job in a candy shop. The owner is a wise guy. He says to me, he says, "Jake, eat all the candy you want. Don't stint yourself."

Well, I look at the guy like he is nuts. But I see he means it and I say to myself, "Boy, is this a job, or is it Heaven?"

The boss smiles and he says he is going out for two hours. The minute he disappears down the block I open a box of chocolates and get busy. I eat me a coupla strings licorice shoelaces. I take a piece of that, a hunk of that, and soon I notice spots before my eyes. I get very, very—gosh, how sick!

The next day Jake Nittlefess is not able to report for work. The second morning I crawl practically on my hands and knees to the shop, and the guy which owns it laughs and asks me, "How come? Too much candy?" He laughs some more.

Now, that guy knows something. I work for him for three years and never eat another hunk of candy all that time.

The trouble, Mike, is that you take the folks into a candy shop and they eat too much candy.

Hiram Picklewart, farmer from Nettlebush Junction, N. Y., has another explanation for Mike's losses

GOSH, it's easy! When you offer the public too much for its money, it gets suspicious. Now, when you do that in the fight business, which for years and years gives the customers too little for their money, the suspicions gets worse and worse.

Now, I remember the first time I go to the county fair. I have a sorrel mare, and needing some money, offer her for sale at $100. She is worth two hundred if she is worth a dime, but I need the dough.

Well, brother, I never did sell the mare, because when the buyers heard the price, they laughed and give me the wink, and begins to look at the mare's eyes, and if she has spavins, and if she is a wind sucker, and if she be windbroken, and what not.

No, siree, no amount of explaining by me induces them folks to believe that nothing ails that mare, but her owner's need for a hundred bucks.

The trouble is, Mike offers too much for too little, and the buyers thinks there is a catch in it.

Joe Schnozzola, prominent man about town, has the whole thing down pat.

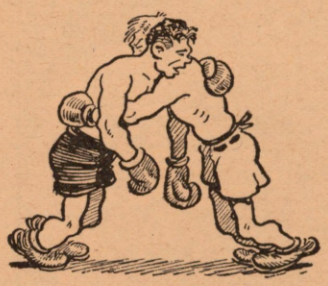
THE way I look at the night of champeens is this. Not enough people come out to see it. Then you ask me why. Well, it's like this. People is heavyweight-minded. You get them all excited over Joe Louis and Farr, and then you have a rigmarole about Louis and Schmeling, and the newspapers is full of boloney about that, and the fans gets all excited and all they think about is heavies.

Well, while the customers is excited about heavies, on account of the great publicity which the Louis-Schmeling argument gets, and what with Farr going fifteen heats with Joe—along comes Jacobs with a show in which the limit is the middleweights.

Now, it ain't for me to tell a guy like Mike what to do. But when you get the folks thinking in terms of tons and you give them pounds—when you get them thinking in terms of beef and you hand them cereals—what's the natural reaction? They don't take cereals.

It's like a guy which for weeks is living on a diet of steak. He wants more steak. You say, "Listen, mug, the doc says you has et too much steak and you gotta go on a diet of spinach and collarflower and broccolis."

So what? The guy says, "Tell the doc to throw his spinach into the river and bring me one of them steaks smothered in onions." So the guy says, "We ain't got no steak, smothered in nothing."



So he gets up and goes home and listens to the Pasta-fazoola Sisters on the raddio.

Marcel Thil, of La Belle France, puts in one terrible beef.

MOI, I do not know and do not care why more pipples do not see the Night of Championnats. I am what you call sore. No, not from the leecking which I get from Mons. APOSTOLI, as of a truth he does not give me leecking.

I am sore because your so bullheaded referee stop the fight in the tenth round and give the title and everything to Mons. Apostoli, because I have a cut eye.

Now, in my countree, la belle France, what is a cut eye? When

GLOBE TROTTER

A Carnival fails to draw—Fighters get all the dough—Ross and Garcia save the show.

one fights, one must expect cut eyes and cut nose and cut face and much blood, because when one hits one and one makes a cut, unless the cut one has ice water in his veins, he will bleed.

What is blood? Is it so horrible? Is it something which we must know exists but cannot look at? Are we now a race of men which faint from looking at blood?

What I mean, ladees and gentlemen—what I mean is this—is it fair to stop the fight so important, and give the decision so important—by knockout, mind you—to Mons. Apostoli, because I have a cut on the eye and it is running good old blood—the best good old blood in la belle France, too, mind you?

I protest. I what you call squawk. I complain. I do not like it. I am sorry!

Mons. Fleischer rises to vindicate the clan of fight experts, so cruelly maligned.

I AM here, ladies and gentlemen, in an effort to vindicate the clan of Boxing Experts. They have taken quite a knocking around in heavyweight competition. In the Night of Champions, they were vindicated.

All of which reminds me of the Ambers-Montanez fight. I had Montanez tagged right—right from the start, too. I got myself in bad on a visit to Puerto Rico by telling the folks that they were not to go haywire on the subject of Montanez.

Puerto Ricans pictured Pedro as the next champion of the world. Well, he may get there yet, and I hope that he does. I like him very much. But I warned them not to go wrong and I pointed out why.

I told them that Montanez had one glaring weakness, one outstanding fault. He could not hit his best without holding, so that his punch came from the holding pivot.

I never have seen a great fighter who had to get in his best licks that way. I told Puerto Rico that Lou Burston must get Montanez to change his style while it was yet time. That's why I picked Ambers to win, and on the air I gave that very reason before the fight.

But against Ambers, Montanez did not change. He kept holding and pivot-punching. When the Boxing Commission got wise to this and ordered the referee to force Montanez to stop holding, Pedro was a goner.

Yes, folks, there still are men in our game who know fights and fighters, and the Night of Champions certainly proved it.

Paris, France:—Al Brown puts Huguenin down and out for some sort of title.

PARIS in September! The Salle Wagram! Panama Al Brown fighting again. Yes, something of an old man by now, as ringsters go. Has had his day, and now engaged in a comeback.

The opponent of the Negro is Maurice Huguenin of France. They are fighting for some sort of championship. It is the featherweight—and only of the International Federation, which has some queer notions about champions and has a queer set of titleholders.

Paris, the Boulevards, the Buttes and the faubourgs—they know Huguenin as the White Faced Whirlwind. For a while he is a whirlwind. Then he is more whitefaced than ever.

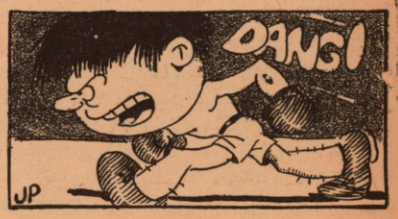
It is the third round. They have been fighting even. Brown has been feeling his man out. Wily, catlike Brown. He knows by now that a straight left is not to Huguenin's liking. They maneuver around, and then Brown shoots a right. Huguenin smiles. Brown tries another right. He looks dismayed. Huguenin laughs.

Then the smile goes off the map of the White Faced Whirlwind. Brown cuts loose with that straight left, and they count and count over the Whirlwind. But the Whirlwind has reaped the harvest and Brown is the winner. By a knockout.

That same night, in New York, Thil is stopped by Apostoli. It is, of a certainty, a terrible night for the boxing leaders of la belle France.

Mr. Farr says he has been crossed, and would like another shot at Louis.

NEW YORK. Tom Farr, the Welshman, is making a speech. Tom Farr, the Welshman, likes to make speeches. He makes them on every sort of subject from international policy to soup greens.



Mr. Farr has gone fifteen rounds with Joe Louis, and Mr. Farr is quite hopped up over the feat.

As he faces the camera, Mr. Farr is sore. You will note the Farr scowl. He believes that he was promised a second shot at Louis. But, overnight, he finds that Louis has been matched with Schmeling, and that Mr. Farr has been sidetracked, detoured, ditched.

But just when Farr gets most peeved, he finds that instead of being ditched, he is in stronger with Mike Jacobs than ever. Mike shows the British champion wherein he can make a pile of dough if he sticks around with Uncle Mike, and Farr listens attentively. Then up comes Tommy with a suggestion:

"Why, Mike, I didn't know that you were figuring on using me three times between now and next summer. I didn't know that you have decided to give me a shot at the Schmeling-Louis winner next September if I hold my own until then. That's bully. Forget my peeve. How would you like to hold an agreement on my services for the next five years, Mike?"

"How would I! Say, boy, don't make me tumble off my seat.

"Bill Farnsworth. Where's Bill? Oh, here you are, Bill. Listen to the good news. Farr wants us to handle him for five years. Shall we take him on?"

"Shall we? You said a mouthful. Call Strauss. Hurry, Louise—call Strauss before Tommy changes his mind."

And in a jiffy, Sol Strauss, the eminent lawyer whose specialty is writing contracts, has Tommy Farr under agreement with the Twentieth Century Sporting Club. All hands shake.

Tommy rushes down to the Revenue Department to pay his income tax. Comes back to Mike's office to make certain that Uncle Mike has not changed his mind. Rushes to the dock and reaches the pier with fifteen minutes to go before sailing time. Homeward bound is Tommy, $72,000 better off than when he came to America three months ago and a contract that will net him at least $100,000 more before next summer.

And with all that—the British scribes, still suffering from a headache because they picked Tommy to be kayoed within three rounds, keep taking it out on the New York scribes, just to hide their own faces. Great life, boys! Great boys, these British scribes!

Did you ever know it to fail? We hate to take it out of the British boxing writers, but were the majority to be employed by New York papers, they couldn't get to first base.

(Continued on page 46)

LONDON THRILLED!

By DAVE FORBES

Former Scots Champion, '28-'32

AS the day of the Louis-Farr fight arrived, excitement reached fever pitch in towns where Farr is a big favorite. At Jack Bloomfield's pub—just off Leicester Square—where most of the sporting fraternity foregather of a night to discuss the different events in the world of sport, odds on Farr not going all the way were freely taken.

At nine-thirty on fight night, I made my way into the crowded saloon and—left hand grasping a Guiness, and foot on the brass rail—took stock of the crowd.

Down at an end table, mine host Jack was seated with several turf and football celebrities, while strung adown the long, wooden bar, most of England's ex-champs were "indulging" and talking fight.

Provincials seated around gazed with awe at the many thick ears on view, badge—to them—of high adventure and raw, primitive courage. Snatches of talk I hear as I take a long, thirst-quenching pull of my good Guiness, are:

"Farr's as slippery as a bleedin' eel!" "Louis is a terrible puncher with that left hook!" "Yus, but can 'e tag Farr wiv it?" "I'll put up a score that Farr's there at the last bell!"

A thick-eared, heavily built individual started to shout, "Naw then, gents! Time, please!"

Not being able to place him, I asked him, "Where did you do your fighting?"

"Never 'ad a glove on in me bleedin' loife, guv'nor," he replied.

"Where did you pick the tin ear up?"

"To tell yer the truth, guv'nor, I fell off an apple tree when I was a nipper," he said, as he moved off to resume his cry, "Time, gents."

Leaving Bloomfield's, I moved along Shaftesbury Avenue as far as Seven Dials, where the owner of Jack's Gym was broadcasting the fight, and going upstairs, settled dahn until the shemozle started.

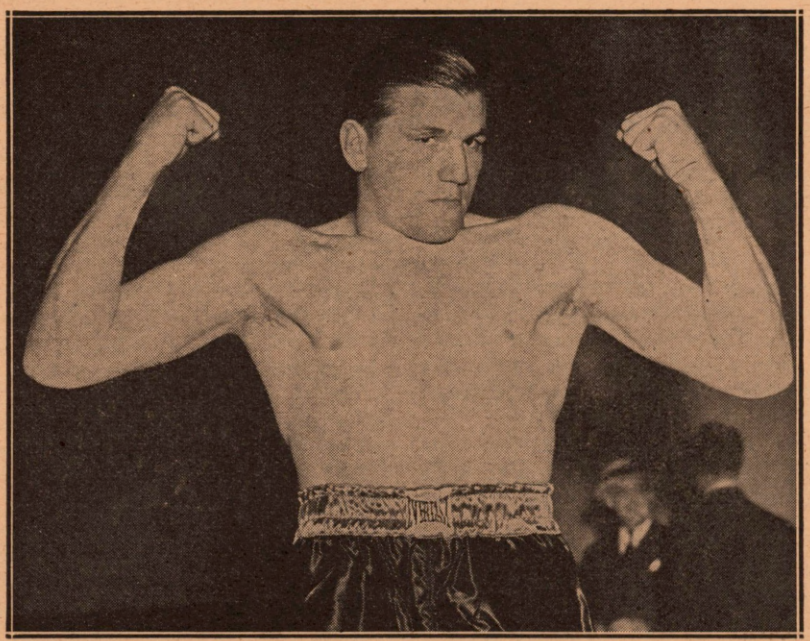
By and by, the crowd began to arrive and one, a former English fighter, began to regale the crowd with yarns of the "Big Town." "I never saw a fighter in an American gym who wasn't dangerous," he said. And then he started to tell "the boys" about Jack Johnson being still able to take 'em all—"old 'un as he is." He swore that Leach Cross was the greatest fighter he ever saw among the "little fellas."

Finally, the broadcast—and what a turn up as the Welsh boy "boxed clever," kept his Welsh nut screwed to almost steal the verdict . . . .

As we filed out into the quiet of the London streets at four i' the mornin', the stillness around Seven Dials was broken with: "Gor blimey what a boy!" "'E'd 'ave done Beckett, Wells and Goddard one after the other!" "'E's a bleedin' marvel to 'ave tyken Louis along like that, so 'elp me!"

Later in the day, it was Farr—Farr—Farr! Front page, posters, and bus-tops, and in every conversation in the pubs along Piccadilly and Leicester Square.

Now the fans are getting ready to give the game Welsh boy the sort of reception that would have gladdened the heart of Steve Brodie after he jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge.



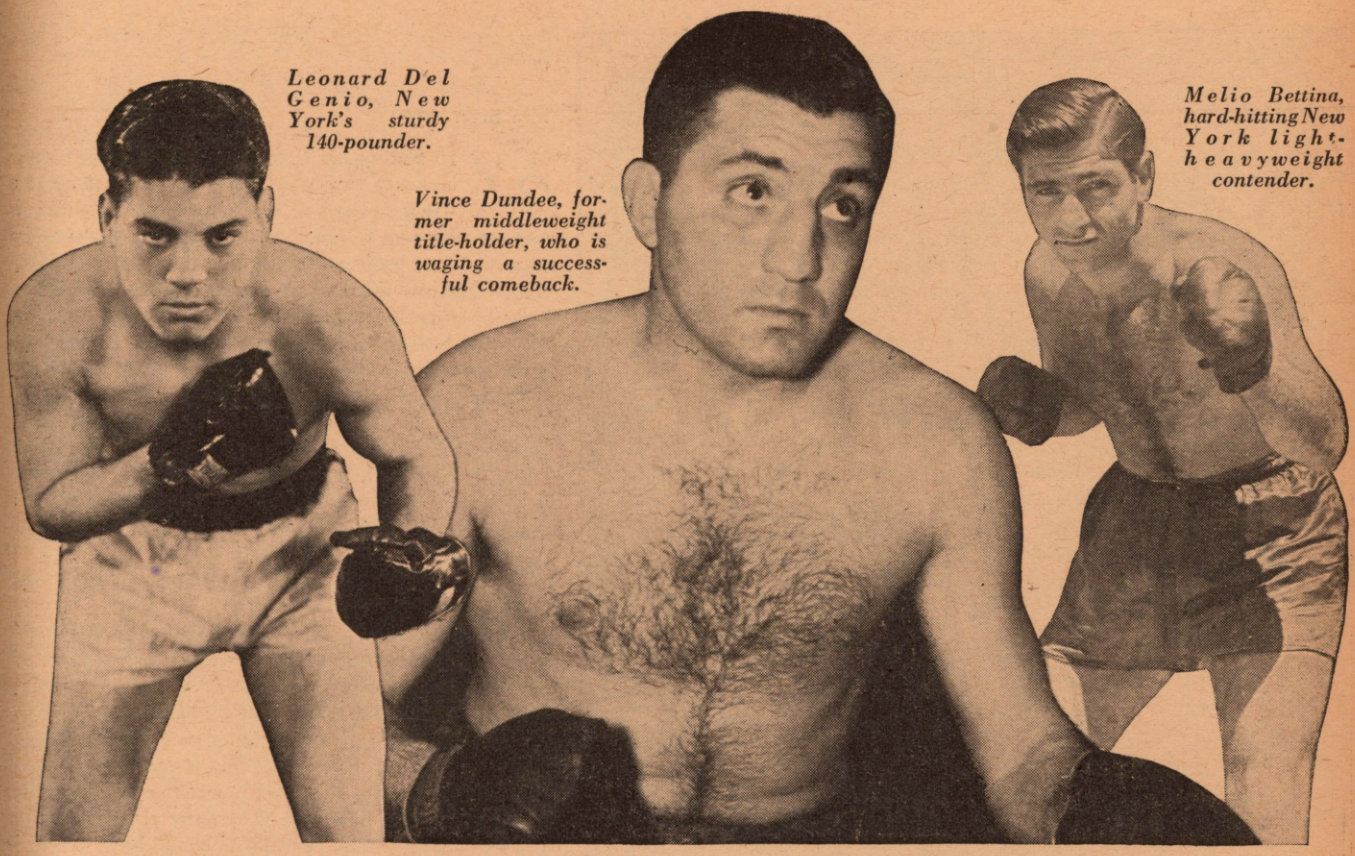
Tommy Farr, British Empire heavyweight champion.

EASTERN TOP NOTCHERS

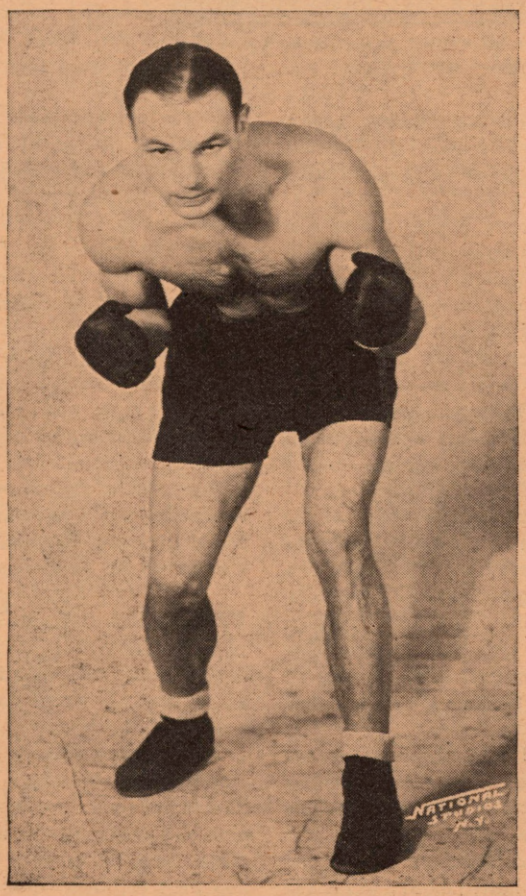
Leonard Del Genio, New York's sturdy 140-pounder.

Vince Dundee, former middleweight title-holder, who is waging a successful comeback.

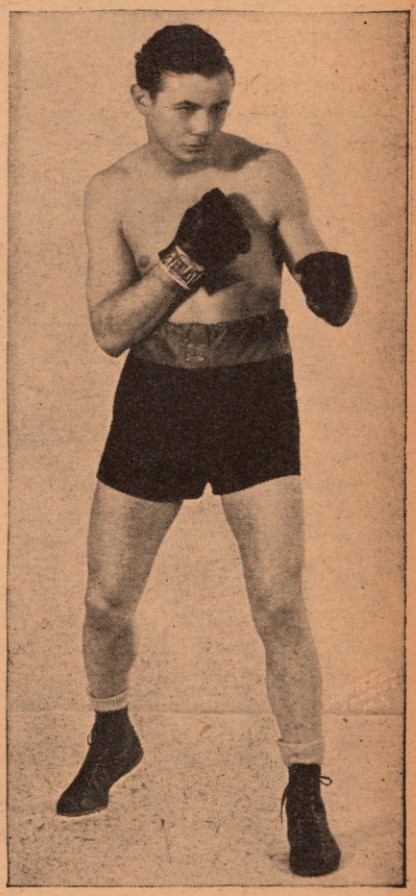
Melio Bettina, hard-hitting New York light-heavyweight contender.



Gene Buffalo, classy Philadelphia welterweight, now in New York.



Tony Rock, Scranton welterweight, fighting in great style.



Al Reid, classy New York featherweight.

BABY SHOES

Jabez White kept a pair of baby shoes in his corner as a charm. When they were stolen, his luck took a queer turn.

WHAT would you think of a rough old-time fighter, and a champion at that, who couldn't do his best unless there was a pair of baby shoes dangling from the ropes in his corner?

It wasn't exactly a superstition with Jabez White; it was just one of those things an athlete will do to keep himself in the right mental attitude. There was logic in it. Jabez White, who was lightweight champion of Britain, was extremely fond of his small child, and carried the pair of baby shoes with him to remind him of all the things he had to fight for. At the beginning of a bout he would tie them to the ropes in his corner. Between rounds, he would return to his seconds a bit winded and tired. He'd take one look at those baby shoes, his eyes would sparkle, and the fighting spirit would pour back into him no matter how rough the going was.

White went to San Francisco in 1905 to fight the pride of the Golden Gate, Jimmy Britt. Britt was one of the best men in the world in the lightweight division. So was White. The battle was hard fought, and the home town crowd grew anxious as the end of the twenty-round bout approached. White was boxing superbly.

In the nineteenth round, Britt's seconds were very worried. One of them scouted around through his equipment for a pair of scissors. When he found them, he edged through the crowd until he was back of White's corner.

Then he made a sudden dash for the baby shoes. With one snip of the scissors he cut them free. He tucked them under his arm and ran for all he was worth, escaping into the crowd before White's amazed helpers could catch him.

All during the last round, White peered into the crowd, trying to discover who had taken the baby shoes. Britt jabbed and hooked him at will and he lost the last round by a huge margin.

The bell rang. The referee came between the fighters, hesitated for a moment, seized Britt's hand and raised it high in the air.

Jabez White's inspiration had backfired and cost him the fight!

* * *

IN boxing, as in other sports, the difference between two good men is so small that a slight change in mental attitude may throw victory one way or another. That's why fighters are so anxious to feel confident going into the ring. They know that one moment of doubt, one moment of uncertainty may make them lose a chance to win. Even the cleverest boxers will sometimes do things that seem quite superstitious in order to bolster their confidence.

When Jim Corbett was training to meet Fitzsimmons, he received hundreds of good luck charms from admirers. He threw them all away except one. Some friend in New Orleans, where Jim had won the heavyweight championship, sent him the left hind foot of a rabbit shot at midnight in a graveyard by the light of a full moon.

"He's a real lucky one!" shouted Jim. "Let's save this one!"

As the old saying goes, that rabbit's foot couldn't have been very lucky; look what happened to the rabbit! Fitzsimmons buried a fist in Corbett's tummy and took over the heavyweight championship.

Stanley Ketchel wore a pair of red trunks that his mother made for him. What he would have done in these modern times when boxing commissions demand that each fighter have two differently colored pairs of trunks is hard to tell; perhaps he would have asked his mother to make him another pair. At any rate, he used those fighting togs as long as it was possible to wear them.

* * *

SAM LANGFORD had an old red bathrobe. Undoubtedly it was new at one time, but after he had fought his way to fame it was somewhat worn and frayed. Nevertheless Sam remained faithful to it and any man who doubts the good luck powers of that ancient red garment can look in the record book and satisfy himself that few of Sam's opponents had much success.

Jim Corbett, after the failure of his rabbit's foot, decided to make use of more scientific methods. In his corner at the second Jeffries bout—the one in San Francisco—he had an oxygen tank. Between rounds, Jim would take pure oxygen through a tube. Science also scored a zero in the win column because Jim ended up on the floor, out of breath from a punch in the stomach.

Perhaps the reader will think that Corbett was a little soft in the body because he lost two championship encounters as a result of being hit in the midsection. He wasn't. The fact was that in those two fights he was up against terrific punchers and they found it almost impossible to hit him anywhere else. To punch Corbett on the head was like trying to stab a fly with a hatpin.

* * *

THE ancient Hawaiian fisticuffers would have had a terrible time with Corbett. According to the old custom, the Island boxers struck only with their right fists and all blows were aimed at the head. It would have taken a lifetime to land that kind of a blow on Corbett.

One amusing feature of the Hawaiian fights of bygone days was that the challenger and his opponent might at any time be interrupted by a third boxer. At the start of the battle, the champion and challenger would strut around the ring, glare at each other, brag, show their teeth, and display their muscles. Any impatient onlooker might rush into the ring and start swinging, just on general principles. This insured a lively mêlée.

When a man was knocked down, another took his place. There

in the RING

By BOB EDGREN

was no rest. The winner kept on swinging until he was defeated. With right-hand swings to the head the only legal wallop, there must have been a wonderful lot of cauliflowered left ears.

The Hawaiians are still fond of combat, as their opponents in the junior A.A.U. championships held at St. Louis can testify. The islanders took home some national titles in the lighter divisions.

Johnny Van Heest, a Michigan featherweight, once claimed a knockout victory that even outdid the Hawaiian free-for-alls. He was one of the few fighters who ever knocked himself out. In a moment of enthusiasm, Johnny offered to demonstrate his favorite knockout punch. No victims applied for the honor of receiving the blow, so Johnny, rather than pass up the opportunity to exhibit his technique, swung on himself and fell unconscious.

* * *

SOME of the present day boxing regulations are just about as finicky as any strange rule out of the past. Many were the queer rulings handed down at the Olympic Games of 1936 when amateur boxers from all over the world competed at Berlin.

Richard Shrimpton, a British boxer, was one of the men who figured prominently in the series of amazing decisions. Dick opposed a Chinese boxer, whose name—strangely enough—was Chin. Shrimpton landed on Chin's chin in the first round and the Oriental lost all further interest in the tournament. He toppled to the canvas sound asleep. Imagine the astonishment of Shrimpton and the British officials to see the verdict promptly awarded to the Chinese.

The ruling was that the British boxer had walloped Chin too soon after a clinch. This decision was stretched too far even for the British, who are pretty meticulous about observing regulations. All British boxing officialdom at Berlin raised the roof in protest. Thereupon the Olympic committee politely reversed itself and declared Shrimpton the winner—which no doubt left poor Chin more bewildered than ever.

Shrimpton then went on and fought a Norwegian named Tiller. Here is a fragment of the ringside report: "Twice the referee cautioned Shrimpton for crouching too low." What they would have done to him if he had suddenly said "Boo!" at Tiller can only be guessed. Anyway Tiller won the fight.

* * *

THE antics of the International Boxing Union — Europe's ruler in ring matters — are only a shade less funny. They now recognize Max Schmeling, of course, as world's heavyweight champion, though Joe Louis beat Braddock for the title. Let us peek into the past for a moment and see who they declared was heavyweight champion of the world last year. It was none other than our old friend, George Godfrey, good natured wrestler, boxer, and chicken-eater.

And who preceded George on the heavyweight throne, according to the International Boxing Union? The antique and feeble Pierre Charles. A good man in his time, years before the International Boxing Union selected him for the honor of being the champion in France, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Roumania, and points west.

Some critics are unkind enough to say that Max Schmeling ought to sue the I.B.U. for damaging his reputation. But, like other commissions, they can't be wrong all the time. They may have picked a real live champion at last.

* * *

JIMMY CLABBY, middleweight scrapper, once thought somebody was damaging his reputation.

The slanderer was a stranger to Jimmy. He happened to be sitting next to Clabby in a restaurant. The talk turned to fights and fighters.

"Now take this fellow Clabby," the man began. "He can fight pretty well, but I don't like him personally."

"That so?" asked Clabby. "Do you know Clabby very well?"

"Sure!" said the stranger. "Why, I've known him ever since he was a foot high!"

Clabby took a good look at the man, didn't remember ever having seen him before, and concluded that the fellow was just trying to make an impression. Sometimes an enthusiastic fan will start talking about fighters he knows, when he has never even seen them. This fellow was like that.

Clabby thought he would have a little fun. "I think Clabby's O. K.," he said, "but maybe you're right. Here's what I'll do. I'll bet you ten bucks you don't know Clabby when you see him."

"Good enough," said the fan. "You're on."

"How'll we prove that you know Clabby?" asked Clabby.

"Nothing easier," the stranger remarked with a smile. "I'll let you be the judge. I say that you are Jimmy Clabby. Did I get it right?"

He reached over, coolly picked up the tens, and walked out. Clabby made up his mind never to bet with strangers again.

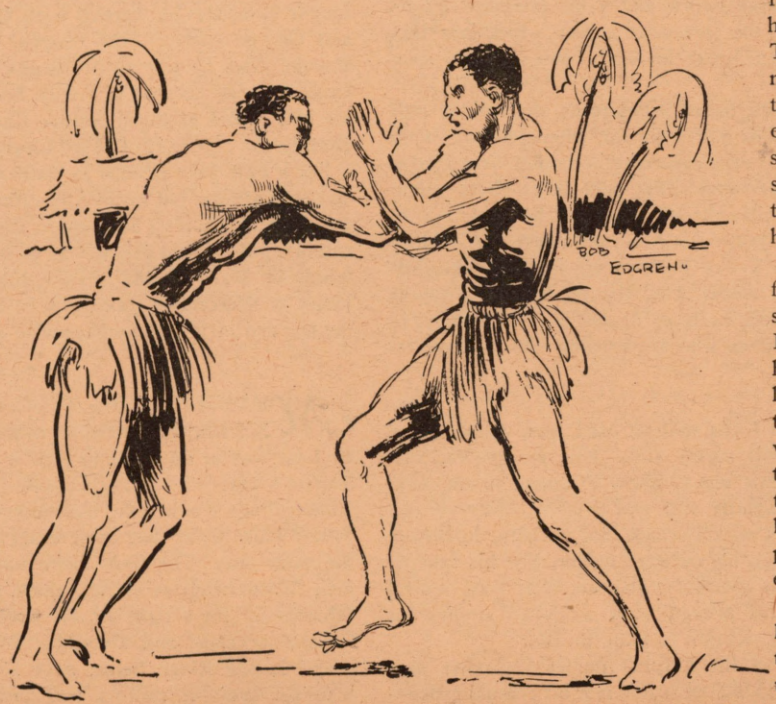
* * *

GEORGE MALLEY, who is a college boxing coach, once had a strange experience with an amateur in a C.Y.O. tournament. This young scrapper was very enthusiastic. He wanted to enter the tourney. Malley told him to turn out for boxing practice in the gym, but for one reason or another the youngster failed to show up. Malley had forgotten all about him. The day before the tournament, the boy turned up in the gym. He was very eager to do battle. He was such an enthusiastic kid and such a good talker that he talked Malley into letting him enter.

For one hour before the fight, Malley poured instructions into the kid's ear. Probably no fighter ever had so much theory and so little practice when he entered a bout. The youngster went out, absorbed everything his opponent could throw, and made it back to his corner under his own power when the round ended.

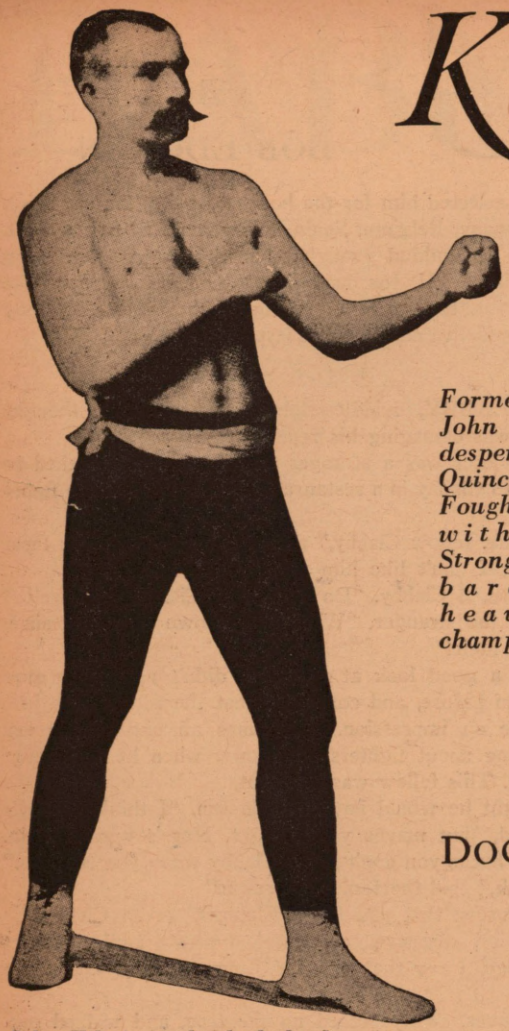
There Malley leaned over him anxiously, and the kid turned one half-closed eye up at him.

(Continued on page 43)



Ancient Hawaiian boxing rules allowed only right hand blows to the head.

KILRAIN'S SHIP CRASHES



Former ring foe of John L. Sullivan desperately ill in Quincy Hospital—Fought 75 rounds with Boston Strong Boy in last bare-knuckle heavyweight championship bout.

Jake Kilrain as he looked when he was in his prime.

By DOC ALMY

IN the quiet of the Wellington Hospital Home of Quincy, Mass., where he is receiving skilled medical care, an old-time ringster—one of the last of the heavyweight knuckle fighters, also one-time claimant of the championship, is the principal in what may prove the last big mill for him in this world of joy and sorrow.

The ex-warrior, now gray, worn and a bit crumpled by the weight of 78 years, also the strenuous career which has been his, is John Joseph Killion, better known to the world of sport as Jake Kilrain.

He is putting up the same brave, courageous, determined fight as he did in his ring days of glory, but far from the roar of the mob and the thousands who once cheered him on and were glad to be reckoned among his followers. That once large circle—international at one time—now has shrunk to a mere handful.

With the passing of the years, death, forgetfulness and indifference have taken their toll. Today Jake, except for a few kinsfolk and friends, is practically alone. And, though he is not saying so, or one to declare himself, he is up against it. Fortunately, he has children and grandchildren who are keeping him as comfortable as they can.

* * *

HIS ship has hit the rocks, and hit hard, and, unless rescue comes, his raft will surely sink. This rescue—financial aid, he neither seeks, nor is likely to accept in the form of charity. Jake can be mightily stiff and gruff at times—is one of those "I can take care of myself" chaps, but friendly, diplomatic thrusts can be made through his outward armor. For his sake, it might be well for those so disposed—who would at least second the ancient gladiator in his present vital scrap—to attempt an approach. Like other folks, Kilrain is quite human.

"I wish," he told one of the hospital nurses the other day, "John could come to me." While the name is a bit commonplace—meant practically nothing to the hospital attendant, the aged warrior referred to John L. Sullivan—his one-time friend and pal in the later years of both. In their youth—each seeking the life-light of publicity and ring fame—for years they were bitter rivals and enemies.

Their abuse of each other was mutual—and the old boys of the turf certainly knew how to lay it on. The eventual retirement of both from fisticuffs, along with the softening effects of time, finally melted their animosities and resentments. They became pals and playfellows, each with respect and admiration for the other.

But, before that, spurred on by rival backers and managements, how they did hate each other! At the start of it, Kilrain was merely on the outside looking in—not a direct party at all. It was the effort of Richard K. Fox, then the owner of the old *Police Gazette* of New York, in its heyday a leading pink-sheet sporting weekly, to secure control of Sullivan that lighted the fire. Fox, finding himself thwarted by Jim Keenan of Boston, Jimmy Wakely and others, also by Sullivan himself who, despite many favors received, never "cottoned" to the Gotham publisher, turned all his guns on the Bostonian.

* * *

AIDED by Billy Madden, who had parted with Sullivan after training him for several of his early fights, Fox hooked up with Kilrain and a campaign was started to bury John under the glories loaded onto the shoulders of his rivals. The latter, if his own pugilistic ability and press ballyhoo could do it, was to be made THE CHAMPION. Kilrain at that time was well toward the front as a heavyweight fighting man. He was big, game and courageous, could and would scrap, was a natural rival of John L. and therefore just the man for the Fox combination.

Jake, though born at Green Point, L. I., New York, February 9, 1859, had grown to manhood in Somerville, Mass., and, first as a skilled oarsman on the Charles River and later as a ringster, had become known to thousands. At Mechanics Building, he fought Pete McCoy, battled with William Sheriff at Cambridge, and George Godfrey, the original formidable colored heavy, in Boston. Also he put up his hands in the ring of the old Cribb Club, formerly located in Avery Street, Boston, and finally made his bow at old Madison Square Garden, New York, on June 26, 1884, as the opponent of Mike Cleary.

For a time Jake resided at Baltimore, there engaging in rowing and ring affairs, but eventually returned to Boston and for a time was Tim McCarthy's assistant at the Cribb Club. One of Kilrain's notable mills at that period was with Joe Lannan of South Boston, fought on March 8, 1887, in the dining room of the old Glenwood Hotel at Watertown. Jake won in eleven rounds, collecting $750, the big end of a $1000 purse—also side stake money.

* * *

MEANWHILE the Fox forces were busy. In behalf of Kilrain, Fox fired a money challenge at Sullivan, but as John was in no shape to pick it up, he having broken his left arm in a fray with Patsy Cardiff, he ignored the defi. The New Yorkers then claimed the championship for Kilrain. The publicity turned loose from that quarter served to set many folk thinking the same way. The next move was a challenge to Jim Smith, then British heavyweight champion, in behalf of Kilrain, American "champion," for a fight for the world's heavyweight crown.

Smith accepted and, December 19, 1887, the pair clashed on an island in the River Seine, near Rouen, France. It was a stiff, mauling, bruising mill—a real prize fight, and lasted for two hours, thirty minutes—a total of 106 *(Continued on page 45)*

LINKS LURE JEFFRA

By NED BROWN

THE old gentleman wiggled the back of his body from the shoulders down to the heels as he adjusted his stance; then he waggled his golf club at the ball on the tee. A pleasant faced little caddie stood abaft, respectfully alert, and waited. The old gentleman swung carefully and quite definitely sliced out of bounds. He cursed, fervently, copiously and definitely.

"I'm through," he finally gurgled. "Never again for me!" And heaving the club afar, he waddled determinedly toward the clubhouse.

Thus an embryo world's bantamweight champion snapped to life. For the pleasant faced caddie was little Ignacius Pasquali Guiffi, destined to occupy the bantamweight throne as Harry Jeffra. The old gentleman was the last of his most lucrative patrons, and with him gone, the lad was forced to seek other means of livelihood than caddying. So he determined to turn to professional boxing.

The transition was quite natural, for the lad had spent two years at Morgan Park, where boxing was a compulsory part of the curriculum, and he had shown such aptness in learning and excellence in execution that he not only won the school championship in his division, but also won the Baltimore City and Maryland State amateur championship by the time he was 15 years of age.

Meanwhile he had taken to caddying, because he loved golf, and the job offered him a chance to indulge in the game. He showed as much aptitude for golf as he did for boxing, as witnessed by the fact that he won the championship tournament for caddies. Today he shoots consistently in the low 70's. In his career as a caddie he carried clubs for such noted stars as Gene Sarazen, Willie MacFarlane, George Voigt and others. He studied every move of the famous experts, and some day, when he's through with his boxing, he hopes to become a real golf champion:

Harry Jeffra, as the new champion is known to the public, is a model, likeable little fellow. Here's how he summed up his career when I asked him to write the "story of his life":

By HARRY JEFFRA

BORN Nov. 30, 1914, in Baltimore, Md. Spent two years at Morgan Park. Won the championship of school; also won city and state championships of Maryland at the age of 15 years. Took up golf as a caddie. Won championship for caddies. Saw I couldn't make much money caddying so I turned to professional boxing. For my first bout I received $12.00. I won 26 bouts in a row, then lost by K.O. to Danny London in five rounds. This made me a better boxer and wiser fighter, but my big break came when Max Waxman took me over. I won all my bouts under him.

I am the oldest son in my family. I have three brothers, caddies, one is in the U. S. Navy, the other still goes to school. My father is a street car conductor for the Baltimore Transit Company. I had 50 bouts, won 46, lost 3 and one draw.

That was all. No mention of the tough struggle he had in reaching the top; no braggadocio about how he thrice defeated the champion, Sixto Escobar, the last time for the title. Nor did he mention his uphill battle to throw off the effects of an early infantile paralysis and finally discarded the wheel chair to which the disease had relegated him. He even overlooked mentioning that one of his defeats came as a result of a broken jaw and the resultant agony during the early process of mending. Both of which incidents supply a key to the tenacity of purpose, the indomitable will of the lad to overcome all obstacles and battle his way to the top.

"Yeah, Harry," I said, "but tell me about your biggest thrill—your hardest fight—your plans for the future—"

"OH, my biggest thrill!" he interrupted. "I'll never forget it. Most persons will expect me to say it was when I won the title from Sixto Escobar. But it wasn't. My greatest thrill came one day when Max Waxman, who already had piloted two other Baltimore boys, Joe and Vince Dundee, into world's championships, took me along with Jack Dempsey to the North Philadelphia Station. I was going to Baltimore and Jack was going to New York. I guess half the folks in Philly escorted us—or Jack, rather—to the station. We both had a long wait there and the great Dempsey peeled off his coat and for 20 minutes he showed me how to throw a left hook, a right cross, uppercuts and all manner of tricks in the game. I got a thrill then that I'll never forget as long as I live, for among all men, Jack Dempsey is my idol. And then, to cap the climax, Mr. Waxman said to me as we parted for our respective trains:

"'Go home, now, and don't worry about anything. I'll make you the next bantamweight champion of the world!'

"I believed in him implicitly, and my faith in him proved not unfounded. He did just what he said he would."

Jeffra is the son of an Irish mother and an Italian father. That's how he comes by his Italian name. He is a bright young man, having attended Duke University for a while, and now his great ambition is some day to become the golf pro at the Woodholme Country Club in Pikesville, Md., suburb of Baltimore.

* * *

HIS parents are well pleased at his success in the ring. They both are ardent boxing fans, and never lose an opportunity to see their first born in all his ring battles. They were at the ringside when he became champion, and they beamed with joy when his gloved fist was held aloft and he was proclaimed to the world as the "Winner and NEW CHAMPION!"

His trainer, Heinie Blaustein, who by the way, trained both the Dundee brothers for Waxman, recently allowed that the "Evil Eye," said to be possessed by one Ben Finkle, had helped to bring about the downfall of Escobar in his title fight with Jeffra, but Harry refutes this.

* * *

HERE is the complete record of the new bantamweight king:

KNOCKOUTS—1933, Russ Driscoll, 1; 1934, Bob Sponsler, 1; Harry Groves, 4; Ed Lytell, 1; Lew Young, 2; Joe Selmars, 2. 1935—Chester Fowble, 5; Tom Horn, 3; Nick Montano, 2; M. Jacobs, 1; Chester Fowble, 2. 1936—Dewey Cannon, 3; Dick Transpanti, 6; S. Allen, 6; S. Tucker, 2.

WON BY DECISION—1933, Earl Wise, 4; Angelo Bracato, 4; Earl Wise, 4; Bob Sponsler, 4; Chester Fowble, 4; Al Beatty, 4. 1934—Lew Votta, 4; Pete Galiano, 6; Roy Dugan, 6. 1935—Tom Horn, 4; L. Pines, 6; Ed Burl, 8; M. Ducca, 8; B. Landers, 8; Tin Can Romanelli, 10. 1936—Nat Rahn, 8; Joe Teems, 6; Santos Hugo, 6; Sixto Escobar, Baltimore, 10; Joe Teems, 10; Sixto Escobar, 10 (N. Y.).

DRAW DECISIONS—1935, Mike Tardugno, 6.

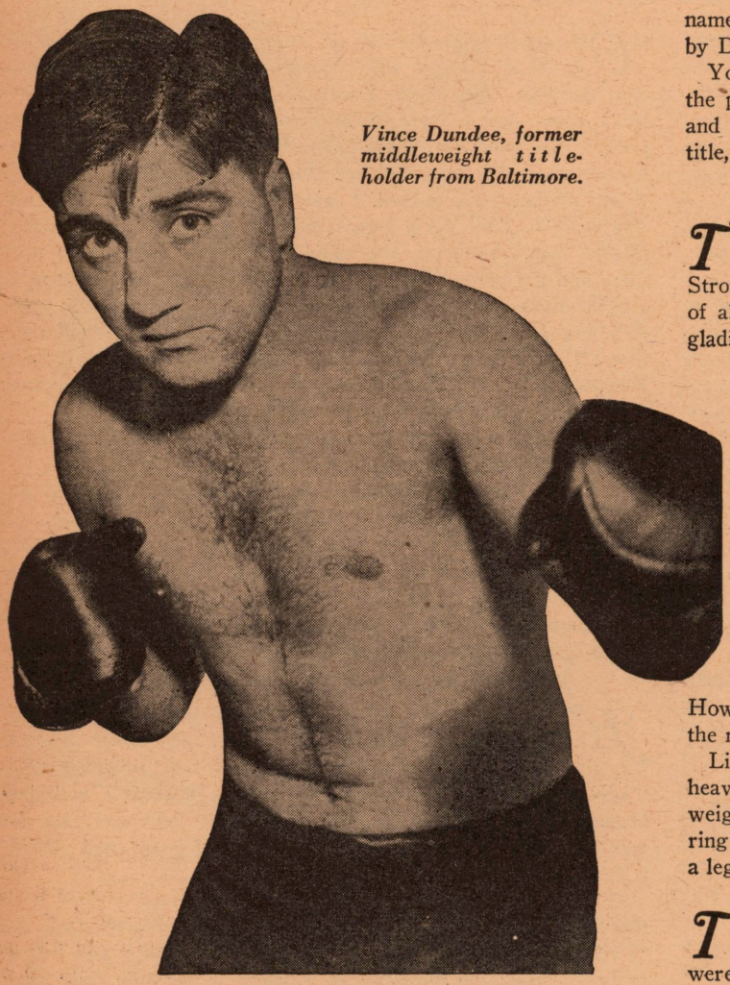
LOST DECISIONS—1935, Victor Vallee. 1936, J. Allen.

KNOCKED OUT BY—1935, Danny London.

1937 RECORD—Jan. 18, Jack Corcoran, Baltimore, K.O., 2 rounds; Feb. 22, Larry Gunn, Baltimore, won 10 rounds; April 29, Al Gillette, Baltimore, K.O., 1 round; May 10, Jimmy Martin, Baltimore, K.O., 7 rounds; May 14, Georgie Holmes, Baltimore, K.O., 2 rounds; June 23, Jim Moran, Baltimore, K.O., 2 rounds; July 19, Ruby Bradley, Philadelphia, K.O., 4 rounds; Aug. 14, Biff Lemieux, Baltimore, won, 8 rounds; Sept. 16, Sixto Escobar, New York (P.G.), won, 15 rounds.

Recapitulation—Fights engaged in, 50; won by knockout, 21; won by decision, 25; draw decision, 1; lost decision, 2; knocked out by, 1.

FAMOUS NAMES



Vince Dundee, former middleweight title-holder from Baltimore.

IMITATIONS are very rarely as good as the originals. Look into the boxing industry and you'll see this verified. Noted ringsters have had imitators. Aspiring mitt wielders who prefaced "Young" to the names of the famed ones, often champs. Usually, there has been more of contrast than comparison between the old and the young.

The exception that proves the rule is Jack Dempsey of Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, New York and Miami. When he broke into fist flinging it was as Young Jack Dempsey, taking his inspiration from Jack Dempsey of Portland, Ore., the Nonpareil, late middleweight champion. Although Jousting Jack is William Harrison Dempsey in real life, his original aim when he entered the ring was to trade on the reputation of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey. When it was disclosed he had the punch, vim and vigor to go places, the "Young" was discarded, and the Manassa Mauler became Jack Dempsey No. 2.

* * *

THE late Jim Corbett of San Francisco and New York had three imitators. The first was Young Corbett of San Francisco, known also as George Green, active as a featherweight and lightweight, and, like the man he named himself after, he depended largely on science. Green continued identification with the ring as a boxing instructor at 'Frisco long after quitting the ring.

Young Corbett No. 2 of Denver wrested the world's featherweight title from Terrible Terry McGovern by an amazing kayo. To the contention this surprising victory was a fluke, he took McGovern for another ride into Morpheus land in their second clash.

The second Young Corbett was not very clever. He relied on a punch and coolness under fire to bring him the title. His real name was William Rothwell, and when ushered out of the ring by Dad Time, he was a welterweight.

Young Corbett No. 3 hails from Fresno, California, and for the past decade has been battling as a lightweight, welterweight and middleweight. He was the holder of the world welterweight title, thus three of the four fighting Corbetts were champions.

* * *

THERE has been a deluge of Young John L. Sullivans and Young Sullivans, naming themselves after the late Boston Strong Boy, who was probably the most picturesque and effective of all heavyweight champs. Not one of the imitators of the old gladiator was qualified to carry Sully's trunks.

The Young John L. Sullivans and Young Sullivans ranged from bantams to heavies but got nowhere in any class. Probably the best of the poor crop was Young John L. Sullivan of Gloucester, Mass., a light-heavyweight, who lacked a wallop as much as his inspiration possessed that great fistic asset. Very often, a ring imitator is in reverse. That is, if the star he names himself after is a slugger, the mimic depends on cleverness, or vice-versa.

Out of the avalanche of imitators of the late Bob Fitzsimmons, the Cornish Jerseyman who dethroned Jim Corbett as heavy champ and who also held the middleweight and light-heavyweight titles, the most worthy of the group was his own son, the real Young Bob Fitz. However, like father like son didn't apply, the son being far below the ring par established by his lanky and freakly constructed papa.

Like his father, Young Bob was a middleweight and light-heavy, but unlike his dad, when he grew to full maturity, he weighed 190, whereas old Bob never scaled more than 175 for a ring encounter. Most of the time he battled heavyweights when a legitimate middleweight.

* * *

THE best of the imitators of the late Jack McAuliffe of Brooklyn, who retired as undefeated lightweight champ, were Young Jack McAuliffe of Detroit, a heavyweight, and Young McAuliffe of Bridgeport, Conn., a featherweight. The heavyweight was ballyhooed as a puncher and apparently had somewhat of a kick in his right, but he proved unable to take a punch on the chin without folding up for the night. Floyd Johnson of Des Moines stopped him in a round, and Luis Firpo of the Argentine in three.

The Detroiter, boomed aplenty, faded out of the lineup as quickly as he entered it. Young McAuliffe of Bridgeport relied on speed and aggressiveness to bring home the bacon in the ring. He is now bringing home the bacon in a Bridgeport eatery he has been operating. He was making a commotion in the feather ranks during the leadership of Johnny Kilbane. His right name is Henry Garrity.

Peter Jackson, the late colored Antipodean, who can be classed as one of the uncrowned kings of the heavyweights, had an imitator who threatened to go places, first in the middleweight division and later among the light-heavies and heavies. Young Peter Jackson of Baltimore was at his best when the going was exceptionally tough among his own color, his contemporaries including Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Joe Jeannette, Sam McVey, Dixie Kid, Larry Temple, Kid Norfolk, George Kid Cotton, Bill Tate, George Robinson. Young Peter, unlike his namesake, didn't look upon cleverness as his best bet, preferring to mix and take a couple of punches to get several home. He died several years ago in San Francisco.

In addition to a flock of Young Joe Gans, with almost every class represented, and one Baby Joe Gans, all colored, there was Italian Joe Gans, who hailed from Brooklyn, and was active among the welters and middles. None of the Young Joe Gans was five per cent the quality of the Baltimore Negro, who held the lightweight title and is recognized as one of the best of all lightweights.

in PUGILISM

By WILLIAM J. McNULTY

NAMING himself after Tommy Burns of Hanover, Ont., Detroit, Seattle, Vancouver, Calgary, London and New York, former heavyweight champion, was George Memsic of Milwaukee, a lightweight. He shifted from his real name, with which he had started his ring campaign, to Young Burns, and was under the management of the erstwhile heavy champ for a time. In more recent years, Young Tommy Burns, subsequently shortened to Tommy Burns, was the name of a Detroit middleweight, who was put out before he reached second base in the middle lineup.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, former light-heavy champ had a number of imitators, including Young Jack O'Brien of Philadelphia, a nephew of the once clever boxer, and who participated in middleweight doings for a short time. Then there were Young Jack O'Briens representing Boston, New York and Chicago, and English Jack O'Brien, a London globe-trotting welterweight.

* * *

TAKING their cues from the late Stanley Ketchel of Grand Rapids, best of all middleweight champs, were Young (Al) Ketchel of Bridgeport, Conn., a lightweight; Young Stanley Ketchel of Chicago, a middleweight; Young Ketchel of Boston, Young Ketchel of Buffalo, welters. About all they did was to Ketchel from the fists of their opponents.

Frank Erne of Buffalo, who lost the lightweight title to the late Joe Gans, was the inspiration for Young Erne of Philadelphia and Young Erne of Buffalo, both lightweights. Young Erne of Philly, whose right name was Hughey Clavin, was one of the best six-round lightweights ever invented, and outpointed champions and runners-up in that division for some years in home town bouts. After six rounds, he did a fadeout. Like the ex-lightweight champ, he was clever. Young Erne of the champion's home town was of the aggressive, boring-in type.

Young Bill Papke of Los Angeles, now performing more or less in the middleweight class, is not only the namesake but the son of Bill Papke, the late Illinois Thunderbolt from Spring Valley and Kewanee, and later Los Angeles, who held the middle title as a foe of Stan Ketchel. There have been other namesakes of Battling Bill, but none ever penetrated out of the lower level of the ring recognition.

Young Jack Johnson of Boston, a colored heavyweight, proved a very poor imitation of the heavyweight champ who caused the great hunt for white hopes, most of them hopeless. As lacking in quality as he was, there was no doubt of him being the best of the many Young Jack Johnsons and Young Johnsons that budded and quickly withered, with the ascendancy of Lil Artha.

* * *

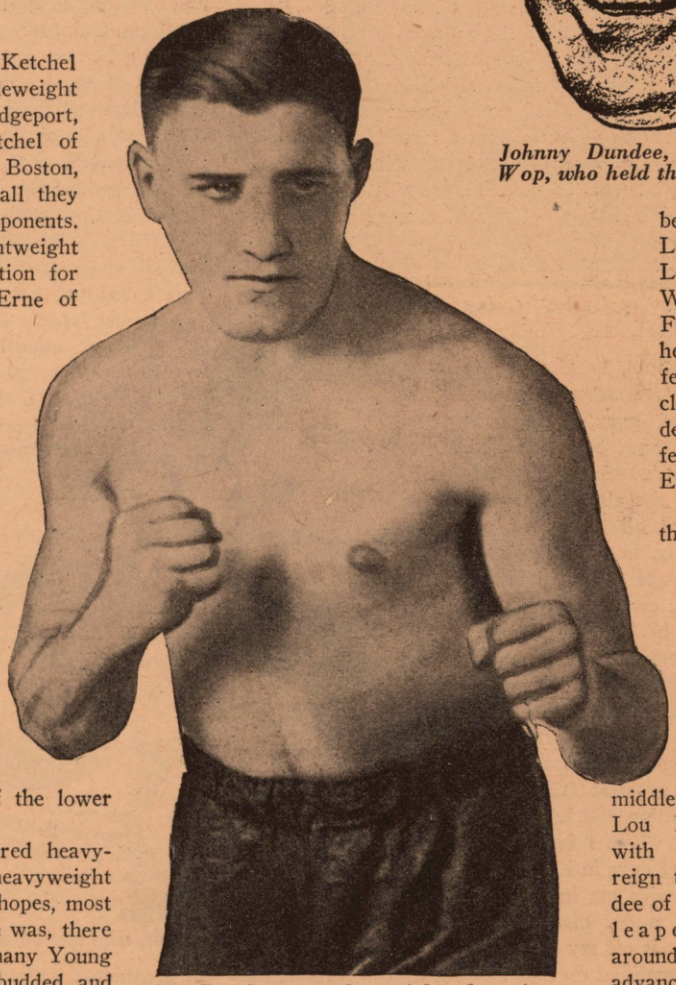
THE late Terrible Terry McGovern, the Brooklyn Belter, who held the featherweight and bantamweight titles and was one of the hardest punchers among the little fellows of the ring for all time, was the hero for Young Terry McGovern of Philadelphia, a lightweight, who could take it but couldn't hand it out. A fall head first to the ring floor at Boston during a bout resulted in his death. There were also a large number of Young McGoverns in almost every class, in the prelims and semis.

Tommy Ryan of Syracuse and Los Angeles, former welter and middle champ, was one of the cleverest of all boxers in ring annals. Young Tommy Ryan of Buffalo, a bantam-feather, depended on aggressiveness more than science.

* * *

IT would be impossible for any of the old-timers to forget the name of Johnny Dundee, the famous Scotch Wop, who paraded during a period of the greatest lightweights in the past. It was Dundee's misfortune to be mixing with Benny Leonard, Rocky Kansas, Lew Tendler, Charley White, Joe Welling and Frankie Callahan when he was a legitimate featherweight. At the close of his career, Dundee won the world featherweight title from Eugene Criqui.

Johnny Dundee, the famous Scotch Wop, who held the featherweight title.



Joe Dundee, a welterweight champion of a few years ago.

Following Johnny in the Dundee family came Joe and Vince Dundee, brothers, from Baltimore, who managed to garner world titles before they left the ring. Joe won the welterweight title from Pete Latzo, while Vince won the middleweight crown from Lou Brouillard. Currently with the Johnny Dundee reign there was Mike Dundee of Rock Island, Ill., who leaped into prominence around the Middle West and advanced sufficiently to enter the featherweight elimination tournament staged at the old Madison Square Garden, where he was beaten by Danny Kramer, who subsequently was whipped by Louis Kid Kaplan in the final round.

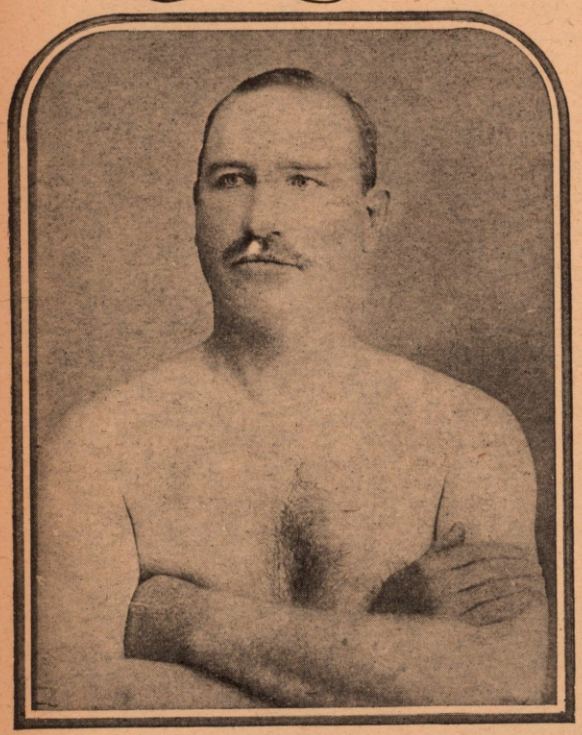
* * *

COMPARISONS are usually odious, and not more so than between Kid McCoy of Indianapolis, Los Angeles and Detroit, who once held the welter title and was an uncrowned king of the middles and light-heavies, and Young Kid McCoy of Chicago. The latter was in the lightweight and welterweight classes. The imitation had about five per cent of the ringcraft of the original, having much to shoot at, for the Kid must be reckoned as one of the cleverest disciples *(Continued on page 46)*

Ring Friendships

By BILL DOHERTY

(Ex-heavyweight champion of Australia. Author of "In the Days of the Giants.")



Mick Dooley, one of Australia's famed gladiators.

WHEN I look back over my life and remember the long, hard and gory contests in which I have been engaged, I marvel at the great number of friends that I have made and the almost complete absence of enemies at all stages of my career. It is astonishing, in fact, how very few enemies the average boxer makes in the course of his life, considering that he puts in a large part of his time endeavoring to knock someone into oblivion long enough for the significant count to be made.

Tom Duggan and I fought battles that are still talked of as instances where no quarter was given, expected nor received, and yet we were the greatest friends and had not a little admiration and respect for each other. Tut Ryan, whom I fought several times in the roaring days in Kalgoorlie, once lost his temper with me in the ring and, getting my head under his arm, did his level best to knock it off my shoulders and was promptly disqualified on that account by the referee, but outside the ring Tut and I were never enemies for a minute.

Even Charley Woods, whom I beat early in my career in an important (to us) fight that meant the death-knell of hopes of rising for one of us—even Charley bore me no ill-will when he acknowledged defeat, threw aside his boxing gloves for good and went to the goldfields. Amidst the furious bustle and strife of the early alluvial rushes in the Golden West, he found time to write friendly letters to me—to write until death claimed him as it claimed so many of the lads who heard the call of the gleaming yellow god of gold.

* * *

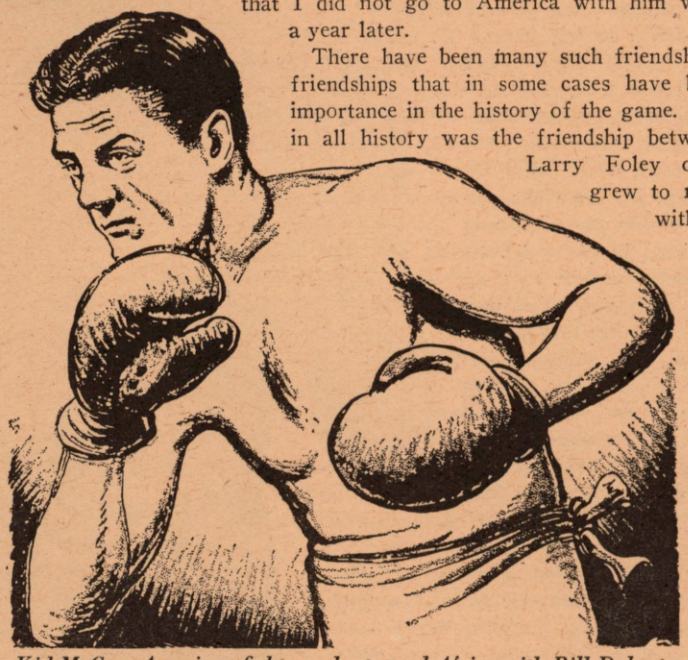
MICK DOOLEY was my friend until his death in 1935. Many and many a time, as I passed down High Street, Fremantle, on my way to work, I was greeted by Mick as he stood on his accustomed corner, and his fierce old eyes never failed to twinkle as though there was something pleasant to him in the recollection of our sanguinary battles in the long ago.

Perhaps the greatest friend that I ever had in my life was Joe Goddard. It was in Africa that I first got to know Joe really well, and from that day to this he has been firmly established in my memory as a prince among friends. Even now, my sluggish old blood begins to race in my veins if I hear a word said against Joe, and I would fight for his memory now—or try, anyhow—for my days of serious fighting are ended.

True friendship is always hard to explain. I know that he always impressed me as being a big man, big of heart and hand and body, big in aims and ambition, and never small or mean about anything. Our early years were not unlike, for I was a quarryman before I became a professional boxer and Joe was a navvy, and neither of us ever received much tuition in the noble art, but we both loved the game, and looked upon it as something more than just a meal ticket or a pathway to fame and fortune. Joe used to make fun of me, and pretend to be overcome with surprise when I won a fight—but I knew what was in his heart.

Kid McCoy and I were always friends, and after the fight in Jo'burg in '96 we went on tour together with a circus to our mutual profit and entertainment, and it wasn't the Kid's fault that I did not go to America with him when he left Africa a year later.

There have been many such friendships between boxers, friendships that in some cases have been of tremendous importance in the history of the game. Perhaps the greatest in all history was the friendship between Jem Mace and Larry Foley of Australia. Mace grew to regard Foley almost with the affection of a father and spared no pains to pass on to the younger man the accumulated knowledge of a lifetime.



Kid McCoy, American fighter, who toured Africa with Bill Doherty.

Foley reciprocated with all the sincerity of his gallant Celtic nature and the fruits of the friendship and association of the two were manifest in a new and great era of boxing, an era only surpassed in greatness by the previous palmy days of the Regency.

* * *

THE second greatest friendship was undoubtedly that between the American Negro prizefighter, Tom Molineux, and his black fellow countryman, Bill Richmond. Richmond had been a slave boy in New York away back before the War of Independence and had been captured and brought to England by the soldiers of King George, and when, long years later, Molineux, who also had been a slave, came to England, Richmond lavished affection and care upon the younger man.

Just as in the case of Mace and Foley, his attitude was almost that of a father to a son. Richmond almost invariably seconded Molineux in his fights, and oddly enough, Tom Cribb on several occasions seconded Molineux's opponents. So passionately in earnest was Richmond in looking *(Continued on page 44)*

Nat FLEISCHER says:

British Boxing Writers Go Haywire—Trouble Traces Back to Farr's Fine Showing—Foreign Impressions Resemble Hopheads' Effusions

AMERICAN boxing writers are furious over the picayune policy adopted by British brethren in vicious attacks against us. It seems that British writers are trying to build up a false reputation as leaders in the field of boxing reporting. They take a crack at the Americans, whether warranted or not. I'm thoroughly fed up on the writings of many of these English newspapermen who pretend to know whereof they speak, yet are so thoroughly misinformed. I am amazed at their ignorance.

All the commotion is due to the wonderful showing of Tommy Farr, who by his courageous battle, made the British experts look like a bunch of saps for their bitter attacks against him, attacks that were instrumental, as I've already said, in causing the American scribes to give Tommy little chance against Joe Louis. I don't plead innocent. We were all guilty of underrating Farr. But these same scribes, upon their arrival home, kept telling their public how the Americans were made to look like a bunch of nincompoops, but failed to tell their readers that, both in their daily broadcasts over the air in programs which I arranged and in public interviews with newspapers on this side of the Big Pond, they were more vicious in their attacks on Farr than were any of the Americans.

Tommy Farr, in his article in this issue, sums up the situation with his pointed remarks to the British scribes. And upon sailing back home on the *Queen Mary*, Tommy, in an interview with the ship news reporters remarked: "I was treated very well in America. Your boxing reporters, even though they didn't think I'd do much with Louis, were splendid to me—far better than most of the British papers have been, and I hope they see this."

You English scribes who have been taking it out on us, take note of Tommy's statement. He is a real sport compared to many of those who have been severely attacking the American writers.

* * *

A FEW days before this issue went to press, I received a lengthy letter from a RING reader in New Zealand, in which he enclosed a story which appeared on page 23 of the *Sunday Express* of July 18. Here is what he asked:

"Mr. Editor, is the story which I am forwarding to you a correct one? Do such things as the writer in the *Sunday Express* states, take place in America? We simply cannot conceive it to be true and think most of it is pure imagination. Kindly enlighten a RING reader from far off New Zealand."

Well, before commenting on the article, I shall give the item in full, as it appears in the paper. Here it is:

"When Gangsters Were at the Ringside"

WITHOUT wishing in the least to discourage Tommy Farr in his Transatlantic venture, I am afraid he will find the influences surrounding American boxing somewhat disturbing to his, at present, parochial experience of the world and its wicked ways.

They like their boxing raw in the States and the bother that has upset the British heavyweight situation in the last few weeks will seem but a ripple on a pool in American eyes.

I was given an idea of what is accepted as part of the game in America when an old-time manager called for a talk the other day. He has taken British boxers across the Atlantic on many occasions, and some of his yarns are enough to make your eyes pop.

He told me of one fight where his boxer had been laid low by a foul blow. The referee waved his American opponent to a corner preparatory to giving the Englishman the verdict.

Bulging Pockets—Sitting at the ringside were three men with all the marks of the gangster. One beckoned to the referee and significantly patted a bulging coat pocket. The hint was enough.

Turning in his tracks the referee came to the English boxer's corner and shouted: "If you don't get up and fight I'll throw you out of the ring."

The Englishman had to carry on, although he was in agony. Naturally, he lost the fight. But the bets of the gangsters at the ringside were saved!

Shots by Night—The same manager who told me this story also related how he and another boxer drove to a suburban house for a meal with a friend. While they were eating there was a sudden burst of shots outside the front door.

When a decent interval had passed they crept out to see what had happened. Some light-hearted thugs in the opposing camp had passed the time by ventilating the boxer's car with a submachinegun!

I'm not suggesting for a moment that such things will fall to Tommy Farr's lot, but he won't find the ringside seats on the night of his fight with Louis all packed with boiled shirts and blue-blood.

* * *

I WONDERED, after reading it, what kind of hop this scribe smoked! Can it be that the writer, whose identity I don't know, inhaled the "invigorating" hop, had a beautiful dream and then decided to give it to his readers as a genuine occurrence!

The story is so ridiculous, that I should, were I doing justice to my readers, ignore it entirely, but because of the request I shall answer the letter by stating that never in my thirty-two years of newspaper work have I come across more nonsense palmed off as a news item.

There isn't a word of truth in the story. I was the publicity chief of the fight in question—the Sharkey-Scott battle. I was in Scott's corner when the "foul" took place. It was a corking blow in the pit of the stomach and Phanting Phil decided to call it a day.

Referee Lou Magnolia waved Sharkey to a neutral corner, went over to Scott and ordered him to continue. Scott refused and rested on the middle rope of the ring. Magnolia gave him an opportunity to recuperate by giving him a rest and then told Scott that he would have to continue or be counted out as the punch was not low, and when Scott chose the latter, he was counted out.

At no time were any threats made. At no time were any gangsters near the ringside. *(Continued on page 51)*

GANG WARS and POLITICS

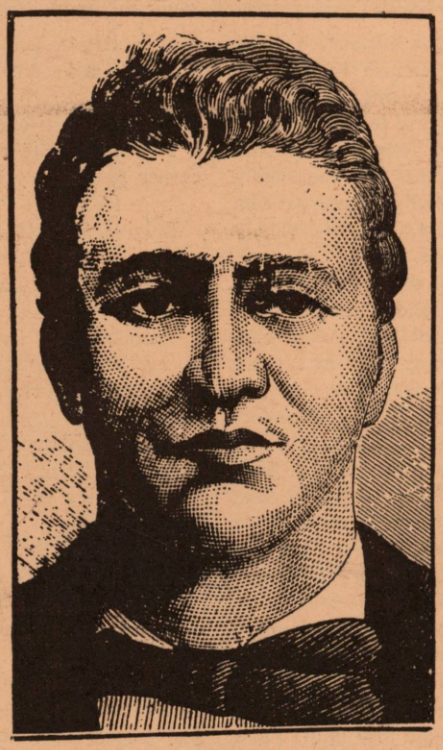
CRIME and politics have ever been a thorn in the side of boxing. From the birth of the sport in this country to the present day, the progress of pugilism has been hampered by politicians and criminals or associates of gangsters. Thanks to legislative action throughout the nation, boxing is now conducted on a higher plane than ever before, even though in many sectors, gangsters and hoodlums still rule the game and the commissions.

THE RING herewith presents the sixth of the series of articles on gang wars and politics, a most interesting story of the hazards which boxing has hurdled over a stretch of almost one hundred years to survive gang warfare, hoodlumism and murders, a story which is as thrilling as it is a novelty. Follow this story in THE RING.

MIKE McCOOLE was Irish to the backbone, American by adoption, and the first big fellow developed outside of New York City who established a claim to the heavyweight championship of the world. From Tom Hyer, who reigned in the forties, down to 1878, when John L. Sullivan began his conquering career, the East had a monopoly of heavyweight stars in the persons of such sluggers as Morrissey, Heenan, Jimmy Dunne, Joe Coburn, Bill Davis, Jimmy Eliott, Charley Gallagher and Joe Wormald.

It was chance and politics which combined to make McCoole a Western, instead of an Eastern representative of the ring. Mike was born in Ballafubay, County Donegal, Ireland, and came to this country with his parents in his boyhood.

He grew up in the old Ninth Ward of New York City, then a stronghold of Irish immigrants, a pugnacious youngster who, as he entered his teens, became known as a tough lad in a street fight, and whose future vocation was clearly that of a two-fisted performer between the ropes.



Mike McCoole, the fighting Irishman.

It was this fondness for taking off his coat to any gent who cared to accommodate him with a scrap that was directly accountable for Mike's sudden exodus from Gotham. For in Tom Flaherty's saloon on Bleecker Street, near Broadway, he engaged in a broil with the proprietor's nephew, Joe McManus, and beat up the latter so badly that Joe was confined to his bed, and the word went around that the injured man was not likely to recover.

This was a bit of bad luck for the young Celt, but what made it worse was the fact that Tom Flaherty seethed with indignation over the treatment given his favorite nephew, and swore out a warrant for McCoole's arrest. And Flaherty was a shining light in political circles, a distinguished member of Tammany Hall! If Mike was arrested, with Tammany's weight thrown into the scales of justice against him, the inevitable result would be a long stretch "up the river," or, should McManus die, a dance in the air at the end of a legal rope.

As it chanced, McManus recovered, but long ere he resumed his familiar pose at his uncle's bar, Mike McCoole was speeding West, safe from the bloodhounds of the law. The budding pugilist was too wise to run the risk of playing a one-sided game for his life or liberty with the powers which ruled the big city by the Hudson with a hand of iron. Mike's flight ended at St. Louis, Mo.

There he drifted naturally into the calling which seemed peculiarly well adapted to his love of fighting, roving disposition and physical capabilities, that of a Mississippi steamboat man. He worked at first on the numerous barges which carried freight to the Gulf and in his trips from New Orleans to New Orleans soon established a reputation as a scrapper par excellence in the many combats which took place between rival crews. The rivermen were a hard-bitten lot, heavy drinkers, born gamblers, fierce fighters who gloried in the strenuous joy of battle.

* * *

YOUNG MIKE had developed into a giant of a man, six feet, two inches tall, lithe as a leopard, scaling about 225 pounds and carrying a battering-ram wallop in either fist. He was easily cock-of-the-walk among the bargemen, and when later he graduated to the aristocracy of the river as a member of a passenger steamer crew, and was promoted to the dignity of mate, his fame increased until the name of Mike McCoole was known throughout the river's length and breadth as the champion of the Mississippi.

A river mate at that time had to be the equal in one thing at least of the bucko mates who sailed in the old deep sea ships around Cape Horn. He had to be able to lick any chap who worked under him and do the job with a vicious completeness which left no room for argument as to the winner.

There were no rules governing the Mississippi system of warfare. It included hitting your opponent wherever you could reach him, kicking, biting, gouging—everything went, and the Lord help the loser, for nobody else would even try!

A finer field for Mr. McCoole's robust talents could scarcely be imagined, and he exercised them with a lavish disregard of consequences which was admirable from the viewpoint of those who believe in thoroughness of execution, whatever the task in hand. But there was still another point of vantage from which Fortune seemed to beckon—the professional ring, and in the course of events, it was inevitable that Mike should throw his hat over the ropes.

His fame as a fighter had reached the ears of the sporting contingent in both St. Louis and the Crescent City, and it was a leading Democrat with a liking for the fistic game, named Ben Travers, who put up the first purse for which McCoole waged war under regular rules.

Travers was a patron of a fighter known as Wild Bill Neary, who had won several battles on the strength of which he called himself champion of the West, and announced that he was ready to meet any man in the world. When Mike was ashore in St. Louis one night, making the rounds of the saloons, he happened into a bar where big Bill Neary was holding forth to an admiring crowd of friends on the extent and efficiency of his prowess.

* * *

THE rivermen as a class were never slow at taking up challenges, whether for love, money or fun, and Mike was faithful to Mississippi tradition. Without indulging in any preliminary conversation, he hit the astonished Neary a punch that knocked him the whole length of the barroom. Bill staggered to

of the PRIZE RING

By GEORGE T. PARDY

The Story of Mike McCoole, American by Adoption and Irishman by birth—His Fight With Joe Coburn—His Escapades on the Mississippi—Hero of a Steamboat Disaster

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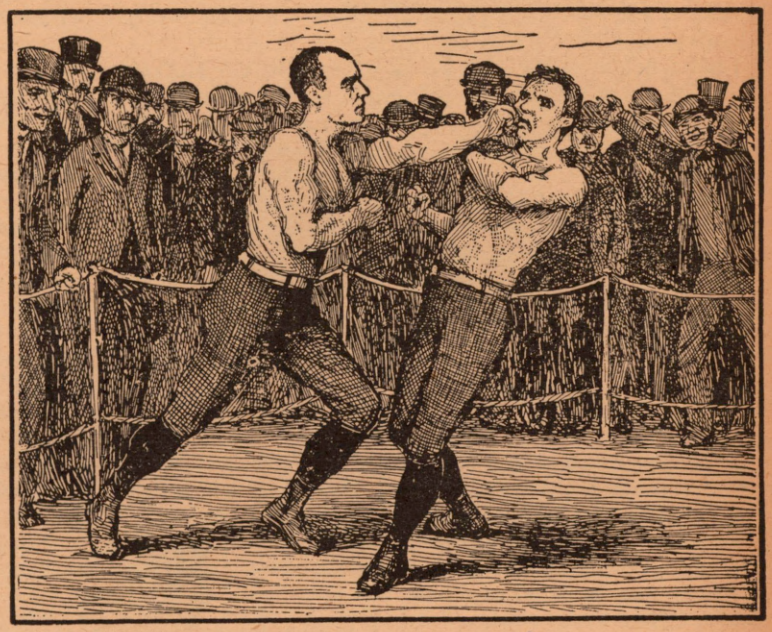


An artist's conception of the Price-Coburn battle as viewed from the ringside.

his feet, bleeding and dazed, only to be floored again by a pile-driving right, followed by a kick in the ribs, for McCoole was naturally employing the tactics which had served him so well on barge and steamer.

At this juncture, however, Neary's stunned adherents attacked Mike en masse, and the giant had to look to his own safety. This he did handily enough, charging the crowd like an enraged bull and crashing through his assailants to the street, where none was disposed to follow him.

The incident attracted a lot of attention among the sporting fraternity, and Travers, informed by his protégé that he had been the victim of an unexpected assault and desired nothing better than a ring meeting with McCoole to wipe the stain off his honor, immediately offered a purse of two hundred dollars for a battle between Neary and the big mate.

Mike accepted with joy, although he had never stood within the confines of a twenty-four-foot ring. Another St. Louis politician who, like Travers, stood high in Democratic municipal councils, Eugene St. John, became Mike's backer for the engagement. Which was just as well for McCoole, as sporting politicians in St. Louis were not one whit more noted for integrity than their contemporaries in other sections of the country, and without a political patron the chances against the novice receiving fair play in the prospective encounter would have been 100 to 1.

The match took place at Louisville, Ky., in July, 1858, and Mike made good his sincere boast that he could lick a whole roomful of Nearys, by giving Wild Bill a terrific hiding. There were eight rounds of one-sided milling, in which Neary was pounded to a pulp and finally knocked out of time after seventeen minutes had elapsed. McCoole emerged from the fracas without a scratch.

The victor's hurricane style of fighting so pleased the "fancy" that no time was lost in arranging another match for McCoole. This time his opponent was William Blake, better known to ring patrons as "Dublin Tricks," a sobriquet earned by the cleverness its owner had shown in over a score of battles.

* * *

THEY met about twelve miles above Louisville, on the Indiana shore, June 27, 1859. Owing to Blake's superior science and generalship, he proved a harder problem to solve than Neary, but in the end, he was no more fortunate than Wild Bill. Twenty-nine rounds were fought in 31 minutes and 30 seconds, when Blake was knocked senseless.

McCoole was now fairly launched on a professional career. Yet it was by no means an easy matter to find new opponents for him. There were plenty of aspiring pugs around the Middle West, but this gigantic Celt had shown such untamable fury in attaining his two victories that he was universally listed as a good man to keep away from. So it followed that, despite his eagerness to follow up his two victories, he was compelled to remain idle until May 2, 1861, when he met Tom Jennings, thirteen miles above New Orleans, on the river's west bank.

By this time McCoole had discovered, like many another honest lad before him who fought for fame and fortune that the crooked politician-gambler is an ugly force to reckon with in the world of sport. It was brought home all the more forcibly to him on the morning of his scheduled battle with Jennings. For at the eleventh hour, Mike was informed by his backers that a certain party "higher up" in St. Louis had decided that he must lose to his opponent.

McCoole protested, at first calmly, but when his informant resorted to threats, the indignant Celt brought matters to a climax by punching the speaker and chasing him and his henchmen out of the hotel room where the conference took place. As an aftermath of this argument, he found when he got ready to start for the battleground, that his backers had deserted him, and there was no boat provided to take him to his destination.

Jennings and his party had already left town. Nothing daunted, Mike set out alone, with his fighting togs tied in a handkerchief and slung over his broad shoulders. He plodded along for miles up the levee until he reached a point opposite where the ring was pitched. His shouts attracted the attention of the crowd assembled. Jennings' boat was rowed over and conveyed the indomitable Michael to the ring. It was probably one of the queerest positions an intending combatant ever found himself in.

* * *

McCOOLE stood alone, in the company of a crowd of men who had every reason to hope that Jennings would knock his head off. An average fighter so placed would have simply refused to put his hands up, nor could he have been blamed under such conditions. Not so Mike McCoole, who presented his case and ultimatum in a few blunt words:

"I haven't a friend with me," quoth Mike, "but if anyone wants to go in my corner, I'm ready to do my part!"

Much to the credit of the sporting spirit of the Jennings entourage, a couple of kindly souls volunteered to act as McCoole's

seconds, and hostilities commenced. Jennings was then looked upon as a coming man and had serious designs upon the heavyweight championship, having posted a forfeit to fight John C. Heenan for the title, a forfeit which was not covered by the Benicia Boy.

However, before many rounds had passed, it became evident that he was no match for the big Celt. McCoole virtually rushed him off his feet, flooring him again and again. After thirty-three minutes of fast milling, Jennings was knocked out in the twenty-seventh round.

There followed another long period of inactivity for McCoole. Practically, he had cleaned up the West, so far as opponents were concerned, and he was unable to obtain an engagement until 1863, when he was matched to fight Joe Coburn for $2,000 and the championship.

A greater degree of interest was aroused in this match than any pugilistic event up to that time, with the possible exception of the Hyer and Yankee Sullivan and Heenan and Morrissey battles. This was owing to the fact that McCoole was looked upon as the champion of the West, while Coburn upheld the Eastern standard. Large sums of money were freely wagered on the outcome of the match, which naturally excited sectional antagonism and partisanship.

* * *

THAT Joe Coburn was a pugilist of considerable class may be seen by a glance at his record. He was born in Ireland, July 20, 1835, came to America at an early age and settled in New York. He was five feet, nine inches tall, and scaled about 170 pounds in trained condition. His first battle of any note was with Ned Price of New York, which ended in a draw, after three hours and twenty minutes of milling. In 1864, he went to Ireland to fight Jem Mace, but the latter refused to appear in the ring because of inability to agree upon a referee.

On May 11, 1870, Coburn and Mace met in Canada, the battle lasting for one hour and seventeen minutes, when police interference halted the mill, which was declared a draw. Not much damage was sustained by either fighter, both being of the cautious type of gladiator. They were to meet again at Kansas City, June 2, 1870, but Coburn failed to appear and Mace got the stakes. On November 30, 1870, they fought at Bay St. Louis, near New Orleans, the battle terminating in a draw and lasting three hours and forty-eight minutes. Coburn died December 6, 1890.

McCoole came on to New York to train for his battle with Coburn. Harry Hill, a great admirer of the big Irishman, took charge of him, and knowing how deficient Mike was as regarded the scientific angle of the game, engaged the services of Professor Ottignon as his sparring partner. Ottignon then had a reputation second to none as a skilful boxer, and the first time he donned the gloves with McCoole, he knocked down the willing, but clumsy Celt, after a few moments of sparring.

Hill then added Dan Kerrigan and Australian Kelly to the list of Mike's tutors. All of these scientists worked hard to impart a semblance of cleverness to Mike's rushing style of fighting, and were particularly intent on teaching him how to counter. But it is doubtful if Mike benefited much from their instructions. From the beginning to the end of his milling career, he depended solely on his lion heart, great powers of endurance and slugging ability to win.

Trying to make a clever boxer out of a Simon-pure slugger is a rather hopeless task, as fistic records show. The slugger who attempts to change his style for scientific methods usually suffers loss of prestige in the ring.

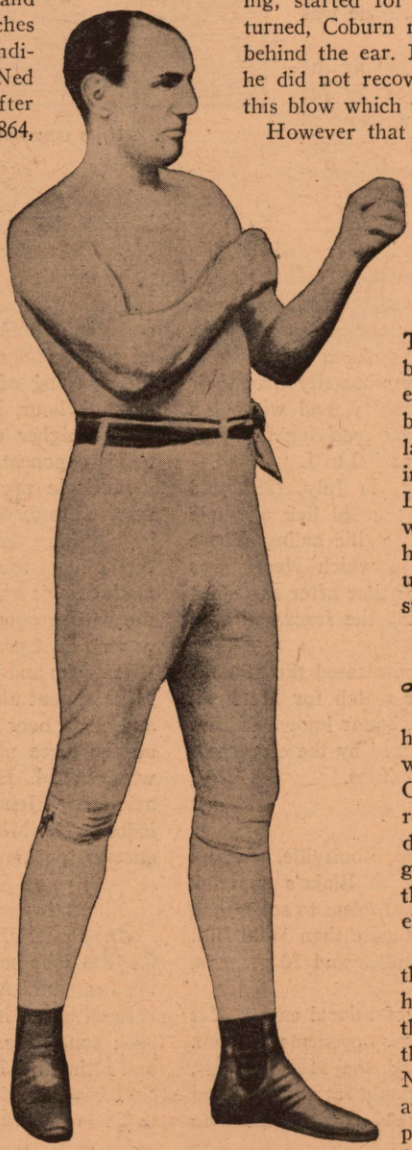
A modern instance may be found in Jack Dempsey's fight with Bill Brennan in the old Madison Square Garden in 1920. On that occasion Dempsey foolishly tried to box his opponent in the battle's earlier stages, with the result that he was beaten and outpointed, until, suddenly reverting to his own primitive methods of attack, he knocked out Brennan in the twelfth round.

* * *

THE Coburn-McCoole battle took place on May 5, 1863, at Cecil County, Maryland. McCoole, as was his custom, rushed matters from the start. Coburn's superior science was manifest from the first round, but Mike continued to carry the fight to him with a savage desperation which for a time completely overwhelmed the clever Joe. The late Captain Cook of the Boston *Police News,* for years one of America's foremost fistic authorities, always maintained, despite reports of the battle published in the New York papers, which credited Coburn with having the fight well in hand from first to last, that McCoole had everything his own way in the first part of the contest.

Cook declared that in the eleventh round Coburn was knocked down and rested on one knee, a position in which, according to London rules, as he staggered up, McCoole was entitled to hit him. But as Coburn sank back again, Mike, patting him on the head, said—"My boy, I won't take advantage of you!" and turning, started for his own corner. As McCoole's back was turned, Coburn rose and dealt his opponent a terrific blow behind the ear. Mike was dazed by the punch, from which he did not recover rapidly, and according to Cook, it was this blow which turned the tide of battle in Coburn's favor.

However that may have been, McCoole fought doggedly on, but gradually even his giant strength ebbed away under the constant punishment he received, and after sixty-seven rounds had been fought in one hour and ten minutes, Coburn was declared the victor.



Joe Coburn, who defeated McCoole in a thrilling battle.

It was a great victory for the East and Tammany, the members of that organization backing Coburn heavily, while the Westerners went home dejectedly, with empty pocketbooks. Among the latter was a man who was later destined to prove a menacing factor in McCoole's life, one Charles Legate of St. Louis, who had won much notoriety and wealth as a gambler among the members of his tribe, that made a business of fleecing unwary passengers aboard the Mississippi steamers.

* * *

LIKE most of his Western comrades, Legate had lost wagers on McCoole, but not to an extent which hampered him financially. He had managed to hedge when his quick eye detected signs of McCoole fading, and thereby saved his bank roll from being too seriously depleted. Legate did not leave for the West at once, but lingered for weeks around New York, seeing the sights and foregathering with the sport element.

It was a singular coincidence that through the good graces of Harry Hill he should have become familiar with Tom Flaherty, the Tammany magnate who was originally the cause of Mike McCoole's desertion of New York for the West. Legate was a big, athletic chap, handsome, debonair and possessing a charm of manner which had frequently proved a valuable asset in his professional life.

Ostensibly, Legate was interested in the silk business, and he seems to have actually conducted some sort of a trade in this fabric, and was known to have concluded a deal with Frobisher and Mart, a New York firm, while in the city. But his real interest lay in the clever manipulation of cards, and Tom Flaherty, who had grown to have a great liking for this bon vivant and all around sport from the West, played many a social game with Legate during the latter's sojourn in the East.

Legate, however, was only biding his time to make a killing in the way he knew best. And so it chanced that one night after a lengthy seance with the pasteboards, Mr. Flaherty arose from his host's hospitable board the poorer by thirty thousand dollars of the wealth he had patiently garnered during a lifetime of political chicanery and easy graft.

How Flaherty discovered that Legate had cheated him, history sayeth not. But the fact remains that Legate had not long departed from New York for his Western home before Flaherty was recounting his woes to sympathetic pals and vowing vengeance on the polished slicker from St. Louis. Legally, Tom had no redress. But there are more ways than one for a big politician to "get hunk" with anyone who has given him the worst of it.

Mr. Flaherty made the acquaintance of Messrs. Frobisher and Mart, an easy thing for a man of his position to do. And shortly afterward, a warrant was issued for Legate's arrest on the charge of issuing a forged check in connection with his silk deal. Whether this actually occurred, or whether it was what would be described today as some sort of a frameup, is not known. But the warrant was duly issued and a detective sent on the trail of Legate.

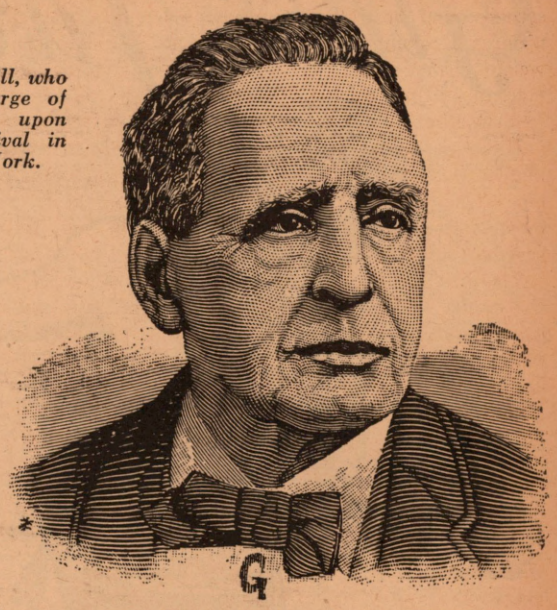
The latter, however, was not to be found, having had some inkling from a Gotham acquaintance of the proceedings sponsored by the energetic Mr. Flaherty, and the detective returned to New York empty-handed after a few weeks of fruitless search for his quarry. For the time being, the matter rested there, but vengeful Mr. Flaherty made it his particular business to see that the warrant was not quashed, but remained a weapon of possible use in the dim future.

* * *

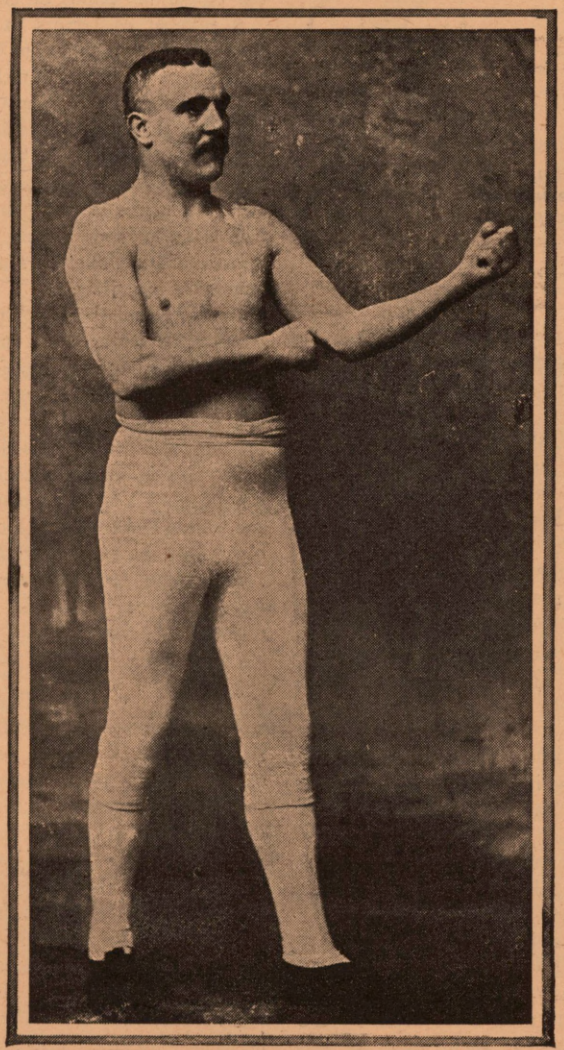
MEANWHILE McCoole, beaten but not disgraced, returned home. He still clung to the belief that he could beat Coburn, but all attempts to arrange a return match failed, for Coburn appeared to have no desire for a second trial with the game and persistent Mike. Nor were there any challengers in view who thought they could repeat Joe Coburn's performance. The general impression among the fistic brotherhood seemed to be that it took more than one licking to tame a human grizzly bear like McCoole, and the aspirants for pugilistic fame left him severely alone.

His popularity in the West was greater than ever, for he was still cock-of-the-fighting-roost among his own people. Politicians favored him, the sports spent money freely in the saloon he opened in St. Louis, he made a comfortable fortune, owned several fine horses and generally speaking, made a success of life.

Yet he wasn't satisfied. The call of the ring was strong in his blood, and when Bill Davis of California claimed the heavyweight championship, McCoole challenged him. They were matched to fight for $2,000 and a belt, and met at Rhoad's Point near St. Louis, on September 19, 1866. Davis was exactly the sort of opponent likely to play right into McCoole's hands, a big chap who wasn't much of a boxer and relied on his punching powers to carry him through to victory.



Harry Hill, who took charge of McCoole upon his arrival in New York.



Ned Price, who fought a draw with Coburn. Price, when he retired from the ring, became a noted lawyer, playwright, legislator and author.

It was a brute strength contest all the way through, with both fighting like demons, and ended after thirty-four minutes in the thirty-fourth round, when Davis was stunned and put to sleep by a terrific right-hander on the jaw.

Following this decisive victory, McCoole, magnificently optimistic, immediately challenged any man in the world to fight him for the championship title. His defiance was taken up by Aaron Jones, a native of England, born in 1831, scaling 170 pounds, and five feet, eleven inches in height. Jones was a performer of considerable prominence. In England he defeated Bob Wade, lost to Harry Orme, Tom Paddock and Tom Sayers, but fought a draw with Sayers later on, an engagement which lasted for over three hours.

* * *

THE McCoole-Jones battle took place at Busenbark Station, Ohio, on August 31, 1867. Mike forced the fighting all through and displayed great improvement in his tactics. Jones played incessantly for Mike's eyes, trying to "put the shutters up," in the slang of the day. But he was unable to escape the dazing effect of McCoole's terrific blows. In the thirty-fourth round, after twenty-six minutes of milling, a terrific straight left between the eyes felled Jones in his own corner, and he was incapable of answering the call of time.

The victor got what he had so long *(Continued on page 44)*

Glass Jawed Fighters

They Are Usually Possessed of a Nervous Temperament and Have Lean Features—Many of Them, Good Ones, Too, in the Ring Today

Joe Grim, who had the hardest jaw in captivity.

By
THE RING
EDITOR

LAST July, there came to this country from England a heavyweight fighter who had gained fame abroad by defeating three of our ex-champions—Bob Olin, Tommy Loughran and Max Baer—and had been crowned the king of the British Empire heavyweights. When he reached New York, the American boxing critics were skeptical about his ability. They seemed to recall that England had sent to New York several other British champion heavyweights who failed to stand up under the strain and with this handicap to stymie him, Farr had to overcome considerable prejudice before he could convince both scribes and sports fans that he was different.

But Tommy proved it, not by way of mouth, though that did help him considerably, but by the magnificent showing he made against Joe Louis, world champion, against whose flaying fists he stood up for fifteen rounds to lose the decision. Thus for once, a British heavyweight king had convinced the Americans that not every fighter sent across the Big Pond by John Bull bears the ear-marks of a Joe Beckett, Phil Scott, Bombardier Billy Wells and others—great boxers in their own land, but unable to take it when confronted by the vicious, two-fisted attacks of the American heavyweights.

"They can't take it," was the phrase used most often by the critics following defeat by an American, but such cannot be said of Farr, who not only can take it, but is one of the gamest heavyweights sent to these shores by any nation in many years.

"He has a glass jaw," is what other critics frequently wrote when discussing the cases of Scott, Beckett and Wells, and if you are not wise in boxing parlance, then you will be interested to know the phrase signifies that the fighter to whom it is applied possesses a weak chin, one which cannot take a solid punch without benumbing the brain to the extent that a knockout is scored. The glass jaw is prevalent probably among a quarter of the boxers of the world, but in some the reaction to a punch is more serious than in other cases. A good solid jaw is worth its weight in gold, and when one has such a jaw, combined with boxing ability, hitting power, speed and a keen brain, then he is recognized as a perfect fighter.

* * *

PUGILISTS with "glass jaws" are as common as baseball pitchers or cricket players with "glass arms." The whole secret of the "glass-jawed" fighter is that he is born with a weak jaw. While many fighters can stand a lot of pounding on the vulnerable point, others will go out at the slightest jar.

A number of boxers in the ring today would probably have been world champions but for that fact. Some can take unlimited punishment in the stomach which is considered the tenderest spot of a boxer's anatomy. Thus we have for example the case of Danny Frush, a splendid featherweight of a few years back who couldn't reach the top because of his fear of body punishment. Ruby Goldstein of New York, a boy with a tremendous sock, found his handicap in a weak jaw. When he faced Jimmy McLarnin in Coney Island, the Jewish fight followers went down, hook, line and sinker on Ruby, who was knocked cold by his Irish adversary in a jiffy.

Fred Fulton, the giant plasterer, who looked like one of the best of the white hopes in the period following Jack Johnson's acquisition of the heavyweight title, was another whose weak jaw proved his undoing. It took Jack Dempsey only seventeen minutes to put him to sleep, that fight being the means for getting Dempsey the bout with Willard for the world title.

Sid Terris, one of the cleverest boys developed in many years around New York, likewise had a weakness in a glass jaw. Terris for a time looked like a second Benny Leonard, but when he was clouted on the chin, the difference in make-up was quite apparent. And coming down to present times, there is the case of Hank Kankerson of California, who looked like a comer until his opponents became aware of his "glass jaw."

* * *

ONE of the outstanding cases of an "iron jaw" was that of Joe Grim of Philadelphia. Joe, who still talks fisticuffs in the Quaker City where he has a small business, had one weak spot—on the jugular, and when he was badly whipped, it always was from punishment in that locality. But the punishment he took didn't do him any good. His boast that he couldn't be knocked out cost him his health. Joe is a little wobbly because of that.

It is usually the nervous boxer who has the weakest jaw. He invariably has a lean visage. At the same time he may be the most skillful boxer in the profession.

There was no more scientific boxer than Joe Choynski, but Joe possessed a weak chin. He could stand heaps of body punishment but disliked hits on the jaw. When a rival clouted him there, he usually became dazed and was a mark for further punishment.

When Choynski met Joe Walcott at the Broadway Athletic Club which Tom O'Rourke owned, *(Continued on page 47)*

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Steve Kotsanis, Mullewa, Western Australia.

Q.—Can you say if a "Peter Koutalinos" was in America as my father said he was one of the strongest men after Sampson? He has a son George Koutalinos in America. Could you give his whereabouts?

A.—Peter Koutalinos enjoyed a reputation as a professional strong man some years ago and was in this country. It would be impossible to locate his son unless he sees this.

Richard Thompson, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—What nationality seems to produce the best boxers and wrestlers? I am 17 years of age, weigh 130 pounds and 5 feet 6¼ inches in height. How tall and how much will I weigh at maturity?

A.—At the present moment the Negroes are outstanding among the boxers. Greeks are leading among the wrestlers. You should be around 5 feet 9 inches and weigh around 145 pounds.

Arthur Chambers, New York.

Q.—Can a world championship bout end in a draw?

A.—Yes, there is nothing in the rules prohibiting this.

Martin Chussel, Toronto, Canada.

Q.—Is Tommy Burns a Canadian by birth or is he a naturalized Canadian?

A.—He is a born Canadian.

Tom Swift, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—A bets that when Jeffra won the bantam crown recently, he was the sixth champion hailing from Baltimore. He says that Gans, the Dundee brothers, Joe Tipman, Kid Williams and Jeffra are the champs from this city. I say he is wrong. Kindly let me know.

A.—You are correct. There were only five Tipman, who fought Gans and is now owner of a popular Baltimore cafe, was never a title holder.

Fighting Fan, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

Q.—What was Schmeling's occupation before becoming a professional boxer? Who is Schmeling's wife and what is her occupation? How much money has Schmeling got and what is his estate? Who is the richest heavyweight boxer now in the rank of the profession? How many times did Harry Wills fight Sam Langford? What is the most times the same heavyweights have faced each other? Is Jack Johnson broke or still has cash in trust? What business is Harry Wills in? What is the most money John Henry Lewis has made out of the light-heavyweight crown? What is your opinion of the Louis-Schmeling fight? Will it come off? Is there not a loophole in the contract which will enable Farr to meet Louis again before Schmeling? If a boxer is a big shot in a small country and beat all his opponents that are imported, don't you think he should travel abroad? What would you call a fellow like that if he refuses to travel? Do you think Petey Sarron wants to fight Henry Armstrong? How good is Henry for both titles?

A.—Couldn't you help me a little by digging up about forty more questions? You sure are a considerate fellow. Schmeling had no special occupation. He assisted his father as a boatman. Anna Ondra, Schmeling's wife, is a movie actress. Schmeling is independently wealthy. He has a fine estate. Schmeling is the richest heavyweight now fighting, with Louis second. Langford and Wills met fourteen times. Langford and Sam McVey met fifteen times. Jack is making a good living today. Lewis made $20,000 when he defended his title in England against Len Harvey. Wills is a landlord. The Louis-Schmeling fight will take place next June without fail. There is no loophole in their contract. If he is good enough to tackle outside competition and the financial returns are sufficient he should make the trip. Maybe he doesn't feel like leaving his country. Sarron and Armstrong are matched. I think Armstrong is good enough to whip Sarron and Ambers.

Charles Lesemann, Charleston, S. C.

Q.—What do you think of the chances of Norment Quarles to become lightweight champion? Did a fighter named Belmont ever battle for the light-heavyweight championship? What happened to Ace Hudkins? How old is Max Schmeling?

A.—Quarles is a pleasing scrapper and a good second rate lightweight but not of championship timber. There is a Jimmy Belmont, Pittsburgh middleweight, who holds a decision over Babe Risko but he never fought for any title. Hudkins is running a stable of horses on the race tracks in California. Schmeling was born on September 28, 1905.

A Reader, Dublin, Ireland.

Q.—What was the result of the Firpo-Wills, Firpo-Willard and Carpenter-Levinsky fights? What was the height and weight of Gene Tunney? Have you the measurements of Jock McAvoy? Would Bob Pastor beat Alberto Lovell?

A.—Wills and Firpo went twelve rounds no decision. Firpo kayoed Willard in eight rounds and Carpentier kayoed Levinsky in four rounds. Tunney is 6 feet 1 inch in height and weighed 185 pounds. No measurements of McAvoy available. Pastor would be favored to whip Lovell.

Frank Vitelli, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—If the rounds in a fight are even at the end of the bout, must the official who so scores the fight, declare the bout a draw?

A.—In New York the officials are given plenty of leeway. If they score the fight even and one of the boxers has a large margin in his favor in any one round, he may be given the verdict because of that margin. It is left to the discretion of the officials. If a fighter's work stands out in contrast to that of his opponent, say in clean hits, sportsmanship, aggressiveness, etc., he would be given the fight even if the round by round score was even.

Alice Ferguson, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—In a recent fight, I saw a boy floored three times. The third time he went down, he came up at seven, and fell immediately. The referee instad of starting at one again, started at eight and counted his man out. Was that correct?

A.—If the fighter was not helpless but went down to avoid further attack, then the referee is correct. If, however, the fighter stood up and then dropped either from the beating he got or from exhaustion, the referee should have started from the count of one.

E. M. H. Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—I am 17 years of age, five feet 9½ inches tall, my chest is 40 inches, reach 71 inches and I weigh 168 pounds. Do you think I will develop into a heavyweight by 21? How does a person go about becoming a boxer? What are Max Baer's chances to regain the title? What is the quickest knockout on record?

A.—No question about you developing into a heavyweight. Watch fighters in a gym, join an athletic club which will lead you into the amateurs or take boxing lessons. Not so good. Al Foreman kayoed Ruby Levine in 11 seconds in Montreal some years ago.

Reader, Montreal, Canada.

Q.—I am sixteen years of age, measure 5 feet 9¾ inches in height and weigh 156 pounds. Can you give me your opinion to my size at 21? Could you please give me the height and weight of Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney and Jack Johnson?

A.—You should scale about 6 feet 1 inch and weigh 185 pounds at maturity. Dempsey 6 feet 1½ inches, weight 190. Tunney 6 feet 1 inch, weight 185 pounds. Johnson 6 feet ½ inch, weight 210 pounds.

Artie Fine, Lynchburg, W. Va.

Q.—What is the object of a feint in boxing?

A.—It is used to draw a fighter out. It is a trick by which you feign a blow to get your opponent off his guard.

Charles Shuttleberg, New Orleans, La.

Q.—When John L. Sullivan fought Corbett here back in 1892, did they fight on a board floor ring covered with canvas as we have today? My friend says that THE RING Magazine story on this fight had the men fighting on a sawdust floor.

A.—They fought in a dirt ring covered with sawdust.

Marian "Tarzan" Czaplewski, Manitowac, Wisc.

Q.—I have read that Stanley Ketchel knocked out his opponent without landing a blow. Can you verify it? I insist that Ketchel could have knocked out Freddy Steele in less than ten rounds? Do you think so?

A.—That's a good trick if anyone can do so. Maybe the opponent fainted when he saw the blow coming. Ketchel would be favored over Steele.

A Reader, Upper Charlo, Canada.

Q.—What do you think of an amateur boxer with nine fights, one draw, four victories and four defeats? He got a draw in his first fight and later on beat the same fellow, though he was outweighed eight pounds. Then in the four victories he was in good condition and he won hands down. He had to go to work and while working went through with the other four fights which he lost. The fights were quite far apart. What do you think of his record? He is willing to quit his job and fight professionally. He was never knocked out or knocked down. Do you think that he still has a chance?

A.—You have answered your own questions. The boy must have some ability and there is no reason why he shouldn't continue, providing he does not have to work at the same time that he is fighting professionally.

Lawrence Saltzer, Pottstown, Pa.

Q.—I have been hearing very little of Ray Impellitiere in the last few weeks. Has he stopped fighting and if so why?

A.—According to Harry Lenny, Ray's manager, Ray is trying to put on some weight that he lost recently and will be ready for action in another month.

Charles Lorden, Glendale, N. Y.

Q.—Are Slade Cutter and Signor Fantini professional fighters? What is Willie Fool's correct name? When, where and what round did Bob Turner knock out Red Burman?

A.—Cutter and Jimmy Fantini are fighting around New York in the pro ranks. Ernest Hewitt is Fool's correct name. Burman fought under the name of K.O. Burns when he was a middleweight. Turner kayoed him in three rounds at Newport News, Va., in 1934.

James Andas, Deer River, Minn.

Q.—My age is seventeen and I am five feet eight inches and weigh 145 pounds. What will my figures be at maturity? Has a southpaw any special advantage or disadvantage in the ring? How tall was Jim Corbett? How tall are Gene Tunney, Bob Pastor and Bob Nestell? Did Gene Tunney lose any professional bouts?

A.—You will probably reach the six feet mark and scale 175 pounds. Southpaws usually have the advantage. Corbett was 6 feet 1 inch, Tunney 6 feet 1 inch, Pastor 5 feet 10 inches, Nestell 5 feet 11 inches. Harry Greb is the only one who ever defeated Tunney.

Henri Thibodeau, Gravelbourg, Canada.

Q.—Is the law concerning the foul blow the same today as it was in June, 1936.

A.—Yes.

A. Israel, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Q.—Laurie Stevens has beaten some good boys on his comeback campaign. Do you think he will be as good as he was before the Sarron defeat? How would Freddy Steele have fared against Stanley Ketchel? Do you think that Schmeling would knock out Louis again in a return match?

A.—Very tough match. Sarron has the edge. One defeat should not necessarily hinder the future of a fighter. Stevens should be even better with the experience of that defeat. Ketchel would be favored by a big margin. Schmeling will be selected to repeat his knockout over Louis.

L. Cortopassi, St. Louis, Mo.

Q.—Who earned the highest purse in one fight?

A.—Gene Tunney received $975,000 for the second Dempsey battle which is the highest on record.

A. Bridge, Sydney, N. S. Wales.

Q.—What were the results of the Kid Lavigne-Joe Walcott battles?

A.—They fought at Maspeth, Long Island, on December 2, 1895 in one of the greatest battles ever staged in New York with Lavigne winning in fifteen rounds. They clashed again on October 29, 1897 in San Francisco, California, and this time Lavigne won in twelve rounds.

Gael, Ireland.

Q.—In your last issue you said Louis "boxed superb." I am not prejudiced against Louis but Braddock was out physically, if not in spirit. Why should Louis get such praise? Three cheers for a great Irish man! By my last remark you may think I am prejudiced but I am not. Good luck to the champ. What do you think of Tommy Farr? Will Schmeling get a fight for the title? Is Max Baer in the running again because of his defeat of Ben Foord? What are the addresses of Joe Louis, James J. Braddock, Max Schmeling, Max Baer, Tommy Farr (in America)? Why is Jimmy McLarnin not rated?

A.—Farr proved to the boxing world that he is a great fighting man and has plenty of ability. Schmeling and Louis have been signed for next June. Joe Louis, Jimmy Braddock and Tommy Farr can be reached at the New York Hippodrome, 43rd St., and 6th Ave., New York City. Max Baer is located at Route 1, Box 134, Fair Oaks, Calif. McLarnin hasn't fought in a year and it is unlikely that he will ever fight again. These monthly ratings are for active fighters only—not those in temporary or permanent retirement.

J. S. Hot Springs, Ark.

Q.—I am 5 feet 1 inch in height, 13 years of age and weigh 109 pounds. How much do you think I will weigh when I am 18 years of age? Who is the world's heavyweight and light-heavyweight wrestling champion? Who is your idea of the greatest heavyweight boxer, Jack Johnson, Joe Louis or Tommy Farr? Where is Primo Carnera?

A.—You will probably grow into the 135 pound class. Bronko Nagurski is the heavyweight champion. Jack Johnson is my choice. Carnera is back in Sequals, Italy.

Martin Shuzzlewick, Hoboken, N. J.

Q.—Was Joe Jeannette ever world champion in any class?

A.—No. He never held a title but was rated one of the best heavyweights of his time. His fights with Sam McVey and Sam Langford testify to that.

They Figure in the News

By TED CARROLL

CHALLENGERS for boxing titles come and go—some succeed in their efforts to gain ring championships, others have fallen by the wayside, and still others have been turned back by the present incumbents. But for every fighter who misses there is another eager lad to try where the other has failed. In the championship contests held last summer, Lou Ambers repulsed Montanez, Garcia failed to take Ross' crown, Steele halted Overlin, Louis turned back Farr, to mention the outstanding ones. But there are always contenders, and during the past summer three prospects appeared who may possibly disturb the royal slumbers of Messrs. Ross, Ambers, and the mighty Joe himself, in the near future.

Possibly the most dangerous of the recent title menaces is the tan skinned panther from South America, Santiago Alberto Lovell of the Argentine. This lithe 200-pounder first came into world prominence at the Los Angeles Olympics in 1932 when he captured the Olympic heavyweight boxing title by defeating Luigi Rovati of Italy. He remained in comparative obscurity after that achievement which made him a national hero in his native land, and little was heard of him until he bobbed up as a professional in California last winter.

Returned an easy kayo victor in his first pro fight in America, he was given the capable Andre Lenglet—no soft one—for his second outing. This bout, which took place in Los Angeles on March 30, turned out to be a struggle of near epic proportions. The hard-hitting Frenchman dropped Lovell in one of the early rounds, whereupon the South American arose, repeated the trick with Lenglet, and went on to win the verdict.

* * *

THIS triumph placed him right on top among the Coast heavies and out in California this can mean only one thing. The ageless Maxie Rosenbloom must be dragged off the nearest movie set and presented to the invader as the foe most worthy of testing his pretensions to supremacy on the Coast. Not only did the young Argentine dispose of this difficult hurdle, but the way he did it convinced the most doubting critics that he had something there.

He outspeeded and outsmarted the ringwise unorthodox boxing master, and handed him one of the few trouncings he has taken in his thirteen years in the ring. That bout took place on April 27, and the result made young Lovell a national figure, for the roistering Rosenbloom still remains one of the most perplexing of ring problems and few are beating him, even at this late stage of his career.

Continuing his winning ways, Lovell next disposed of hard-hitting Hank Hankinson, Eddie Simms, and then ran into a tough one in Jack Dempsey's sorrel-topped slugger, the rough Red Burman. The Baltimorean duplicated Lenglet's feat of dropping Lovell to the canvas, but the boy from below the equator once again demonstrated that he has what it takes by coming back to thoroughly shellack the Dempsey white hope and win the decision.

As far as it goes, Lovell's record is by far the most promising ever built up in this country by a South American, with the possible exception of Luis Angel Firpo, from whose home town the new sensation hails, by the way. Most of the Latin larrupers run to pure unvarnished viciousness in the ring in the most approved Firpo tradition, but Lovell possesses great speed and is a skillful rather than primitive performer.

He apparently has plenty of heart to go along with his skill, he was able to win the Olympic crown although handicapped with an injured hand, and he has already proved his ability to get off the floor and win. It is a generally accepted theory at the moment among boxing men that heady, fast thinking fighters give Champion Joe Louis a difficult time of it, and as the South American belongs to this class, this should give him some kind of chance if he ever occupies that opposite corner in the same ring with Joe.

* * *

SINCE the golden days of Leonard, Tendler, Kansas Charley White and the rest, the lightweight class has suffered a dearth of worthwhile contenders for the crown. Most of the pretenders to the throne, due to some strange quirk of fortune, or possibly their appetites have been closer to 140 than 135 pounds, and this has caused a shortage of good lightweight challengers for some years. This condition is particularly evident right now, with Pedro Montanez apparently unable to be at his best at 135 and Henry Armstrong unable to decide whether he is a lightweight or a featherweight.

The set-up is perfect for an honest-to-goodness lightweight challenger, and down from Connecticut has come a baldish, married, twenty-four-year-old Polish boy who may be this hero. Manager Charley Bennett makes much of the fact that the young man in question, Johnny Bellus, was born on Barren Island, a part of New York City that has long been the subject of much humorous comment.

"The only fighter in the world who was ever born on Barren Island," declaims Charles. What this makes him, has long puzzled Bennett's audiences, but Bellus' recent form and impressive record should send an army of fight managers scurrying over to this quaintly titled vicinity to look over the inhabitants.

Johnny had attracted little attention until he bounced Lew Feldman, tough, canny trial horse of the division, off the canvas several times in taking an easy decision from the competent Jewish boy last summer. After that minor upset, examination of the young man's career disclosed a record of most impressive proportions. A former Connecticut state amateur champion, his record shows only three reverses in fifty-two contests.

He has come like a house afire this year, holding the formidable Jimmy Leto even with a ten-pound difference in Leto's favor, stopping Phil Baker, Joey Costa, and repeating his win over Feldman in a spectacular struggle in Madison Square Garden last August. His only setback this year has been at the hands of Billy Beauhold in the Jerseyman's backyard. Although the sparseness of foliage atop his cranium makes his appearance deceiving, he is an amazingly spry fellow who swarms all over his opponent and punches well with either hand. He's an honest-to-goodness lightweight who makes the weight easily, and this alone should place him high on the list of Ambers' challengers.

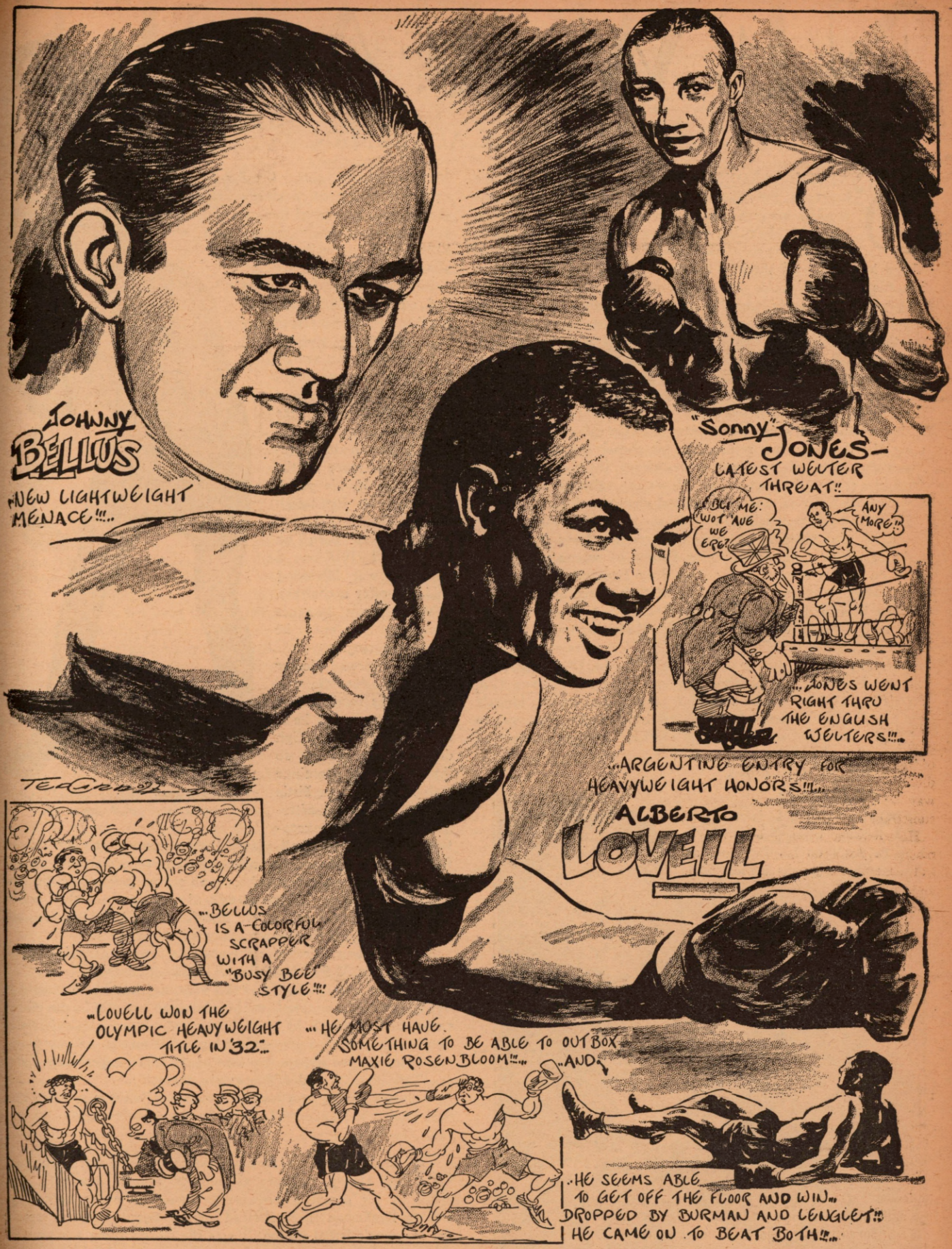
* * *

THERE have been gentleman boxers since the earliest days of pugilism. Even before the days of the famous "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, there were prizefighters of refined manners and dignified habits. If ever a pugilist deserved the appellation of "Gentleman" before his name, young Sonny Jones of Vancouver, B. C., is the man. The twenty-three-year-old native of Edmonton, Alberta, might have been snatched off any college campus as far as speech, manners and appearance go.

But in the ring, Jones offers additional proof, if any is needed, that well modulated speech and a quiet manner quite often go hand in hand with great ability in the manly art. He first gained recognition with his smooth, rhythmic boxing in Vancouver, where he has lived most of his life. After conspicuous success out in the great Northwest, he headed East, where he continued his successes around New York with victories over Andre Jessurun and Caspar LaRosa, among others.

The contenders began to plead prior engagements when Sonny's name was mentioned by this time, so Jones took advantage of an opportunity to visit England in August, 1936. The Canadian youth remained abroad for fourteen months, during which time he was undefeated in fourteen bouts and finally ran out of competition.

Returned to America, he has convinced the fight fraternity that



haunt the gyms that he is a dangerous rival for Ross or any welterweight in the world. Tall and rangy, he is strictly a boxer, an artful fencer who seldom makes a mistake and is the last word in ring science. Added to his skill, he packs a wallop of considerable authority, and had tough Andre Jessurun on the deck in Holyoke, Mass., some weeks back. Jones' great ability is more than matched by Uncle-Manager Jimmy Jones' enthusiasm for his young charge. "Over in England," says Jimmy, "we tried to get McAvoy for Sonny, but even he balked at taking him. Sure, I know he's a light-heavy, but that's how good Sonny really is."

NEW FACES

By MEYER ACKERMAN

SAMMY AARONSON'S gymnasium, nestled in the heart of the Brooklyn section of New York, has cradled many a youthful aspirant for fistic honors, but it is doubtful, according to fight-wise Sammy, whether any more likely looking youngster than Harold Valan has ever gone through the doors of his training quarters into the pugilistic world.

A youngster barely past his nineteenth birthday, Valan has compiled a record that speaks for itself as a stamp of approval on the capabilities of this latest Brooklyn featherweight find. Although still a preliminary boy, he may be among the headliners by the time this issue is on the streets.

As an amateur in search of gloved experience, not to mention the awards that go with the actual fighting, Valan proved well-nigh unbeatable. In seventy-five answers to the call of the opening gong, the Brooklyn boy returned to his corner at the end of his Simon-pure days winner in seventy-one of these contests, and from the storm of sweat-soaked gloves, he salvaged the King's County, All-America, and international championships.

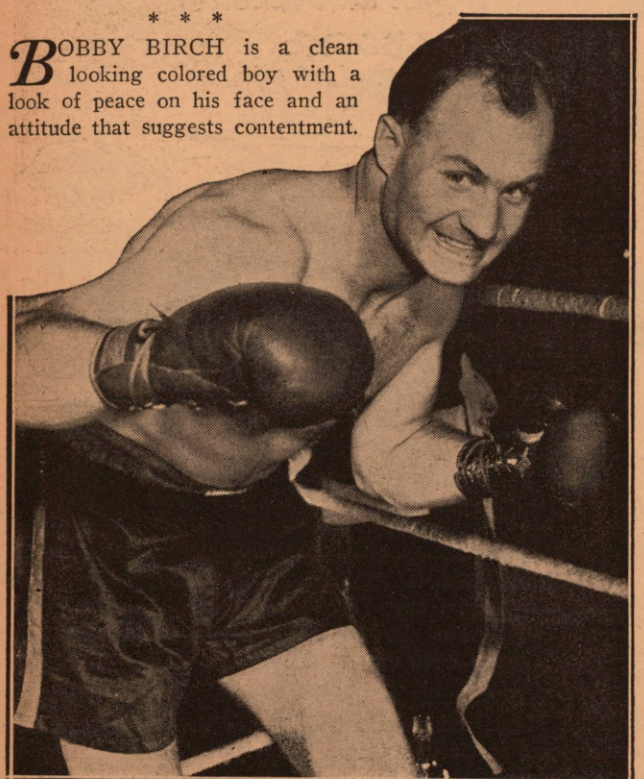
He turned professional less than a year ago and in some twenty bouts, he won nineteen and was declared the loser in his last fight to another promising young fighter of whom you'll read later on in this column, Baby Face Joey Fontana. Without any attempt to detract anything from the victory scored by little Joey, it must be stated in all fairness to Valan that it was the first fight he had engaged in since he whipped the highly touted Havana Kid in a thriller in Madison Square Garden three months' ago.

Valan has beaten, among others, Eddie Voccia, Dom Rizzo, and Tommy Fontana, a brother of Joey's, besides the Havana Kid, and if he can keep up the victorious pace he has set for himself since turning pro, Sammy Aaronson will have another youngster to whom he can point with pride and mutter, "Another product of my gym."

And he can well be proud.

* * *

BOBBY BIRCH is a clean looking colored boy with a look of peace on his face and an attitude that suggests contentment.



Bill Boyd, young six feet two inches giant, who is coming up rapidly as a heavyweight prospect.

He admits he is fighting because it is the only way he has of making a living. He strikes one as being of the kind who does not like to quarrel, a young fellow who likes leaving well enough alone.

But when he enters the ring and pulls the bathrobe from his shoulders and starts swinging—well, that is a story.

He is the fastest swinging fighter your correspondent has seen since Harry Greb, and the chances are, after scrutinizing his amateur record, he has more of the lethal dose in his punch than the old Pittsburgh Windmill had.

Birch was born on January 10, 1918, on a day that was blistering cold. To offer a contrast, belting Bobby becomes blistering hot once he enters the ring.

The colored clouter loves his schooling, and to show his fondness for educational courses, he is attending Haaren High during the evening, so that he can continue training for pugilistic perfection in the afternoons. He is an exceptionally good basketball player, having jumped center for his future alma mater, and just missed gaining recognition in scholastic circles during a recent poll of high school judges. He did gain honorable mention. Boxing interfered with his basketball activities, but he vows it will never interfere with his education, and he is proving just that by attending school at night.

Harold Valan, young Brooklynite, who is a good prospect.

As an amateur, Birch has the enviable record of having scored 69 victories in 73 fights, 38 via the knockout route.

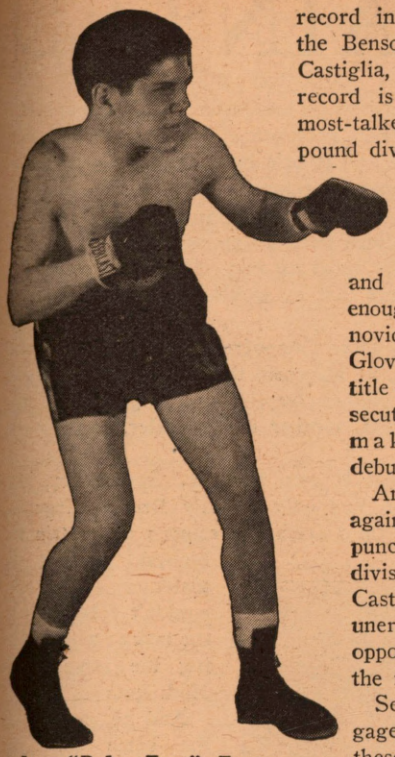
He turned pro in March of this year and has lost one fight in five starts. He has scored two knockouts to bat .400 in the money ranks, and although he can't be ranked on actual professional fighting since he has engaged in but five contests, he has shown more form in the gymnasium than many more experienced fighters. Tab Birch, a real middleweight threat.

"I started boxing as a form of protection," said Birch the other day, "and now I am sure I can make it my profession."

* * *

A LITTLE over a year ago, sports writers were proclaiming Harry Balsamo as another Stanley Ketchel. They spoke of his punching prowess in awe, and every fighter the Belting Brakeman faced showed nothing but the highest respect for Balsamo's lethal wallop. It was the closest thing to dynamite as a means of destruction.

Harry has fallen off somewhat since that time as his boxing ability wasn't good enough to counter his punching skill, with the result that he was the victim of two bad defeats at the time that he was headed for the top. But there is a young fellow in the middleweight ranks today who bids fair to surpass Harry's



Joey "Baby Face" Fontana, a youngster with a good club following.

record in knockouts. I refer to the Bensonhurst Bomber, Frank Castiglia, whose sensational kayo record is fast making him the most-talked-of fighter in the 160-pound division today.

Castiglia, an Italian-American, was born on January 17, 1919. He loved boxing as a boy, and as soon as he was old enough, he entered the sub-novice class in the Golden Gloves in 1935. He won the title after scoring seven consecutive knockouts before making his professional debut.

And it was a debut that again revived interest of the punchers in the middleweight division as the hard-hitting Castiglia fired broadsides of unerring leather into his opponents to sink them into the resin dust.

Seventeen fights he engaged in, and in fourteen of these contests his opponents were unable to stand the limit. He won two decisions and lost one fight, but even in the battle in which he was declared the loser, he had his man on the floor.

It is no wonder that his manager, the youthful Tommy Conti, is dreaming dreams of some day managing a boy good enough to wear the purple robe emblematic of world's supremacy. It will not be surprising to see that dream come true in about two years.

* * *

LITTLE Joey "Baby Face" Fontana had always idolized the gallant Tony Canzoneri as a fighting man, and in the days when he was nothing more than a mere stripling, he would cut clippings and pictures of his idol to put in an album, and while away the hours visioning himself as the only possible successor to step into the shoes of Tony. He knew it was a large order, but what did that matter? He would fight and work, and he would let no one stand in his way until everybody had proclaimed him another Canzoneri.

To this end he fought. The youngster, born on the East Side twenty-one years ago, became an amateur fighter, engaging in twenty-five fights and winning twenty-three of these contests, among which he found himself as the King's County title-holder. He thought he was ready for the professionals and decided to take his fling.

And to date, he has left a mark so well despite four defeats in thirty-seven fights, that Tony Canzoneri has bought half an interest in him from his manager, Irving Cohen. Although it will take great fighting to become another Tony, little Joey has at least interested Canzoneri in his fistic ability.

As a boy, Joey was very fond of baseball and was exceptionally talented in the game of pitch and hit. He is one of a family of twelve and since his father died he has taken over the job of acting as the big brother to the kids in the family. He knows he has to play a supporting role and this end gives him a double incentive. To keep winning and to be another Canzoneri.

It will take a lot of fighting to accomplish that. More victories such as he has scored over Tony Pagano, once by a knockout, and Jimmy English. But Joey is a persistent kid, as his persistence won his last fight with young Harold Valan, and now, with Tony Canzoneri having a hand in guiding his fistic affairs, we may yet see another Marlboro Farmer come to light. Who knows?

IN speaking of Bill Boyd, the young six feet two inches giant who is fighting under the management of Tommy Maloney, the late Dave Miller, who piloted Freddie Steele to the world's middleweight title, wrote in a letter to our Eddie Borden: "I have nothing whatever to do with the kid, but he is the best young heavyweight I have seen in many a day. Eddie, I really think he can lick any heavyweight I saw on the Braddock-Louis card in Chicago, including Braddock and excluding Louis. He would need experience to whip Louis. I would go broke on him against Nestell or Bob Pastor."

And that from a great fellow, a great manager, an all-around man, "May God Rest His Soul."

Boyd was born in Birmingham, Alabama, on May 11, 1914. He joined the Navy and was the only fellow to ever win the all-Navy heavyweight title for two years in succession. He was in the Navy for three years and nine months, during which time he won the swimming and diving championship of the Fleet, and was given his release on July 24, 1937. He is an exceptionally fast runner for a big fellow and can do the 100-yard dash in 10.2, which is travelling for anybody.

He is without question one of the greatest punchers to come out of the amateur ranks in recent years, a fact that is without exaggeration. In seventy-nine amateur fights, only eight battlers have gone the limit with him, a record that may stand unequalled in amateur history, surely in the professional ranks. He lost but two decisions, his first time out and later to Bob Nestell in a contest that many people thought Boyd won.

He has had but two fights as a professional, knocking out Wes Hayes in one and Ford Smith in two rounds. The writer can remember when Smith was rated as one of the best heavyweight fighters around.

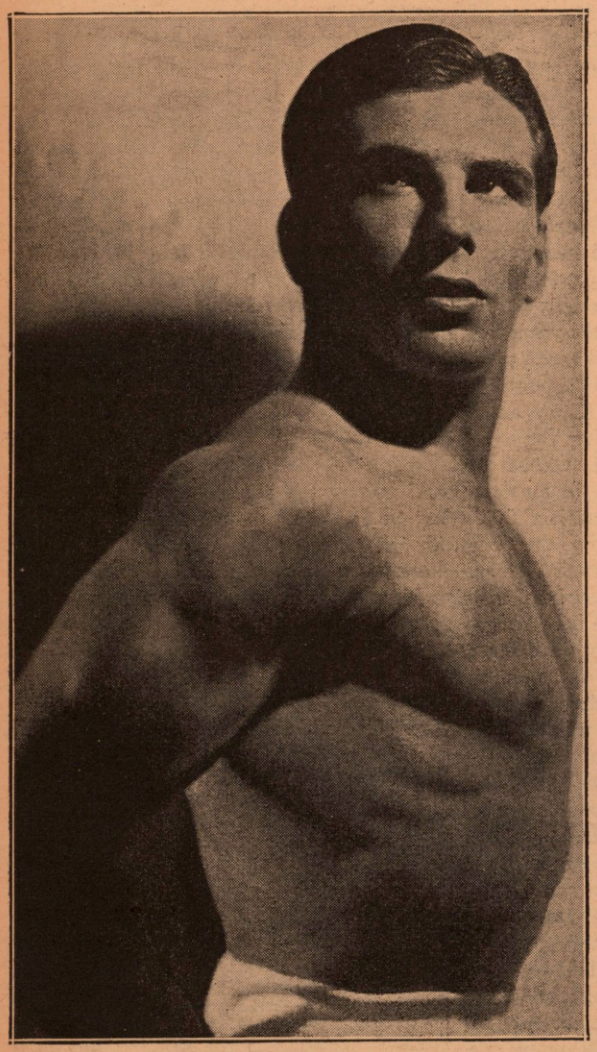
So his punching speaks for itself, and with word coming along that he employs the same bobbing and weaving style that is reminiscent of Jack Dempsey, one naturally starts wondering whether or not there is another "Manassa Mauler" in the embryo stage on the fistic horizon.

At any rate, Young Boyd comes into the picture at a most opportune time, when the flashing fists of a good opponent can recall the happy days of the million dollar gates, as no doubt a good enough "white hope" pugilist would draw in an attempt to dethrone Detroit's Dark Destroyer, Joe Louis.

And who knows but that Bill Boyd, late out of the Navy, may be the next heavyweight champion?

Frank Castaglia, Italian-American with a heavy wallop.

GETTING ACQUAINTED



Jesse James, known to New Yorkers as "The Greek Adonis."

THE city of Baltimore is getting its share of sports publicity these days, now that Harry Jeffra has won the world bantamweight championship and Nick Campofreda is hitting the high spots in the field of wrestling. Baltimore, the home of five world boxing title-holders, is rooting hard for Nick to make good as a sixth champion, but even if he doesn't, he is bringing plenty of good publicity to his home city by his splendid work on the mat.

It has been two years since Campofreda, the son of a tailor, graduated from Western Maryland College, and had a tough time choosing his life's work. He was besieged on all sides by various managers and promoters. Some wanted him to become a pugilist; others, knowing that he was an All-American footballer, sought to have him sign for professional football, while others tried to convince him that his future was assured in wrestling.

Of course, Nick had propositions to enter upon a business career, but he figured that he could always go into business. What was uppermost in his mind was to make good use of his six feet two inches, 218-pound frame of bone and muscle in a competitive sport that would bring him quick financial returns.

After pondering over the various propositions very carefully, the Baltimore Italian decided on a grappling career. He figured that wrestling was just the sport for him. He liked it better than any other and he felt sure that he would, if matched properly, make good with a bang.

So exactly two months after Campofreda gained his sheepskin from Western Maryland, he informed the world that henceforth he would see what he could accomplish in the game that now boasts of Bronko Nagurski, another ex-footballer, as the world champion.

"I began to reason that if men like Gus Sonnenberg, Don George and Dean Detton, and only recently Bronko Nagurski, could come to the fore right from the campus and attain the highest pinnacle in matdom, then why couldn't I be equal to the task of accomplishing the same feat?" Nick queried himself.

Mersinly Ahmet of Istanbul

And he answered it the same way. He would become a wrestler.

So in less than two years, the name of Nick Campofreda has continued to blaze across the headlines of newspapers throughout the nation. The Maryland Latin was making good in a great big way. He was proving that his choice of professions was a wise one.

At the present writing, the popular Baltimorean, who has taken part in over two hundred professional contests, and won more than ninety-five per cent of these tiffs, is already recognized as of true championship timber, his youth and short span of time in active competition notwithstanding.

A quartet of champions. Seated, left to right, are: Nick Campofreda, former Western Maryland football star; Jim Tully, the champion boxing author; Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight king, with Eddie Eagan, former Rhodes Scholar champion, standing.

Nick made his first professional start in New York City. He was undergoing a rigid training course under the critical eye of George Bothner, the world famous wrestling champion of several decades ago, when word reached the latter that a substitute was needed to wrestle Andy Mexiner, the rugged German.

Now Mexiner may not be the best wrestler in the world, but surely he is one of the roughest and most unorthodox. Andy is noted for his brutal methods in the squared circle. He had been bragging of how he had maimed his recent opponents through his rough tactics.

Bothner approached Campo-

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

By EMERY CLARKE

freda and asked him if he wanted to wrestle in his first professional match. Nick, long eager to make his initial start, readily agreed to take the match. He didn't know who Mexiner was; didn't care. All the Oriole City youth wanted was a chance, and here was opportunity knocking at his door. A substitute match, sure, but it was better than waiting for the expected break that probably would never have come.

And the former Western Maryland star electrified the crowd by his wonderful stand in taking all the shocks and thrusts hurled at him by Mexiner. Not only that, but he showed he had wonderful recuperative powers. He came back with a vengeance, cast caution to the four winds, and before anyone could say "Jack Robinson," there was the brutal Mexiner flat on his back, knocked cold by a series of body charges from Campofreda.

That start got Campofreda off on the right foot and he has been winning his bouts in impressive fashion ever since. The fans are of the opinion that Campofreda is already ripe for a crack at the world mat diadem.

But when the time comes for him to be in the other corner in a world title tiff, the fans feel confident that new wrestling history will be made and that the name of Nick Campofreda will be marked alongside of the Baltimore fistic dispensers who already have had their share of being crowned king in their profession.

* * *

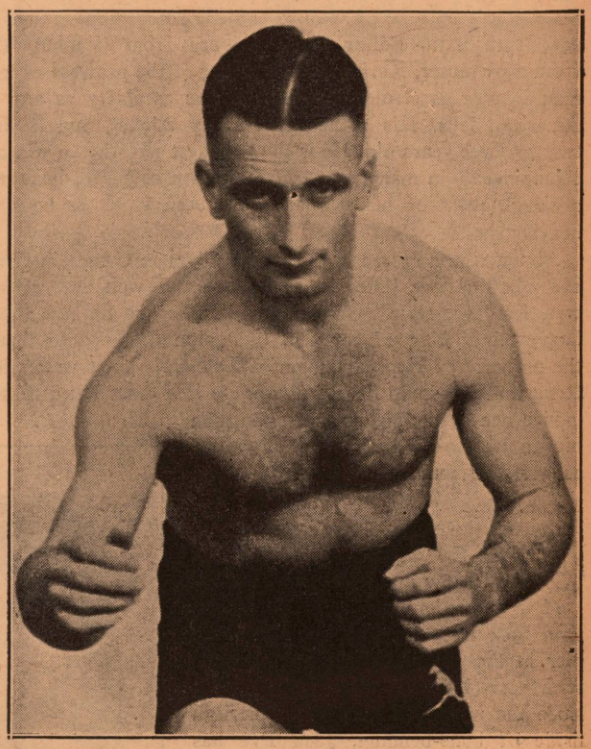
THE ring, both boxing and wrestling, boasts of champions by right of conquest. But oddly enough, in the heavyweight classes, Joe Louis, with the glove encased fists, and Bronko Nagurski, on the mat, who have ascended to the world laurels in their respective sports, cannot travel around the universe and boast of the fact that they rule supreme until such time as they dispose of the blotches on their record.

It was a little over a year ago that Nagurski and Cox met in mat combat in Nagurski's own backyard, Minneapolis. The Herculanean Bronko, who has been conquering each and every antagonist, ran into a Tartar in the Mauling Missourian.

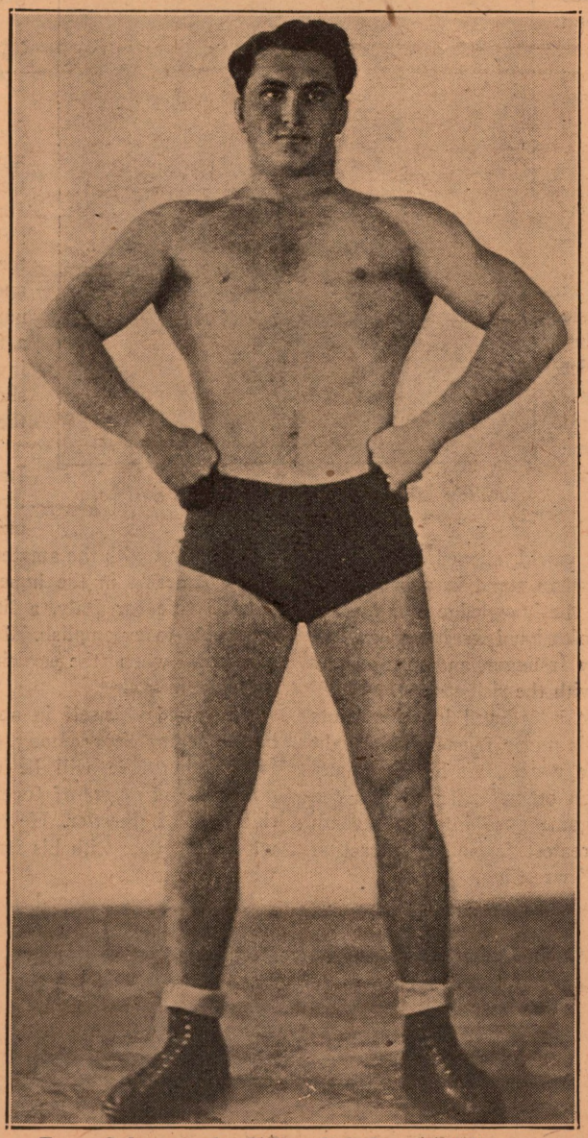
Not only did Bronko act grossly surprised that Joe lasted more than fifteen minutes, for no other rival ever went that long with the Polish matman, but to make it all the more a matter of an upset, Cox traveled a little over an hour and what's more—COX WON—pinned the mighty Bronko, something that no one previously had been able to accomplish, and something no one else has done since.

Experience is what did it for Cox. The Mauling Missourian openly admits that. He claims he tricked the present champion into defeat and in it the loser himself blushingly admits it to be a fact.

Yet, here we have Nagurski a champion, and Cox only a contender. The Bronk should erase that defeat from his record books. But whether or not he is able to withstand the onslaughts of so dangerous a rival as the mid-Westerner, remains to be seen.



Peter Guion, Australian welterweight champion.



Tony Colesano, the Italian light-heavyweight star.

Krasher Cox is nobody's fool when it comes to matching holds. He has faced the world's best opponents, champions, near champions, ex-champions, contenders, pretenders, and a glance at his record will prove to the satisfaction of all that he has been victorious in more than ninety per cent of his matches.

Cox says that what he has done before he can accomplish again. Beating Nagurski the first time may have been a tough job, for the Bronk is mighty of brawn, has a flying tackle that will lay anyone insensible, but the grappler from the "Show Me State" proved he could take everything and come back to conquer.

In addition, Joe has put on over fifteen pounds since that match, hitting the beam at 232 pounds, but he has lost none of his speed and has picked up much added experience, new holds, and is well fortified to prove to the world at large that he is the master of Nagurski, now that the latter is champion, in much easier fashion than when the Bronk had the referee toll the fatal three count over him in 1936. Joe may not be the best wrestler in captivity, but he is a colorful matman.

THE Turks and Bulgarians are turning out some clever and tough wrestlers these days, and it won't be long before several will be seen in action in this country. Only a few weeks ago, THE RING Editor received word from Istanbul, Turkey, from a promoter, Kerim Kanok, telling of the prowess of a young man who is as strong as an ox and is as shifty as any of the American lads. His name is Mersinly Ahmet, and he is only twenty-three years old. He is the youngest wrestler to win a Turk championship in many years. He is known as a light-heavyweight, although most of his matches have been with the boys in the heavier rank.

Ahmet won a crown in the recent Olympic Games in Germany. He wrestled five times in succession and won every bout. He wrestles "free style." Only a few months ago he beat the light-heavyweight king of Sweden, Champion Cadier, and then took the measure of Neo, champion of Estonia. Ahmet writes to THE RING that he would deeply appreciate it if THE RING Editor can induce one of the big promoters to take him to the States. He has quite a record as a strong man.

* * *

CHARLES "SPIDER" MASCALL, who is now in London, writes:

If a wrestler can win his spurs, then Jack Pye, the most colorful grappler in the British game, has won his with ease. For the past six years, or since the introduction of the American mode of bone-bending, Jack Pye has been without an equal in "villainy" upon the padded mats of Merrie England.

His record book shows that he has clashed with nearly every foreign matman who has stopped for any length of time within the boundaries of the British Isles.

Jack, who is the eldest of six wrestling brothers, spent the early part of his life as a coal miner. Sometimes, after his long shift below the level of the earth was finished, he used to tussle with his fellow workers. His home being in Doncaster, center of the district that gave the Lancashire style of wrestling to the world, it was only natural that young Jack Pye should become proficient in the art of downing an opponent.

Then came the depression, and the mining industry, like the rest of the world, slipped into a state of chaos. Without a job, and rather than stand in a bread-line, Pye was determined to make use of the knowledge that he had gained between shifts at the mine. Professional wrestling had just made its début under the astute Henry Irslinger, and so the burly ex-miner decided to throw his lot in with the rising sport.

Catering to crowd psychology, Pye introduced into his bouts a few rough-and-tumble tricks that his miner friends had taught him. Soon the entire wrestling public were after his head, and the promoters were falling over each other, eager to sign the "Doncaster Demon." Now, as the game goes into its seventh year, Jack Pye still remains the greatest box-office attraction among the bad lads of British "all-in" wrestling.

* * *

IF there is a sport with which Paddy Mack is not familiar, it is because it is not in the record books. From ping-pong to wrestling and what have you, the Irish-American has played them all professionally and made good at most of them.

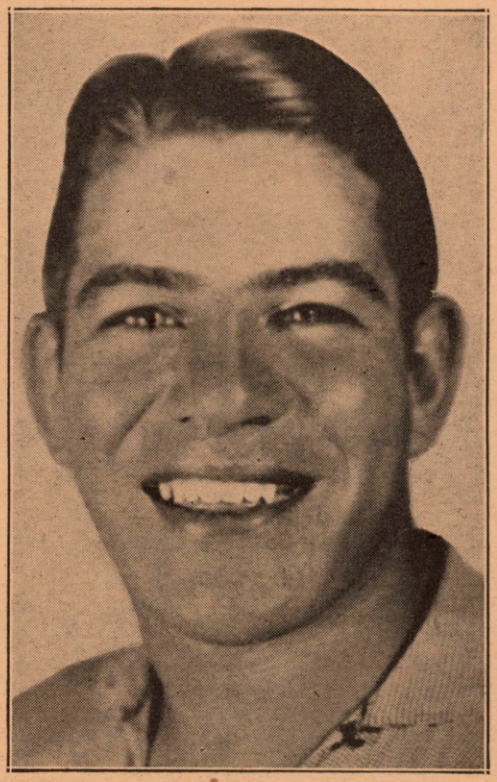
Paddy was born in Boston, stands five feet eleven and tips the scales at 195 pounds. He has been associated with sport, in one form or another, since he was knee high to a grasshopper—football, baseball, basketball, boxing and wrestling—and is one of the best all-around athletes in the country.

He boxed as a middleweight, met with considerable success, and was the only wrestler, until recently, who earned his living by both boxing and wrestling professionally. Curiously, Paddy abandoned boxing for wrestling because he can earn more money at the latter sport. Mack declares that if a man is in good physical condition and keeps himself that way, he can wrestle practically every night and make more money than the boxer, whose engagements are few and far between even when fairly well known.

When Paddy was both boxing and wrestling professionally, he once donned the gloves with one Jack Duquesne at Braves Field, Boston, when Jack Dempsey was third man in the ring. Paddy knocked out his opponent in two rounds, then jumped into an automobile and drove to Revere Beach, where he was headlining a wrestling card, and pinned his opponent in twenty minutes.

Tough as they make them, Paddy can withstand punishment until the cows come home. He is one of the few wrestlers who, because of his boxing experience, knows how to deliver a telling blow. He has knocked out many an opponent cold with a neat right-hander which escaped the referee's eye.

Paddy is extremely popular, his rough tactics on the mat give the fans the action they crave for and is flooded with more engagements than he can fill. He owns his own farms and specializes in growing roses.



Paddy Mack, the all-around Irish athlete.

* * *

FOR several years wrestling promoters have searched for an Italian heavyweight, one who could fill the shoes of past Italian matmen like Renato Gardini or George Calza. In the light-heavyweight division, Italians are well represented and strongly entrenched with the leaders, but the heavyweights have sadly suffered, and although several have appeared, none qualified for top position, not until a few months ago when Tony Colesano invaded Eastern rings and so far has shown class which may land him among the select company.

Tony Colesano was born in Abruzzi, Italy, twenty-six years ago. He stands five feet eleven, weighs 205 and is a well-built athlete. He won his reputation in Europe, first with the amateurs and later with the pros, then came on to America in the hope that he may be the man to win a world's title for Italy, a little thing which no Italian has ever been able to accomplish. Many have flirted with the diadem but somehow when the crucial time came they fell short of the mark.

Tony finds himself in an exceptional position. He practically has no competitor among grapplers of his nationality and his efforts therefore will be concentrated against American top-notchers and others of foreign nationality. Colesano is the scientific type of wrestler. He has mastered an assortment of holds which, together with his strength and endurance, he switches to win his battles.

He has not developed a specialized hold but relies entirely on his knowledge of the game and his cleverness to win for him. Perhaps he is the answer to the quest for an Italian topnotcher, in which case he faces a most lucrative future. Tony has already beaten some good men, but his real test will come in the next few weeks when he will be pitted against the headliners. The Italians for many years have supplied the wrestling game with topnotch matmen, among the leaders being Gino Garibaldi and Calza. Garibaldi still rates high. He is showy and a master technician.

(Continued on page 47)

A "VILLAIN" Explains

By KILLER KARL DAVIS
as told to BERNICE SANDBOE

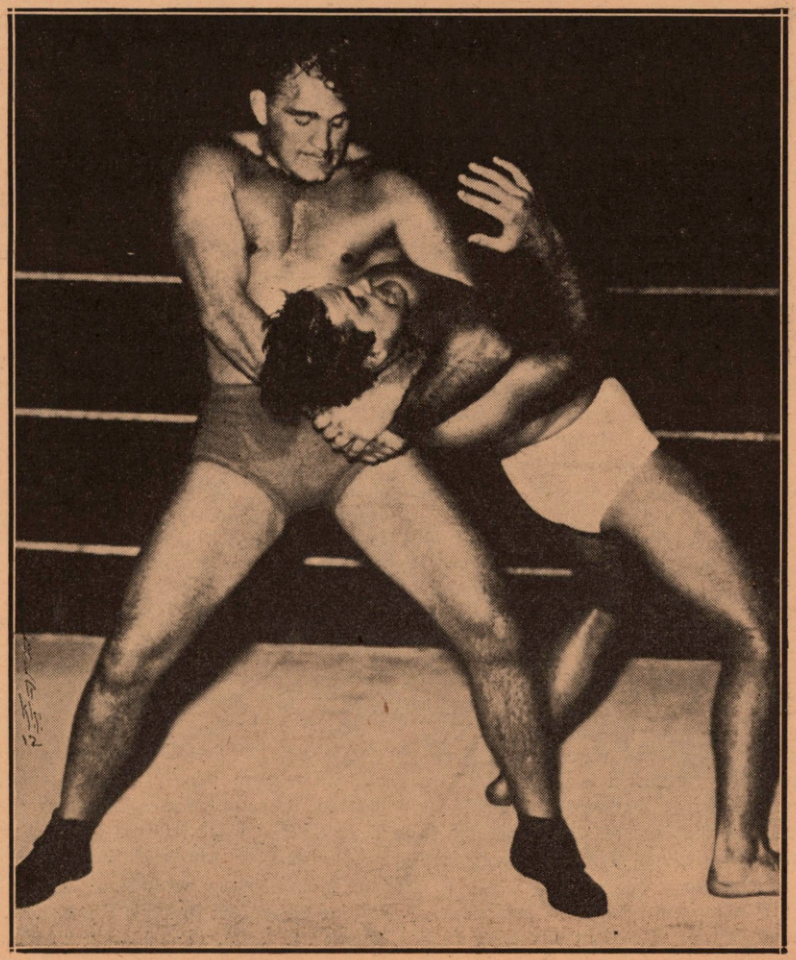
BEING, for the first time in the annals of wrestling literature, an article on the meanie's side of things, a first hand explanation of just why villains are villainous and what it gets them (besides a police escort) as told to me by Killer Karl Davis, a super-slugger.

Have you ever stopped to consider how little we understand the playful antics of the meanies and toughies of the ring? Just what makes them such brutes, what they are thinking about as they wham your favorite into the third row ringside, why they choose to be the black sheep of the gentle little herd of wrestlers?

The thought occurred to me with the momentum of a thunderbolt one day and I determined then and there to somehow unearth the answers. I pondered considerably on just who would be the most suitable source of information on this point. It was, I told myself sternly, a rather delicate matter asking a wrestler to divulge his innermost feelings, especially on so vital a subject and what I wanted was some one who would tell me frankly and honestly just why he went about socking people who merely wanted to exchange friendly holds with him in a nice business-like way.

Finally after due thought and consideration, I decided on Karl Davis. My chief reason was because I knew Karl could certainly give me a first hand and accurate account of just how it feels to have an enraged crowd surging in the ring to do you bodily harm, plus an infuriated referee and opponent. I was scarcely prepared, however, for the enthusiastic reception my idea received from Mr. Davis.

"I think it's about time the public heard the villain's side of things," said Mr. Davis most emphatically. "And I'm certainly glad to have the chance to be the spokesman for them. What gets me is that real red-blooded American fans can't understand that the rough boys have to be twice as good as the "playboys" of the mat, the little namby-pambies who try to gain the sympathy of the fans if they are beaten and wave to the fair sex if they win." Karl snorted in disgust, "Why a rough wrestler has to stand up and take whatever is dealt him and there is no hiding behind the referee for him. After he has been beaten and pummeled all over the ring, and taken enough punishment to wreck an old boiler, he has to bring out that killer instinct, pull his leather-tough, battle-scarred body together and literally tear his opponent to shreds. And to top it all off, he's probably covering up some painful injury all the while to save his pride—a roughie can't let the public know he's hurt, he has to keep boring in no matter what happens. It's a tough life, I tell you and what do we get for it? Maybe a pop bottle cracked over our heads or a chair splintered on us."



"Killer" Karl Davis, the Super-Slugger.

Well I could see at a glance that I had picked the right person to give me the authentic low-down on this little matter so I urged Karl to continue.

"In the first place," he said, "there are different types of meanies, and for the fans to fully understand this I'm going to describe them. First, there is a villain who is too old to hold his own against the younger set of boys who are coming into the game these days bringing with them fast and clever new holds, that demand perfect condition and strength. These fellows try to clown their way through, making faces and trying to convince the public they are tough. Occasionally they get in a lucky punch and take a win but they are generally disliked by their fellow wrestlers as well as the fans. They make a grand game look like a three-ring circus.

* * *

NEXT are the villains who are not even worthy of being called wrestlers, such as the type who bring tacks, ropes, chloroform and so forth into the ring hidden in their trunks. Their technique is despised by all and although they may be an attraction for a short while, they do much to pull down the wrestling game.

"In the third group fall the plain ordinary rough boys whose number is increasing every day—proof that the American fans are beginning to like their rough and tumble, aggressive style. These are such wrestlers as Ernie Dusek, Joe Cox, Chief Little Beaver, Bob Wagner, Angelo Cistoldi, etc., who are in demand by promoters all over the country. They are the boys I'm pulling for and of which I am one, and proud of it! They are the boys who will give you a good match no matter who they are wrestling, who must keep their bodies in perfect condition to be able to take the terrific punishment they get and stand up under it."

Being a profound follower of the rough school of wrestling I could not help but agree with Karl on all these points, but still I wanted to find out more about the toughies.

"Tell me what you think about when you go in the ring," I asked, scarcely expecting so thorough an answer as this: "Well, when I leave my dressing room and fight my way through the crowd that would just as soon crown me with a pop bottle as not, I have usually taken the opportunity to size up my oppo-

(Continued on page 46)

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By NAT FRANK

JIM LONDOS, the Gorgeous Greek, is back in the states, and with his return, wrestling has taken a big boom wherever he has appeared to date. The Greek ace put the grappling sport in the limelight since 1930, but the game took a drop when he sailed for European soil. But now that he is back again, fans are becoming wrestling-minded once more. In Baltimore he pulled down a $40,000 gate and two nights later, he packed the New York Hippodrome.

Jeemy arrived here two months ago after a successful tour of Europe where he won twenty-seven straight matches.

With Jim's victory over Penchiff in Baltimore he gained recognition as world champion of Maryland. He was presented with a beautiful solid gold belt by the Governor of the State. This belt was added to the collection of gold belts won in Egypt, France, South Africa and other European countries.

Jimmy wants that undisputed crown back again. He feels as though the title should be a fixture with him. And he seeks to grapple his way back to the heights where he ruled over the pachyderms for five long years.

Vincent Lopez, whose exhibition against Londos in New York was given the stamp of approval by the fans.

Capacity audiences turned out to see him in action in foreign countries. Of course, he points with pride to the fact that in his native country, Greece, he drew the enormous crowd of 76,000 paid admissions. In the other countries he drew anywhere from 10,000 to 30,000 fans. He surely would have had more patrons see him in action only for the fact that the mat arenas were forced to halt additional admissions to the already packed clubs.

Londos is fully satisfied that he is back in rare form of the days when he was unbeatable and he is trying to prove it by tackling the world's best matmen and downing them. Thus far at this writing, since his return from his long journey, the Greek has drawn a total of 44,500 people through the turnstiles. Yes, Jimmy turned them away in Philadelphia, where he drew 11,000 fans into the Arena; he drew the biggest gate in the history of Maryland wrestling when 26,000 customers packed the Armory; in the New York Hippodrome the Greek idol grappled before 7,500 clients. The money taken in for this trio of settos was in the neighborhood of $55,000.

Which isn't bad at all in these lean days. It looked more like pre-depression days. It seemed as though the return of Londos has also brought back the massive gates that the sport was enjoying during the boom days.

The fans and the critics and the promoters and Londos himself are aware that the Greek is an attraction all by himself. Ever since he reached the heights, Jimmy has been basking in the spotlight.

He is not in the game now for the sake of earning a livelihood. Neither is he in it to make friends. He is just like an ordinary believer that the title rightfully belongs to him.

Londos is still speedy. He is still the master showman. He is still the mat specialist, if his contests waged in the East since his return may be taken as a criterion.

Londos feels he can whip any man in the business, particularly Bronko Nagurski, and there are hordes of ardent wrestling fans who are certain he'll have no difficulty doing it. It looks like the Greek Adonis will soon again rule supreme in the mat world.

* * *

PACIFIC COAST AND NORTHWEST WRESTLING REVIEW, by Dave Cavadas! Bronko Nagurski, world's heavyweight wrestling champion, showed form in beating Daniel Boone Savage before 9,500 fans at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles. Nagurski won the first and second falls with flying tackles in the combined time of 21 minutes, 17 seconds. In a jaunt through the Northwest, Nagurski pinned Sandor Szabo, Dick Raines and Danny Dusek in short order. Northwest promoters, at the present time, are staging a six weeks' tournament to decide a winner to wrestle Nagurski.

Gino Garibaldi won from Nick Lutze in a riotous match which headlined Jack Daro's card at the Olympic Auditorium. Gino won the first fall with a front face lock followed by a body slam, in 18 minutes. Lutze was disqualified in a little over two minutes, thus giving Garibaldi the match.

Dean Detton, former world's champion, once again proved his superiority over Vincent Lopez of Mexico. After being tossed out of the ring, the Mexican matador returned to take the first fall. Detton took the second fall with a severe toe hold. The former champion scored the third and deciding fall when he pinned Lopez's shoulders to the mat.

* * *

Abe (King Kong) Kashey unmasked the Golden Terror in Portland by winning his match with the masked one. A Boston crab did the trick and the Terror turned out to be none other than Bobby (Baby Face) Stewart.

* * *

Sandor Szabo, the Hungarian champion, won from Bob Kruse in two straight falls. Szabo won the first fall with a short arm scissors and took the second with a hammerlock applied on Kruse's weakened arm.

* * *

Abe Kashey fell before both Danny Dusek and Dick Raines. Raines beat Kashey with his deadly back-breaker hold while Dusek won on a disqualification.

* * *

It appears as though Hans Steinke, one time claimant to the world's championship, has almost reached the end of his colorful career. Hans was beaten twice by Vincent Lopez in a very decisive manner.

* * *

COAST CAVALCADE . . . . Ted Key pinned Pat Meehan . . . . LaVerne Baxter threw Paul Boesch and Ted Key, but lost to Kiman Kudo . . . . Gino Garibaldi scored over King Chewaki . . . . Olaf Olsen tossed Stanley Mayslack . . . . Johnny Marrs beat Bill Middlekauf, but lost to Dick Raines . . . . Abe Yourist drew with Paul Boesch and Bob Kruse.

Olaf Olsen lost to Dick Raines . . . . Bob Kruse threw Danny Dusek . . . . Ignacio Martinez pinned Juan Olaquivel . . . . Bronko Nagurski beat Gino Garibaldi . . . . Daniel Boone Sav-

age bear-hugged Kiman Kudo into submission . . . . Prince Bhu Pinder disposed of Pat Meehan . . . . Danny Dusek was awarded the referee's decision over Sandor Szabo . . . . Abe Kashey beat Harry Kent . . . . Sandor Szabo threw Jules Strongbow.

Jack McArthur pinned Dick Lever . . . . Prince Bhu Pinder threw Paul Boesch . . . . Nick Lutze tossed Gino Garibaldi . . . . Vincent Lopez beat Tiny Roebuck . . . . Ignacio Martinez defeated George Maloney . . . . Bob Kruse won from Abe Kashey.

Charles "Spider" Mascall writes from London that English promoters are seeking to match Harold Angus, holder of the European welterweight championship, with Johnny Stote, the speed boy from New York, for the latter's claims to the world title.

How much do you know about GUS SONNENBERG? . . . . Hails from New Hampshire and first made the sports headlines as the greatest tackle in the history of Dartmouth . . . . won the world's wrestling crown from Ed "Strangler" Lewis, winning two straight falls . . . . held the title two years, wrestling all comers . . . . lost the championship to Ed Don George in 1929 . . . . he and Joe Malcewicz drew $85,000 in the Boston Garden . . . . Sonnenberg introduced the flying tackle into the wrestling game . . . . Gus is now on a comeback and after a match with Nagurski to prove who has the most effective tackle.

* * *

DIXIE DOINGS, by Bernice Sandboe . . . . During his brief stay here in Texas I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Vincent Lopez, the former mat champion. I say "pleasure" because it really was a pleasure meeting this well bred young Mexican who speaks the most fluent English and can converse with you on anything from politics to ping pong. I found that Vincent's life has not been an easy one, but despite his hard struggle, he has retained the culture and refinement of one born of a fine family.

Vincent's parents were at one time wealthy land-owners in old Mexico, but as a result of frequent revolutionary outbreaks, they were forced to flee Mexico and settle on a small farm in Idaho. It was a difficult struggle for this Mexican family, so accustomed to every luxury, to make a living, but somehow they managed to get along and even sacrificed enough for Vincent to attend college. For this he has repaid his family generously and provides them with every advantage he can afford.

He is a quiet, well-mannered and most interesting person. His hobbies are collecting guns and taking motion pictures. He has a valued collection of firearms of which he is justly proud and has an expensive motion picture camera. His ambition is to travel—to explore. He would like nothing better than to join an expedition which would penetrate some unknown jungle land, having as his companions scientists and scholars. As a youngster he traveled extensively with an uncle who wrote for a South American travel magazine and Vincent remembers those days as the happiest of his life.

As for his ring work—comment is certainly unnecessary. He has proven himself a champion, and though, unfortunately, he does not still wear that title, Vincent Lopez is indeed a wrestler of the very highest caliber.

Jim Londos, who is packing 'em in as in the days of prosperity.

* * *

Have you ever met the Mortenson family? If not, permit me to give you a brief introduction to them. First there is Mother Mortenson, a quiet, tiny little lady who wears glasses and is the mother of the world's champion wrestler (that is—girl wrestler). Then there's Papa—an ex-wrestler himself and a mighty fine gentleman. Next comes Leo, a fast, clever junior heavyweight who is really going places in the mat game, and last, but certainly not least, is little Clara, who is creating a mild sensation wherever she shows her blonde curly head.

Since she was seven years old Papa has been teaching Clara the tricks of the wrestling game and today this attractive blonde young lady is the woman champion wrestler. Don't miss seeing her when she comes to your town—and you can bet the rest of the family will be around somewhere rooting for their baby girl, for the Mortenson family travels in a body wherever they go.

* * *

LITTLE THINGS ABOUT BIG MEN—Hardy Kruskamp, the wrestling romeo, is on his way to Texas . . . . Frankie School is one of the fastest grapplers I've seen . . . . he really gets around the ring like a bolt of lightning . . . . he looks a lot like Ray Steele, I think . . . . Marshall Blackstock has a new nickname . . . . it's "Boo-Hoo" Blackstock . . . . Pete Baltram, the young Lithuanian wrestler, speaks Russian, Polish, Lithuanian, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian and English . . . . and besides all that he's certainly a swell wrestler . . . . his family, who still reside in Lithuania, wanted him to be a physician . . . .

Karl Davis says that Karl, Jr., his little blond son, is going to be the wrestling champion some day . . . . Chief Little Beaver, on the other hand, says he won't let his "Junior," who is a husky little boy, enter the mat game . . . . by the way, Chief Little Beaver says his new nickname is "No More Um Dogs" Beaver . . . . his pet English chow died a few weeks ago of blood poisoning and the Big Chief said he just couldn't take it . . . . Louis Thez, the Hungarian wrestler, who lives in St. Louis, is the latest matman to capture the fans . . . . he's a fine and clever young grappler and is destined to go far in the game . . . . has Leo Savage gone the way of the briefly famous and faded into oblivion? . . . . I, for one, sincerely hope not for I think Leo was one of the most interesting matmen in the game . . . . I enjoyed talking to one so enthusiastic about the mat game as young Jesse James, the Texas wrestler . . . . and Jesse has plenty to be enthusiastic about, too, from the way he is making a bee line for the top . . . . I've written a fea-

ture story on him that I hope you all will enjoy.

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CONTINENTAL MAT CLIPPINGS, by Charles 'Spider" Mascall: In the capital cities of Europe, where international tournaments are now in vogue, such wrestling notables as Karl Pojello, Wladek Zbyszko, Dan Koloff, Henri Deglane, Jack Sherry, Bonnie Muir, Paul Shikat, Count Karol Nowina and Mike Brendel of American ring fame, are among the foremost barnstormers . . . . Fritz Kley, the contortionist heavyweight, whom the late Jack Curley introduced to America, is doing well in the land of Adolph Hitler . . . . Harold Lane, whose West London club is a mecca for socialites and movie stars, might pass as Joe "Toots" Mondt . . . . In Athens, Greece, ex-champ Jim Londos met and defeated the new South African star, Johannes van der Valt . . . . On the high seas, bound for European mat-fare, is Tommy Nylan, the dumpy Australian heavyweight, who has trounced Gus Sonnenberg, Hardy Kruskamp and Joe Savoldi . . . . Harold Angus, the welterweight champion of Europe, had hoped to meet Jack Reynolds in a world title duel, but the veteran leg-split artist thought it wiser to stay in America and the contest has fallen through . . . .

Johnny Stote, aerial speed boy from New York and recognized claimant to the welter throne, is being sought to fill Reynolds' place . . . . Rene Labelle, the flying Frenchman, would also like a shot at Stote, as would Mike Howley, Irish welter and middleweight king . . . . Bob Gregory, undoubtedly the best light-heavyweight in England, is back after a successful tour of Hungary . . . . George Relwyskow, famed North England promoter, used to be a professional wrestler . . . . Paul Duveen, who was a member of the wrestling troupe that Wladek Zbyszko took into war-torn Spain, made a welcome return to the mats after an absence due to a broken arm . . . . George Pencheff, hailed in England as a world beater, is, in his spare time, a weight lifter . . . . Page Robert Ripley! . . . . Mr. Joseph Hart, a former promoter, holds one of the most unusual jobs in professional wrestling . . . .

Acting as underwriter for the famous London insurance firm of Lloyds, Mr. Hart insures the foreign torso-twisters against injuries in the squared circle . . . . Red Brokau, the German welterweight, whose rough-house tactics have more than once raised the ire of the fans, sends his regards to Jimmy Gurnett, Florida wrestling scribbler for THE RING . . . . Mike Demitre, back from a tour of South Africa, is a squirm-stylist who will bear watching . . . . List among the classiest of the foreign middleweights: Fred Unwin, Harry Rabin, Saxon-Elliot, Young Bull Coleman, Stanley Roberts and Bengal Engblom.

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GOSSIP FROM THE BRITISH MATS, by Hugh O'C. Sturt—The winter season began at Plymouth and before 8,000 cash customers. Sammy Burns, son of the famous Syd, put Bert Mansfield together with Charles Ulsemar of France in the main go. The Frenchman quit after 19 minutes through injury. In support, Ted Tonking, the Cornish Battering-Ram, won from Canadian Bob Fife; and Sparks, Jr., bested the tough Dick Rogers.

George Pencheff from Australia held European champ Max Krauser to a one hour draw at the Blackfriars Ring. Two weeks later these maulers met again, but as before neither man could claim the advantage. Pencheff proved by these two performances that he is a definite threat.

At Killarney the local police had to stop the bout between Sam Rabin of Manchester and Irish Jim Casey. Casey is one of the famous family.

George Pencheff had to fight all the way to turn back Jim Burnett of Vancouver at Plymouth, in what appeared to be a "needle" match. On the same card Dave Armstrong, the Choppington Chicken, beat Jack Wentworth of Canada, and Madrali, the Turk, submitted to the Duke from Cambridge.

Welcome home to the three musketeers, Mike (the old maestro) de Mitre, Graham Stockton and Paul Lortie. These men have just returned from a successful tour of South Africa. The Old Maestro disposed of Harry Brooks and Tony Mancelli; Graham Stockton won well over Black Butcher Johnson, and Lortie flattened Joe Conkle, Pat Flanagan, Harry Brooks and Whipper Bill Watson, but lost after a terrific struggle to George Pencheff. All these bouts were under the banner of Harold Lane on his circuit.

The genial Johnny Martin reopened his Cricklewood Stadium when Tiger Daula proved too strong for Dave Armstrong. In the semi-final, Bert Mansfield disposed of Spike Smithers. Three days later in the mid-week show, Charles Ulsemar of France beat Spike Smithers in the main go; and in support, the Duke from Cambridge thrashed ex-Guardsman Wilkinson, and Jack Harris lost to Young Londos.

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JOHANNES VAN DER WALT, who clashed with Jim Londos in South Africa and has fought in six matches in this country, is in Europe, where he is booked for several matches. Van der Walt, who expects to be back for a winter campaign in December, won all of his matches in the States. He opened his campaign in America in Indianapolis against Rube Wright, and after winning that contest, he clashed with Red Ryan in Terre Haute, which match he also won.

Following that he beat Tom Mahoney in Chattanooga, Jim O'Connor in Knoxville. That victory was followed with one over the tough Zaharias in Baltimore, and then he wrestled in Philadelphia, where he beat Patterson. Now he is in England.

The South African has made a hit in America. The promoters and fans alike like his style, and if what he has done to date, beating every one of his opponents within ten minutes, is any criterion, he'll be one of our best wrestling cards this winter.

DIDJA KNOW THAT—Contributed by Nat Frank:

Chief Thunderbird, the head of the famous Saanich Tribe from Vancouver Island, makes his own picturesque blankets and beaded head bands? . . . . Walter Podolak, the "perfectly built wrestler," recently became the father of an eight pound four ounce daughter? . . . . Bob Managoff, Jr., son of the former claimant of the world wrestling championship, is back East and continuing in his meteoric strides towards stardom? . . . . Dr. Fred Meyers, the Chicago rough man, always replaces the teeth he knocks out of the mouths of his opponents? Meyers is a graduate dentist and has a big practice in the Windy City when not busy in the grappling rings throughout the country? . . . . And Dr. Harry Fields, the massive Philadelphian, is now practicing medicine in the City of Brotherly Love?

Henry Piers, Holland champion, besides collecting pipes of all sizes and shapes, also spends much time in drawing fancy designs? . . . . "Smiling" Sammy Menacker, the Jewish Adonis, is about to crash into competition with the front runners?

* * *

ERNIE DUSEK, captain of the famous Riot Squad of Grappledom, is now making the turnstiles click a merry tune on the Pacific Coast? This is the Battering Bohemian's first venture in the Far West since 1935? . . . . Mike Strelich, the Utah Wonder-Man, besides being a real good showman, is also in demand by movie magnets to take parts in the talkies? Up to the present time the matman from the Mormon State has already appeared in ten plays on the silver screen? . . . . Irish Jack Kennedy of Iowa, besides being one of the foremost youngsters in the business, as well as a super-matman, is also one of the most popular with the fans? . . . . Bernie Kaplan, former football ace of Western Maryland College, in addition to grappling during the winter months, is also tutoring a strong gridiron eleven in Wilmington, Del.? . . . . Joe "Toots" Mondt, bigwig in the bone-bending sport, was recently married, but he failed to divulge the name of his spouse to the writer? "Toots" and his Mrs. are residing in California? . . . . Ed Cook, who starred on the University of Iowa gridiron, recently returned to the Metropolitan area for regular grip and get gripped duty after a successful tour of the Sunny South?

* * *

GEORGE KONDYLIS, the Greek star, recently recovered from a serious illness and is now going better than ever? . . . . Finn M'Cool, the recent Irish importation, who 'tis said, was the cause of Danno O'Mahoney and Steve "Crusher" Casey leaving Erin for mat duty in this country, is considered to be by far the greatest grip specialist that ever came from the Emerald Isle? . . . . Abe Coleman, the "Mite of Might," seems to have taken a new lease on life, if his recent matches are a criterion? The flying drop kick inventor is bowling over his opponents with regularity? . . . . Bobby Roberts, who wrestled and played football while at the University of Dayton, supplies the patrons with what would be considered impossible spectaculars? . . . . Joe Dusek, the baby member of the mat Rioteers, is expected back East after spending a two month vacation in and around Omaha? He spent most of his time fishing, hunting and wood chopping? . . . . Gino Garibaldi, the Larruping Latin, is expected back East any day now? He has about run out of opposition along the Pacific Coast and is returning to prove to Eastern fans that he is the same, if not much better, wrestler than he was when he left these parts four months ago?

Ross and Garcia

(Continued from page 10)

found an opponent whose long range jabs proved his undoing. It was a lively tussle, devoid, as in all the other bouts, of any knockdowns, but fast and snappy all the way.

Jeffra's longer reach and his speed were the big factors in his victory. By winning the championship, he gained THE RING'S sixty-ninth world championship belt, a trophy that will be awarded to him in Baltimore at an affair at which the mayor will be the guest of honor.

Jeffra, throughout the fifteen rounds, jabbed and hooked Sixto with his long left repeatedly. And when it became necessary, he circled around the Puerto Rican in a manner that bewildered Sixto. Three times in the fifteen sessions Escobar was penalized for hitting low, but in each, Jeffra didn't need the referee's award as his flaying fists and lightning jabs and hooks settled the rounds in his favor.

The Jeffra victory was a surprise as most of the experts and the betting public made Escobar a big favorite because of the weights. Harry, a natural 122-pounder, it was figured would be weak at the reduced weight, yet he proved far stronger than the champion and won as he pleased.

That Escobar's showing was far below his usually aggressive form goes without saying. He simply cannot get going in cold weather. He likes the warm climate and that's one of the reasons why he seldom comes north during the winter. Had the fight been staged indoors, I have no doubt that at least it would have been a much closer contest. A Jeffra-Escobar fight in Puerto Rico for the title this winter would be a tremendous drawing card and I hope it can be made.

Throughout the fight, it was a tedious effort on the part of Escobar to reach his dancing, prancing opponent. At times, he succeeded in fending off the jabs, but most of them passed his guard and landed. In the last nine rounds, Escobar's face was gory from the long range attacks of his challenger. Time and again, Jeffra offered Escobar chances, and just as the champion would attempt to take advantage of the openings, Harry would snatch them away with off-balance footwork, a style much similar to that of Johnny Dundee and Sid Terris.

* * *

ESCOBAR gained the honors in only two of the first six rounds, the last named being one of his best. It was in that session that he caught Jeffra with a beauty right that slowed up the Baltimore lad.

Jeffra cut Escobar's eye in the seventh, and he took the next two on low punches, although he won them without that aid. Sixto also lost the fifth round on a low penalty.

Escobar opened a cut under Jeffra's eye in the tenth and came out for the eleventh with more confidence than he had displayed in the previous sessions, but it didn't take long for Jeffra to take all the wind out of Sixto with a well-timed body blow and one to the head. The head punch staggered the Puerto Rican, but Jeffra didn't follow it up.

Escobar came out with fire in his eyes in the twelfth and started to toss punches at his opponent but Jeffra stopped that rally with a beautiful right to the side of the temple that could be heard with a thud. Jeffra went to his corner at the end of the round fresh as a daisy but his opponent was glassy-eyed.

Escobar tried hard again in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth rounds, but Jeffra proved too strong for him and had Sixto's number. Jeffra's fast, durable exhibition was rebuttal to the opinion of the majority that he couldn't fight within the bantam limit and be strong. The only mark he suffered was a slight scar beneath the left eye and a slightly swollen lip, while Escobar's face was blotched from a right-hand attack, and gory.

* * *

THE Thil-Apostoli fight ended unsatisfactorily, as have most of Marcel's fights, but this time it was a cut eye and not a low punch that caused a halt to proceedings. The Californian, who won the bout and whatever title there went with it, if any, was just about holding his own when the bout ended. In fact, I had Thil leading by a margin of two rounds when Referee Donovan stopped the contest to avoid further injury to a badly cut eye.

Early in the ninth, Apostoli opened a bad gash in the Frenchman's right eyelid and Fred, with alertness, took speedy advantage of the opportunity and kept up a steady bombardment on the sore spot. A beautiful left hook, that caught Thil on the jaw in that round, almost floored Marcel.

Thil, bald-headed, hairy-chested Frenchman, suffered the first knockout in his twelve years of fighting, as a result of the referee's decision in forty-four seconds of the tenth round. It was a solid left-hand wallop that knifed an inch long cut over the Frenchman's right eye that caused the downfall of Marcel.

For seven rounds it was anybody's fight, with infighting of an ordinary type. Then Marcel assumed the lead and was coming strongly.

Thil gave a good performance and proved to the Americans, who saw him for the first time, that he was all the French claimed for him. He can take it and can give, and has an abundance of endurance, is crafty and carries a good punch.

* * *

THIL bullied Apostoli in the early rounds, during which the American didn't know exactly what to do when the Frenchman's attack was launched. Apostoli was mighty crude compared to the finished Thil, whose system was to crouch and take Apostoli's punches on the head, where they couldn't do much damage, while Marcel would play a body attack. He worked in close, leaned on Fred and let fly with both hands and almost all the punches landed.

His short blows were very effective. They slowed up Fred and when the bout ended, there was every indication that Apostoli was getting weary, while the aged Thil was as strong as a bull.

I had the Frenchman ahead on points in the first, third, fourth, fifth (which he won on a low punch), and the eighth, while Fred took the second, sixth, seventh. Thil earned the ninth, despite the spurt of blood from his eye injury.

Apostoli will have to do far better than he showed against Thil to take the verdict from Steele should they meet. At times Fred was bewildered by Thil's style, and instead of making a fight of it, backstepped to avoid the Frenchman. In the second, Freddy caught Thil with a beauty right to the side of the forehead that made Marcel's knees buckle. In the third, Thil again almost was floored with a right, but kept his equilibrium to win the round.

* * *

IN the fifth, Apostoli shifted his attack to the stomach and made Thil wince with two corking blows —rights that thundered home. One went slightly below the belt and the referee penalized Fred by taking the round from him. In the sixth and seventh, the crowd was treated to two fast sessions—open slugging in midring. Although Marcel had a good defense, with crossed arms, Apostoli was able to batter home many telling punches to win both rounds. The tricky Frenchman employed telling tactics in the eighth in which he cut loose and landed often on the Californian, and then came the fatal ninth with the cut that caused the referee to stop the bout.

The bout showed Thil to be a good fighter, who will be welcome in our midst should he decide to venture into another scrap in this country. As for Apostoli, he showed that he still has much to learn before he can be called a finished fighter, but is a dangerous scrapper at all times.

As for the promoter, Mike Jacobs, he seemed well pleased despite the poor crowd. He had expected 45,000 persons to pay more than $400,000 to see the Carnival, and instead he grossed less than $250,000. Yet he was satisfied, because from the victors and vanquished fighters on that bill he will be able to get at least three lucrative bouts for the winter.

He plans one bout for Miami, and instead of making it a heavyweight affair, may take Ross down there with Montanez, a good Southern card.

Baby Shoes in the Ring

(Continued from page 19)

"Now, Coach," he said, "what are your instructions for the second round?"

Billy McCarney tells the story of a fight which began two minutes ahead of time and cost the promoter a fortune. Often you'll hear fans wondering aloud why the main event doesn't come on quickly so they can go home. Perhaps this will explain why promoters never like to start a bout ahead of schedule.

Billy Papke and Hugo Kelly, who had fought two ten-round battles and one twenty-five-round affair, were matched by Jimmy Coffroth for another bout. The customers expected a long, close scrap. So did Coffroth.

The fight was advertised to start at 2:30 p.m. The fighters climbed into the ring, got their instructions, and rushed out at the opening gong, which rang at about 2:28.

To Coffroth's horror, the fight was over before 2:30. Customers were still climbing into their seats to see a battle which had already concluded. They stormed the box office. Coffroth spent hours refunding ticket money; and never again did he ever allow a show of his to start ahead of time.

Ring Friendships

(Continued from page 24)

after the interests of Tom from Virginia that he frequently brought trouble upon himself thereby, and on one occasion actually had a turn-up with Tom Cribb himself when provoked by a disparaging remark aimed at his charge. Only a few minutes the savage bareknuckle ringside scrap lasted, but it showed how genuine was the affection that the aging Richmond had for his countryman.

This friendship was broken, sad to say, towards the close of Molineux's career, but during the years that it lasted, it had a tremendous effect upon the lives of the two men and also on the history of the British and American prizering.

* * *

TOM CRIBB and Tom Spring, although not related in any way, were more like father and son than many who actually bore that relationship. Cribb, the bluff coal-heaver, the "Black Diamond," thought there was no one in the world like the handsome and gentlemanly Tom Spring, the darling of the ladies and the pet of titled gentlemen who followed the game in those, the greatest days of the ring.

"My boy," was invariably how Cribb described Spring, and to "Tom of Bedford," Cribb was father in all but name. Nor was the worship of the old English champion misplaced. Tom Spring, for all his natty ways and delicate hands, was one of the best and cleverest fighters England ever produced. His health was not of a robust kind and at one time it was rumored that he had been attacked by the dread disease, consumption. The distress of old Tom Cribb when he heard the rumor was extreme.

It reached his ears when negotiations were under way for a contest between Spring and the burly, fierce and powerful Bill Neat, and one evening at the Fives Court, Tom Cribb rushed into view and mounted the platform and, throwing his hat into the air and brandishing a bulging pocket book, made a speech:

"Gentlemen, I have just been told a terrible thing while taking a few whiffs over some cold brandy . . . . they say that Bill Neat will fight my boy Spring because he isn't well. This conduct isn't right. My boy is in a consumption, therefore I will fight Neat instead of him. My boy Spring, has not got belly enough for him now, but I have. I will fight any man in Bristol for 1,000 guineas, and blow my dicky but I will give any of them that fight me pepper!"

* * *

ALL true lovers of the game will be glad to know that the fears of old Tom were groundless. Tom Spring did have belly enough for Neat, and in due course gave that husky bruiser the father of a hiding in thirty-seven minutes.

The greatest friendship of modern times between fighting men was that of Georges Carpentier and Francois Descamps. Yes, dear reader, Descamps was a fighter, not only a manager and trainer. Before he met and became the lifelong friend of Carpentier, he was a professor of the art of French boxing known as savatte. But after meeting his young charge, he lived for nothing else but him. Carpentier was brainy, temperate, wonderfully clever and a hard hitter, but it is doubtful if even these magnificent qualities would have taken him to the top of the pugilistic ladder had it not been for Descamps, who served him—well, as Richmond served Tom Molineux and as Tom Cribb served Tom Spring.

And Carpentier was worthy of the service rendered to him, just as those others were worthy in their time. It is cheering to read and hear of those great friendships of the ring because they tell of human merit and excellence receiving a just reward. It warms the blood to know that men of the calibre of Molineux, Spring, Foley and Carpentier knew the joy of having at least one devoted friend during their lifetime.

Gang Wars and Politics

(Continued from page 29)

wanted, a return match with Coburn, scheduled to be fought at Cold Spring Station, Indiana, on May 27, 1868. McCoole entered the ring, ready for action, but Coburn was arrested while journeying there. The stakes for the match were withdrawn and Mike McCoole was universally recognized as heavyweight champion.

McCoole's next match was with Tom Allen of Birmingham, England, for the title, at Foster Island, twenty-six miles from St. Louis, on June 15, 1869. It was a savage affair, in which McCoole was badly punished, and in which the opposing gangs on each side constantly engaged in fights on their own account, with guns, knives and bludgeons brought into play.

All accounts of the battle state that McCoole was exhausted and beaten when his adherents cut the ropes and precipitated a free-for-all mêlée which put an end to the regular hostilities. Nevertheless, the referee decided in McCoole's favor, giving him the verdict on a foul.

They met again in 1873, near St. Louis, and this time Allen won decisively in a twenty-nine-round engagement which lasted forty minutes. It was plain that McCoole's star as a leading pugilist had set forever, and as a matter of fact, he never again entered the ring. The sporting life and excessive drinking had played havoc with his once splendid stamina. Also, there was another reason for his decline in ambition and reckless mode of living.

* * *

SHORTLY after his victory over Aaron Jones, Mike married a St. Louis girl of good family, who was attracted by the fighter's splendid physical appearance and fame as a leader of the fistic fraternity. For a while, their lives ran in a pleasant groove. Mike, then well-to-do, lavished affection and gifts on his bride, and they were to all outer appearances a happy pair.

But in an evil hour the young wife met and yielded to the blandishments of a gambler who owned a large plantation near New Orleans, and eloped with him. It was as though some fatal thread linked the seducer with McCoole's fighting past, for the man who deprived him of his wife was none other than the Charles Legate who had witnessed his fight with Coburn and later swindled Tom Flaherty, the Tammany mogul, who was responsible in the first place for Mike's early flight from New York to St. Louis.

At the time, however, the identity of the gay Lothario was not even suspected, as he had wooed and won McCoole's wife under a false name, and no trace of the couple could be found. Mike took the treachery of his spouse very much to heart, and from the date of her elopement, he appeared to lose interest in his business, in the ring and everything else.

As time went on his troubles increased. He went bankrupt and turned once more to the river as a source of livelihood. And while mate on the steamer *Continental*, he participated in a strange affair which again harked back to the days of his youth and feud with the renowned Tom Flaherty. For Flaherty, with bulldog pertinacity, had never given up his hopes of revenge on the treacherous Mr. Charles Legate. Chance led to the recognition of Legate by a friend of Tom's while the latter was traveling down the Mississippi. The venturesome Charles was pursuing his old trade of card-sharper when seen by the New Yorker.

Flaherty went into action swiftly. A detective named Frank Loring started on Legate's trail, armed with the ancient warrant for forgery. As a clue to his quarry, Flaherty informed him that Legate had lost the upper half of his left little finger. After making enquiries at St. Louis, Loring embarked on the *Continental* for New Orleans. He marked a tall, well-built man with a Van-dyke beard, going by the name of Harrington, as the most likely object of his suspicions. Harrington was winning at cards as the boat approached Napoleon, and Loring watched him closely. So far as the detective could see, Harrington's left hand bore no trace of mutilation.

But there were other circumstances which induced the New Yorker to believe that he had located his man. The suspect might have an artificial finger; at all events, Loring meant to have a showdown with him. Finally the game broke up in a row, when Harrington was accused of cheating. In the fight which followed, the accused gambler drew a revolver and held off his would-be assailants.

* * *

AT this juncture the big mate of the *Continental* appeared and hurled himself into the fray. He rushed at Harrington, who fired, but the bullet missed its intended target, and McCoole, for it was none other than the ex-champion, caught the gambler by the throat and dragged him up on deck. Loring followed quickly. It looked as though Mike meant to toss Harrington overboard, but suddenly he released his grasp and threw him to the deck. McCoole turned in time to meet Loring's enquiring gaze.

"There's your man that you were telling me about," said Mike. "I was going to throw him to the fishes, but he isn't worth hanging for, though I've got reason to take the chance."

"What have you got against him?" queried the detective.

McCoole's fighting eyes blazed.

"That's the hound who ran away with the only girl I ever loved, and ruined my life," said the giant slowly. "She was my wife!"

Loring helped the dazed Harrington to his feet and looked closely for the missing finger. He laughed as he did so. For the digit in question was only a stump, deprived of the wax upper joint which Har-

rington had worn, and which had been torn off in the scuffle. Loring got his prisoner safely to New York, where Flaherty put the machinery of the law to work, with the aid of the complainant silk merchants.

In the trial which followed, Harrington, or Legate, to give him his correct cognomen, was finally acquitted. But he was fated never to return to the West, for whether in a spirit of defiance, or because he held the power of the enemies he had made too lightly, he lingered on in New York for a week or two. Suddenly he disappeared from his hotel, and later his body was found floating in the East River, with bruises on the head which may, or may not, have been caused by collisions with the side of the pier where the deceased had drifted.

* * *

MIKE McCOOLE was afterward the hero of a steamboat disaster on the river, when the *Florence Meyer* struck a snag off Good Hope Cape Landing and sank almost immediately. The big ex-champion was credited with saving no less than eight lives on that occasion, swimming to shore, and returning for other helpless victims until he himself collapsed from exhaustion. His exertions and the exposure he underwent brought on an attack of bone fever, which left him partially crippled, and although he recovered temporarily, he was never quite the same man again.

Later he drifted to New Orleans, where he worked as a roustabout on the levee. He was there when John L. Sullivan won the championship by knocking out Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City in 1882, and called to see the victor at the St. Charles Hotel. Mike was then but a feeble shadow of the magnificent physical specimen of manhood that he had been. John shook hands warmly with the old gladiator and invited him to have a bottle of wine. But McCoole, ever independent, refused.

"I'll only drink what I can afford to pay for, John," said the former king of the bare-knuckle men. "Beer for me! And listen, me laddybuck. Don't be a fool like I was. Learn to defend yourself a bit, and don't trust everything to the great wallop you've got. If I had taken more care of myself, I might be a good man yet."

Mike McCoole passed over to the great majority in the Charity Hospital, New Orleans, on October 17, 1886. He was the last of the great slugging bare-knuckle men, if we except Sullivan, who was later to turn to the padded gloves and battles of the Queensberry era. Few men of his day fought as well or as gallantly as this Irish immigrant, whose tempestuous life ashore and afloat terminated so obscurely at the last in the Crescent City, where he had once been admired, and feted as an all-conquering champion of the arena.

Kilrain's Ship Crashes

(Continued from page 20)

rounds. Darkness forced a stoppage of the scrap. A draw was the verdict.

They were to have renewed the engagement later on, but it fell through. Kilrain, back home in a blaze of glory, again was the challenger of Sullivan. This time the defiance went over and, July 8, 1889, came Jake's great fight with Sullivan at Richburg, Miss., bare knuckles, $10,000 a side and to a finish. Sullivan won in seventy-five rounds—the last London Rules prize fight of any moment staged in this country. The expression, "We wuz robbed," credited to Joe Jacobs, Schmeling's American representative, was coined at that time by the Fox-Madden-Kilrain combination.

Kilrain contends to this day that he got the worst of the deal and, from his angle, such may have been the case. But it is a bit late to argue the point. Sullivan's hold on the championship was definitely settled many years ago. Jake continued in the game and, after a number of minor engagements, lost in six rounds to Jim Corbett, February 17, 1890, at New Orleans. But he came back, March 13, 1891, to whip in a glove fight of forty-four rounds, George Godfrey of Boston—a savage affair staged by the California A. C. of San Francisco.

June 16, that year, Jake lost in nine rounds to Frank Slavin of Australia, at Hoboken, N. J. Jere Dunn of New York, the chap who shot and killed Johnny Elliott, one-time would-be ring rival of Sullivan, was the referee. In the late winter of 1895, Kilrain drew with Steve O'Donnell, an eight-rounder, staged in Boston. Steve, a youthful Australian ringster, who years later was to be the boxing instructor at Harvard University, looked very good at that time. It was this affair in the Hub that prepared the grand crash for Jake—then on his way out.

He was re-matched with O'Donnell for a twenty-five-round encounter to be staged at Coney Island, New York, and, on the night of May 6, 1895, the mêlée was staged. For twenty-one rounds, the veteran, then about thirty-six—several years Braddock's senior—stood up and took it, and took plenty. Jake, though cut to ribbons and practically blind, would have continued, but at the end of the twenty-first, the police stopped it. That ended Kilrain's ring career.

In course of time, Sullivan and Kilrain, grand old men of the ring, forgot and forgave—buried the hatchet and paired up for an exhibition tour both in this country and abroad—did well financially and became great cronies. John's death, February 2, 1918, finally parted them. Since then, Kilrain has resided at Quincy, Mass., at times with his children, then with the late Dr. John T. Reynolds, a son-in-law, and, more recently, in Forest Street, where he maintained his own establishment.

At no time since his retirement from public life has Jake sought the limelight—to find out very much concerning his career from himself has always been difficult. "I am a has-been—I am through—let the young chaps have the spotlight," has been the sum total of many attempted interviews.

For years Jake found employment as a watchman at the Fore River yards of the Bethlehem Steel works—was aces with Harry Gould, the manager, but with the retirement of the latter to accept a higher executive position, the ex-warrior was signed off the payroll. So, what with no job, advanced years, various difficulties and now a serious illness, affairs are far from well with Kilrain. Jake won't admit it—he's as independent and close-mouthed as a non-taxpaying millionaire—but 'tis so just the same.

My Impressions of America

(Continued from page 3)

appears in print, I'll be back home, where I go for one purpose only. I want to see my sisters. The boys also are dear to me, but the girls have mothered me.

I shall be here again after Christmas.

By that time I hope my friends and press will agree that I am worthy of another crack at the title.

And here is a confession. The one thing that puzzled me after I reached New York in July was the failure of the people to recognize my ring achievements. I had beaten three of your former world champions and had improved every time, yet my wins were belittled. Jim Braddock, a man I like very much indeed, was praised by all when he outpointed Max Baer, but when Max lost to me you were told he was all washed up. It sounds illogical, doesn't it?

My good friend, Nat Fleischer of THE RING, gives me a plausible explanation. It will be recalled that I owe my visit to America to Nat, and when I broached the subject to him he said:

"What could you expect, Tommy? We read the British papers and when we found that practically every writer in London called you an ordinary fighter, possessing little ability, the scribes here couldn't praise you when they had never seen you and your own people had."

He then went further and called my attention to the attitude of almost every one of the British writers who were attending the training camp sessions and were giving out stories to American scribes stating I wouldn't last more than three or four rounds and that Louis would slaughter me.

In fact, Nat informed me that with the exception of one visiting Britisher, the rest, going on the air to give a radio talk which he had arranged, belittled me, hence I now see and can readily understand why the American scribes couldn't see me as a fighter until after I had convinced them, and possibly our British writers, that Tommy Farr is a good fighter, one who can stand the test against the world's best as he demonstrated in the fight with Joe Louis.

Mike Jacobs has promised that he will give me a bout with the winner of the Braddock-Baer contest and if I get it, the bout will take place either in Madison Square Garden in February, or in Miami, America's winter playground, in late January or February, and if I emerge the victor, I shall be held over for the winner of the Schmeling-Louis championship fight in September. There is nothing I would like more than to meet Louis again.

Likewise, Schmeling. I think that the remarks of Max Schmeling, in which he said that he could knock out both Louis and Tommy Farr in one ring, were ill-advised. If I ever meet him, I'll make him eat those words. If there is one thing I know I can do, it is to give Schmeling the worst beating he has ever received. That I'll promise to do if we chance to meet in the ring.

For a while, cheerio to the American fight followers whose friendship I shall always cherish.

Famous Names in Pugilism

(Continued from page 23)

of boxing before and after.

Young Harry Wills of Newark, a colored welter-middle, has been the best of the imitators of Harry Wills of New Orleans and Brooklyn, the heavyweight championship runner-up, who ran down a blind alley. Young Harry Wills of Bangor, Me., a performing veteran in the light and welter classes, also took his lead from the erstwhile Black Panther.

Hugo Kelley of Chicago, once a clever top-lining middleweight, was the source of initiative in the ring for Frankie DeRice of Portland, Me., and Montreal, who did considerable performing in the ring as a featherweight and lightweight, under the moniker of Young Hugo Kelley.

Young Abe Attell was the original ring name of Abe Goldstein of New York, one of the many short time holders of the bantam title. However, whereas Abe Attell of San Francisco and New York, who held the feather title, was exceptionally clever and a hard puncher, Abe Goldstein had as his chief asset aggressiveness of the slam-bang type. He changed his ring name to Abe Attell Goldstein for the finale of his ring career. There was also a Young Abe Attell of Chicago, a lightie.

* * *

YOUNG HONEY MELLODY of Boston, now active as a lightweight, is really entitled to use that name, or at least the family label, as he is a nephew of the late Honey Mellody of Boston, who claimed the welter title following a defeat of the then very much aging, maimed and slipping Josephus Walcott, erstwhile Black Demon from Boston via Barbados. Some of the younger Mellody's backers are sweet on him to become king of the light or welter hive, but if he hasn't developed a sting, they will be stung.

The original ring title of Jack Gibbons of St. Paul was Young Mike Gibbons. He's actually qualified for this name as he is a son of the old St. Paul Phantom, who didn't hold a title but was much better than practically all the holders of the title. Incidentally, he is a nephew of Tom Gibbons, the former heavyweight contender against Jack Dempsey. He changed to his own name after a year of campaigning as Young Mike. Like his dad, his best bet is cleverness, but he has a lot to accumulate in finesse before attaining the status of the Phantom, considerably lighter than the son.

Young Jack Bernstein of Yonkers, N. Y., prominent some years ago as a feather and lightie, named himself after Jack Bernstein of New York, first of the Ghetto champs, and old rival of Terry McGovern. The real name of Jack No. 2 is John Dodick.

* * *

YOUNG GEORGE GARDNER of Newport, R. I., a veteran among the featherweights and lightweights, is a nephew of George Gardner of Lowell, Mass., and Chicago, former light-heavy championship claimant. Also, a nephew of Jimmy Gardner of Lowell and Chicago, a clever old welter and middle, and of the late Joe Thomas of Beverly, Mass., San Francisco, Butte, Mont., and Diamond Hill, R. I., an uncrowned middleweight champ. Young George Gardner is really John Sullivan. In the ring, he has also been known as Spencer Gardner, the Spencer being his second Christian name.

Young Chaney of Baltimore, formerly active as a featherweight and lightweight, named himself after George K. O. Chaney, also of Baltimore, a featherweight and lightweight with an impressive kayo record. Young Chaney was also known as Andy Chaney, his real name being Andrew Kwasnik.

Young Al Delmont of Boston, a featherweight and lightweight, comes rightfully by his name as he is a son of Al Delmont of Boston, once a star bantamweight.

* * *

SAM LANGFORD, the old Boston Tar Baby, a heavyweight with dynamite and chloroform in both maulers, had several imitators. These were all Young Sam Langfords and none came up to his knees, although the Midnight Express was only five feet, six.

Tom Sharkey of New York, Los Angeles, Miami, had many imitators. Among these were: Sailor Sharkey of Chicago, Young Sharkey of New York, Young Tom Sharkey of Philadelphia, all middle-light-heavies when in ring action.

Jack Dempsey was the inspiration of about one hundred Young Dempseys and Young Jack Dempseys, also Tiger Dempseys, with every weight division represented in the lot. Probably the best were Young (Eddie) Dempsey of Philadelphia, a lightweight, and Young Dempsey of Buffalo, a welter.

Named after Luis Firpo, the Argentine heavyweight, into whose two rounds with Tiger Jack Dempsey was packed twenty rounds of action and thrills, was Young Firpo of Erie, Penn., active as a veteran welter and middle.

None of the many Young Jeffries and Young Jim Jeffries, who took Jim Jeffries of Los Angeles, the old heavyweight champ, as their fistic model, had anything on the ball. Instead of being able to clout like their hero, the emulators of the Battling Boilermaker-Farmer couldn't hit hard enough to put a dent in porridge. All that's essential to make the old warrior see red is to warble about the Young Jeffries' blues.

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 15)

How's that for a comeback, boys? Here's your chance, now, get back at me.

Berlin, Germany:—Schmeling shades Mussolini over the tea cups at official reception.

BERLIN! Swastikas. Il Duce, from Italy, on a big official visit. Mussolini—Benito himself—visiting with Der Fuehrer, Adolph Hitler. The world looks on. Big things in the air. Big things for international politics.

Mlle. Leni Reifenstall, once of the stage, has assembled a hundred beauties. It is a tremendous reception. Il Duce bows and Der Fuehrer bows, and everybody is bowing and smiling and scraping and heiling, waving hands and making gestures.

But where are all the beauties? Not around Il Duce, with the smile. Not around Der Fuehrer, with the smile.

They are surrounding Herr Max Schmeling, who is to get a chance to recover the heavyweight championship of the world, in a fight with Louis. Since he already has knocked out Louis, Berlin believes it is in the bag.

So it is as champion again that Schmeling is hailed. He wears a high hat. A frock coat. He looks about as comfortable as a bear in spats.

But the gals surround the former titleholder, and he fidgets, while Il Duce and Der Fuehrer smile and heil. It's a funny world!

Schmeling in Spotlight

(Continued from page 6)

come to him and he isn't best in this sort of an attack. He had had trouble making the weight and I believe that as the bout progressed, he felt himself getting weaker. He just couldn't explain his rather indifferent showing, especially as he had been dead sure that he was going to take the title, having defeated Ambers on points in an over-the-weight bout a few months previous to the title for the title.

When in Puerto Rico, I informed sports writers and friends of Montanez that he never would be strong at the lightweight limit if he got a chance at the title.

"He belongs in the welterweight division, where he would be a powerful factor. If he ever fights for the lightweight title and loses, I don't think he'll try it again," I told them. I still believe I'm right about it.

A Villain Explains

(Continued from page 39)

nent beforehand. I have a rule that I follow which seldom fails me and this is it. If I have noticed that my opponent is a bragging, talkative sort of a guy who likes to show off in front of people, I know that I can really take him into camp. I usually try to wear this type out by letting him chase me around the ring and tormenting him and then the first chance I get I let him have it! A long right hand to the stomach usually does the job with this type.

"On the other hand, if I come up against a fellow who hasn't much to say and is really sincere about his work, I know I'm in for trouble and right then and there I bring out the wrestling taught me by that grand little man, John Pesek, and my former manager, Al Haff. Usually I try to outwrestle this type of fellow until he is tired and then I switch to my rough tactics or apply my 'coma sleeper' hold, which is a form of Jiu Jitsu.

"When I come up against a fellow that I know is plenty tough and can match me wallop for wallop, I do everything I can to get him fiery mad. I might even call him a name or two when we're in close because I figure when a person is mad he's going to leave himself wide open for an attack and believe me I'll take advantage of every little opportunity given me."

So there you are, folks—a villain's actual words on the subject. And I'm not going to add a syllable to it.

Glass Jawed Fighters

(Continued from page 30)

he was getting along famously until Walcott landed a light blow on Joe's jaw. The punch made Choynski groggy and Walcott had no difficulty in defeating him.

Kid McCoy was another of the world's great fighters who didn't have a chin that could take it heavily. A good punch in that locality usually made the Kid wince and paved the way for a heavy bombardment. That, according to McCoy, was why he always held his guard high. He also had a weak stomach, but says McCoy, "I always preferred a couple of punches there, no matter how hard, to a few lighter ones on the jaw."

* * *

STRANGE as it might seem, America's foremost boxers had a jaw weakness although they did not possess what is ordinarily called a "glass jaw." Take Jim Corbett, for example. He never could stand much jaw punishment. Corbett had the fight with Jim Jeffries well in hand, and was on the verge of regaining the heavyweight title when a left to the jaw ended his chances. It was that blow that put the skids under Gentleman Jim. For twenty rounds Jeffries had been trying to get such a punch to Jim's chin but without avail. Corbett knew it, was warned against it and kept out of range by an exceptionally clever exhibition. When he left his chair in the twenty-first round he said to his second:

"I wouldn't mind so much one of Jeff's blows to the body but if he catches me on the chin with it, it will be good night for me. I'm going to look out for it, you bet."

But Jeffries got there just the same and the fight was ended.

* * *

WILD BILL HANRAHAN, who was one of the hardest hitters in the game for his weight, had a wallop that would have felled an ox. It was one of these smashes that knocked out Marvin Hart of Louisville who was then rated as invincible. But as soon as one of Hanrahan's opponents landed on his jaw, Bill went to pieces. For example, Hanrahan was toying with Tommy West, another great fighter when they clashed at Coney Island, but West tumbled Hanrahan to the canvas with the lightest of taps to the jaw.

Young Griffo of Australia, as scientific a boxer as the ring has ever known, had a weakness in the jaw section of his anatomy. That he was able to avoid being put to sleep, was due to his exceptional skill. There never has been a fighter as skillful as was the Australian feather and lightweight. After his dissipations had left Griffo's constitution in a feeble state, the clever Antipodean was easy prey for the man who could locate his chin.

Joe Gans played safe. He seldom gave an opponent an opportunity to land on the vulnerable spot—the point of the chin. His cleverness saved him. Joe always said that he feared that his jaw was his weak spot.

* * *

IN reviewing the careers of past masters of boxing, the name of Steve O'Donnell of Australia comes to the front as one of the good men whose rise to fame was stymied by a "glass jaw." In fact, this weakness was so manifest that his rivals were afraid to hit him hard on the organ for fear of fatal results. It was common knowledge that Steve shivered in his boots every time he entered the ring for fear that he might be injured.

Tommy White might have been the premier featherweight in the world but for his weak spot—the jaw. White met Ben Jordan in England and was getting along nicely when Jordan suddenly slipped over a slight jolt on the whiskers and down went Tommy. Yet White was one of our great little fighters.

* * *

ON the other hand there are fighters who simply revel in being prodded on the jaw. For instance, Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons, Terry McGovern, Kid Broad, Young Corbett, Jack Dempsey, Kid Kaplan, Billy Petrolle, Tom Sharkey, Kid Carter, Mysterious Billy Smith, Knockout Brown, Harlem Tommy Murphy, Tommy Ryan, Jimmy Britt, Aurelio Herrera, Joe Walcott, Battling Nelson, Matty Matthews, Kid Lavigne, Frank Erne, George Dixon, Aldo Spoldi, Enrico Venturi, Tony Canzoneri, Lou Brouillard, Jackie Kid Berg, Sixto Escobar, Al Ettore, Ceferino Garcia, Cleto Locatelli, Jimmy McLarnin, Bobby Pacho, Johnny Risko, Petey Sarron, Henry Armstrong, Solly Krieger, Mickey Walker and Bep Van Klavern, among other fistic celebrities, are not or were not in the least worried by a jaw bombardment. That made them fight all the harder. They all are classed in the hard jaw division.

In the case of Fitzsimmons, so hard a jaw did he have, that he invariably invited an opponent to try some punches on it. Fitz realized that only a pile-driving wallop could put him down, hence he held out his chin as inviting bait. In aiming for the jaw, his opponent would often leave an opening and that ended the fight. Jim Corbett found that out in his fight at Carson City.

The "glass-jaw" scrapper, if his weakness is unknown, conveys the impression that he is faint-hearted. He is subdued so quickly that a question of his gameness is raised. Often from such a cause, honest battles are mistaken by the spectators for fakes.

Getting Acquainted

(Continued from page 38)

NEW YORK wrestling fans have discovered a new idol, a lad who thrills the fans every time he engages in a bout and who, before long, will be taking the place of Jim Londos as a Greek headliner if he should continue to improve as he has. The lad's name is Jesse James, and a lad he is, because he is one of the youngest headliners to face a New York wrestling crowd in many years. Jesse is a real Adonis, handsome as can be. He has a beautiful Greek profile, is five feet eleven inches, and scales 188 pounds. He is by far the fastest wrestler seen in New York in recent years and that speed, combined with his marvelous acrobatic ability, makes him the idol of the fans.

Many stories are told of Jesse James and his start in the mat game. Briefly it is this. Gifted with exceptional physique and limitless energy, he picked on wrestling as the one sport most likely to give him the chance to let off steam. As a kid, he used to "crash" the gate to see grapplers in action and it is from these free peeks that he learned the rudiments of the game. He received no schooling in the grappling art, and when he finally broke into professional ranks, he came with a bag of tricks that had never been seen before. Jesse James is an india-rubber ball on the loose. Tireless and aggressive, he never ceases to attack.

Gifted with a good top piece, he uses it in his matches and doesn't make false moves or take unnecessary chances. Every move is well calculated, and if the hold doesn't register the way he wants it to, he immediately abandons it for another.

James is a famous swimmer. He was one of the first water-babies in Hollywood and when he grew up, passed up a moving picture career for the mat. He has no cause to regret the choice. The young man is going a long way in his chosen profession.

* * *

AUSTRALIA is at present in the limelight with a wonderful wrestling season. What with the arrival of Sammy Stein, Chief Little Wolf, Jack Forsgren, Rumberg, Vic Christie and others, the game is certainly booming in the heavyweight class.

The lighter weights are also in great demand, chief among whom is Peter Guion, the brilliant welterweight champion. Born in New Zealand, Peter held the welterweight championship of that country but is now domiciled in Australia. After residential qualifications had been complied with, he quickly annexed the Australian championship, which carries with it the beautiful Sam Lands championship silver cup, and which he has successfully defended against all comers for the past three years.

Recently he defended his title against Arthur Stretton, another brilliant youth, and having won the Sam Lands Cup for the third time, the trophy now becomes his own property.

Guion is a splendid type of manhood. Age, 26 years; height, 5 feet 8½ inches; weight, 154 pounds; normal chest measurement, 39½ inches; chest expanded, 43 inches; biceps measure 15 inches; forearm, 12 inches; thigh, 21 inches, and calf, 16 inches. Splendid measurements for a man of his weight.

During his wrestling career, Guion has competed in some most sensational matches with men much heavier than himself, and has come out with flying colors, chief amongst whom were: Joe Keotos ("The Maltese Terror"), George Vassilles ("The Terrible Greek"), Johnny Paradise, Bullet Hannan, Sid Squires, Otto Kant, Joe Webb, Des Green, Ossie Norman, Reg. Pieremont, Sam Rogers, Dick Wilson, Ivan Walheim, Arthur Stretton, Bobby King, Joe Haxson, Bob Paterson, Karl Webber, Al Marney, Dick Cameron and others. He also held to a draw Leon Le Naylor, light-heavyweight champion of Australia, certainly a brilliant performance for a welterweight.

His match with Cameron, who, by the way, is middleweight champion of the British Empire, was one of the fastest and colorful ever staged in Sydney and kept the fans in a frenzy of excitement from start to finish. Guion, in this match, gave possibly his finest display of his brilliant career against his much heavier opponent.

LETTERS *from* *Our* READERS

BEING a regular reader of your great magazine, THE RING, I wish to congratulate you for the world-wide interest your boxing magazine creates, and the authentic reports and treatment of all matters fistic.

Although we are thousands of miles from the scene of activities, I, like hundreds more here in New Zealand, eagerly await your summing up of the topnotchers in all classes.

Your magazine is considered by all followers of the noble art in New Zealand as the leading authority on the subject and quoted as such, consequently you can imagine how eagerly we from "Down Under" look forward to our monthly copy.

Its great appeal to myself is not only the expert accounts of what is happening in the "hempen square" throughout the world, but the unbiased manner in which you and your experts treat the subject in your articles, and particularly the boxers, irrespective of their color, creed or nationality. Apart from telling you how much I enjoy and look forward to reading THE RING, I should, I think, tell you that I fought with more or less success between the years 1910-1921.

I was a lightweight (also a featherweight champion of New Zealand in 1914). I served three years and nine months in the Great War, in Gallipoli, Egypt and in France, and got wounded twice and was discharged as unfit, due to war injuries, but eventually went back into the ring again and won the lightweight championship of New Zealand in 1920, but only lasted another year as an active participant.

I was in South Wales for a few years prior to coming to New Zealand and acted as sparring partner to that great ex-champion, Freddie Welsh. I later acted as sparring partner to that redoubtable fighter, Ted Kid Lewis, after having fought the Kid at Premierland, London.

Although I never became world famous, I still have happy memories of my ring connections, and having suffered no ill-effects of a rather strenuous career as a second-rater, I can truthfully say that I have no regrets and cherish fond memories of the many true gentlemen I met both inside and out of the ring. I have a boot and shoe emporium here in the Back Blocks of New Zealand, one of the greatest little places on God's earth, blessed with a superb climate.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Intense interest was taken in the recent big fight between Louis and Farr even in this far out-of-the-way corner of the earth, but as I was so disgusted with the unwarranted attack (at least, I considered it as such) of the ex-heavyweight champions, I could not refrain from rushing into print my protest to such tactics. Consequently, I respectfully submit the enclosed article for your perusal, as I think that my views are shared by most fair-minded boxing authorities and fans generally.

I hope you will not think I am taking too great a liberty by sending you my impressions. My only excuse for so doing is that I hate to see a good man like Louis or Farr belittled by men who ought to know better, as I don't think that such outbursts by our former idols do the game any good.

If, sir, you can see anything favorable in my point of view, I shall feel amply repaid, and if I could further trespass upon your generosity, to send the copy along to Joe Louis' manager, instead of throwing it into the waste paper basket, it might hearten him somewhat to know that there are folk at this end of the earth that follow his career through the pages of THE RING and think he's what you folks in America call a "great guy."

In conclusion, I must again apologize if I have trespassed too much upon your valued time in asking you to read the enclosed. We in New Zealand are great fight and wrestling fans, and we await with eagerness your magazine.

GUS VENN
(Ex-feather and lightweight champ. of New Zealand)
Taumarunui, New Zealand.

SANDOR SZABO, a personal friend of mine, brought to my attention an article in your October issue on page 38, in which it is stated that he evaded a challenge for a re-match with Billy Hanson for the Pacific Coast championship. For your information, and I hope you will correct this item, Szabo wrestled Hanson on March 12 in Oakland and won the championship, and wrestled Hanson again on May 25 in the San Francisco Dreamland Auditorium, defeating him in straight falls in 17 minutes 25 seconds, and 5 minutes 23 seconds.

For the last twenty years I have been a great wrestling fan and I am a steady reader of your wonderful magazine and I enjoy every article referring to the wrestling game. On June 22 of this year I presented Sandor Szabo with a solid sterling trophy about twenty-six inches high, having come to the conclusion in my opinion and some of my friends that he is at the present time the most colorful wrestler on the Pacific Coast. The presentation took place in the ring at the Dreamland Auditorium prior to the match with Dean Detton for the world's championship.

Hoping to have the pleasure of meeting you in person on my next visit to New York and wishing you the best of success, I remain, yours in good sportsmanship,

EDWARD FOGLER,
San Francisco, Cal.

* * *

THE big fight is over, and the heavyweight crown still sits securely on the head of the "Brown Bomber," Joe Louis. Tommy Farr covered himself in glory by his magnificent effort to bring the title eastward across the Atlantic. He failed, but might easily succeed in another attempt, and I believe a return bout between him and Louis would prove a highly popular event.

Tommy Farr, however, in spite of his splendid showing against Louis, is not the man to be regarded as leading challenger for the heavyweight fistic crown. There is another whose claim cannot be, and in fact is not, ignored by anyone in the wide world who can call himself a sportsman, and that other is, of course, ex-champion Max Schmeling of Germany.

I admire THE RING in supporting Schmeling's legitimate claim. Nevertheless, the German has been disgracefully treated in a most undeserved manner; and should the "shunting" process continue till he becomes definitely shelved and forced into retirement, then I, for one, shall say "Booh" to boxing as an item of interest in literature or reality, and "Booh" again—with a capital B—to American "sportsmanship."

I hope, now that he has been signed for a fight with Louis, the bout will actually take place.

If Max Schmeling is to be deprived of his chance of regaining the heavyweight title, or in fact, denied a fight with Louis within a year at the most, boxing does not deserve the support of decent-minded sportsmen, or the smallest space in their minds. And so think all of us in Ireland.

Good luck to Joe Louis! May he retain his title for a long time. That is, of course, if he continues to defend it successfully against opponents who are worthy of the name. But I wonder, does Joe feel a real champion as his mind wanders back to that dreadful night in June, 1936?

Louis is a sport—of that I haven't the least doubt. I am sure he will be only too glad to give Schmeling the chance of repeating his handiwork on his dusky left jaw. But it must happen soon—within twelve months at the very most. No laurels to be won by beating, or even accepting a challenge from, an inactive, rusty opponent. I'm glad to know that a definite contract has been signed and I do hope nothing will occur that will made Joe or the promoter change his mind.

PATRICK F. MORAN,
Dublin, Irish Free State.

THE RING is an excellent publication, and I commend you and your staff experts for its high quality. I have always considered THE RING an authority upon boxing and wrestling.

Charleston was once an enthusiastic fight center, but the fans lost interest in the game, and today it's a dead issue here. It is hoped that boxing will be revived here in the very near future. Among the many well-known gladiators that have appeared in local rings are James J. Braddock, Maxie Rosenbloom, Hans Birkie, Babe Risko and Norment Quarles.

Babe Risko battled in Charleston many times, winning friends as well as fights. At that time he was enlisted in the Navy and was performing under the cognomen of Sailor Pulaski. The Babe always gave a good account of himself, and never failed to please the fans. In his farewell bow to local fans, he was kayoed in five rounds by LeRoy Brown. Brown turned the trick with heavy body attacks. Every time LeRoy smacked the Babe's midsection, the curly-headed gob winced with pain.

Charleston, as you know, is the hometown of LeRoy Brown. LeRoy was a menace to the light-heavies, and gave them quite a scare before deciding to hang up the mittens. Among his kayo victims are Babe Risko, Bob Goodwin, Manny Davis and Steve Carr. He holds decisions over such clouters as Spike Webb, George Manley, Gordon Fortenberry, Carl Knowles, Tiger Warrington, Eddie Mader and Henry Palmeri.

But LeRoy took a licking from Kid Cupid and retired from the cauliflower industry.

CHARLES LESEMANN,
Charleston, S. Carolina.

* * *

I HAVE just been reading a recent issue of your magazine, of which I am a great admirer, and it occurred to me that I might have something of interest, to at least a section of your readers, to report. In brief, my father, "Mick" McInerney, recently passed away at the age of 74.

Dad was a fine fighter in his day and, no doubt, your records will show his victories over such men as "Starlight," "Australian" Billy Smith, Dan Creedon and others. At this stage, it is interesting to recall his memorable contest with Tom Duggan, whom you saw in America. The fight was staged as a preliminary to the American tour, and old-timers to whom I have been talking, speak of the battle as one of the most stirring seen at the famous Melbourne Arena (Queen's Hall). Dad, though given the edge by keen judges, was forced to retire after having broken *both* hands on the "iron man."

Many an hour we spent together discussing fights and fighters, and the host of stories Dad could tell from his wide experience was well worth hearing. He was starting his memoirs for publication when cancer, the result of a blow received in his early career, laid its heavy hand upon him. Thankful we were, however, that his end was a peaceful one.

The funeral was widely attended by sporting representatives in many athletic spheres, as well as by a host of personal friends. Such men as Ned Boland, Mick Dunn, Lang, Jack Carroll and others well known to you, will give some idea of the pugilistic atmosphere pervading the solemn occasion.

The foregoing is put together rather at random, but should it be published wholly or in part, it will no doubt catch the eye of "Snowy" Baker, "Cowboy" Ray Moore, "Sunny" Jim Williams and others of whom Dad had very pleasant memories.

Dad was an avid reader of RING and among his effects I discovered quite a number of clippings relating to men he had met or whose fights he had refereed in Australia.

I am attaching a newspaper clipping as confirmation and would be pleased to receive a copy of any issue of your magazine which may carry anything of interest to my family. I have done a little of the "noble art" myself and now conduct a gymnasium for a club (maybe a "Golden Glove" some day). If I can be of any service regarding local boxing news or in regard to my father's recollections, I will be pleased to hear further from you.

VINCE G. MCINERNEY,
Flemington, Melbourne,
Victoria, Australia.

* * *

MAY I, as a regular reader of your excellent publication, be permitted to occupy a little space in your paper with a tribute to Joe Louis. Although I have read many adverse criticisms in regard to his fight with my countryman, Tommy Farr, in my humble opinion he fought his brainiest battle. I venture to say that he beat one of the cleverest boxers of the day at his own game, brilliant boxing, in a style which up to now has been foreign to the champion, and in the only way calculated to bring about the defeat of Tommy Farr. He was a surprise to many fans, and those who disagreed with the decision are poor sports. It is a great pity they were not color blind.

I shall await all Joe's fights with interest in the hope that he will retain his crown for many years, a crown of which the lustre cannot be dimmed by being worn on the dusky, able brow of a splendid champion.

Good luck, Joe, and I'm now waiting for you to beat Max Schmeling.

MISS ETHEL STEAD,
Leeds, Yorks, England.

* * *

TOMMY FARR, badly handicapped by two cut eyes, put up a great fight against Joe Louis. Let us remember, however, that Louis fought under a greater handicap than a damaged eye, namely, racial prejudice!

The booing of the verdict can be ignored. It probably emanated from disappointed Britons and/or Americans with a color kink.

I heard a similar noise in London recently when John Henry Lewis was declared winner over Len Harvey. Mr. Bob Bowman gave England a splendid broadcast, which left no doubt in the minds of listeners as to which way the fight was going. To my mind, however, the finest comment that came over the air was Mr. Ted Broadribb's:

"The people here tonight have given us a great hand. Farr fought a wonderful battle, but Louis won."

A sportsman's tribute to two gallant men.

WALKER GREEN,
Clapham Common, Eng.

* * *

JUST a few lines to thank you for a request for boys to write me, which you published in the May issue. The response was overwhelming, for I received sixty letters, and many thanks to all those swell boys for writing. The letters I didn't correspond with, I've passed over to friends, and if anyone who wrote does not receive a reply, please don't blame me too much, as I'm hoping everybody got a reply. I'm absolutely convinced now that you Americans are grand people, also your readers in foreign lands.

I got letters from England, Africa, India, Australia, and even one from Germany, and your magazine sure travels everywhere on the globe. I'm convinced that "the sun never sets on THE RING."

MERLE HOLLAND,
North Island, New Zealand.

To NAT FLEISCHER,
Editor of THE RING.

Having read your article in October RING regarding placement of RING Magazine in C.C.C. camps, I have what I am sure is a very convincing argument to offer Major Hawley, who regards the magazine as a bad influence on C.C.C. boys and therefore won't recommend its purchase for his camp library in New Jersey. Bah—what nonsense. The C.C.C. stands for Courage, Confidence and Courtesy. What subject covers these items better than boxing?

I can assure you that your magazine is held in high regard here at our camp. Of the one hundred and forty men here, I feel safe in saying all find your magazine to be tops.

I will look for a reply to my letter in a near issue of RING and know that this letter will be regarded as a letter from one friend to another, as I consider myself a friend to you and your magazine.

JOSEPH HARRIS,
C.C.C. Co. 3240-F 38,
Murray, Utah.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

MIKE JACOBS' dream of surpassing anything in promotorial ventures that was ever attempted, was realized this month when he staged his "Carnival of Champions" extravaganza at the Polo Grounds before a surprisingly small turnout of some 40,000 people of which 32,800 were paid admissions.

His mind no doubt travelling through the memory-laden years when New Orleans occasioned its fistic festival in 1892, the year when George Dixon knocked out Jack Skelly, Jack McAuliffe kayoed Billy Myers and Jim Corbett knocked out the mighty John L. Sullivan, on three successive nights, the one-time right-hand man to the late Tex Rickard gathered the cream of the fistic crop and whipped them into four championship matches to present for the edification of the American fight public.

Although the occasion was an historic one in fistic history, the poor attendance, with only a gross gate of $232,644.25 and a net gate of $198,634.35, was no more disappointing than the performances of the principals in three of the bouts. Had it not been for the sensational welterweight scrap that saw Barney Ross retain his title against the terrific onslaught of Ceferino Garcia, the evening could have been regarded as a dismal one indeed, both for the spectators and the promoter.

The festivities were opened between Marcel Thil and Fred Apostoli in a bout that witnessed the passing of the middleweight title, recognized only by the I.B.U., from the Frenchman into the hands of the San Francisco boy, when Referee Arthur Donovan stopped hostilities in the tenth round due to a bad cut over Thil's left eye. It was a slow bout with Thil having a slight edge until the finish and Apostoli coming on with a rush when Donovan called a halt.

Then came the Ross versus Garcia affair, a fight from the opening bell until its termination, with the Chicago Hebrew piling up a big lead during the early stages of the battle, and Garcia always being dangerous as he kept boring after the champion, with grim determination and high explosives in his leather-encased fists, a deadly opponent all throughout. The Filipino, his face punched into a gory mess, never stopped trying in the face of the champion's bitter fighting, and late in the twelfth, fourteenth, and fifteenth rounds, he crossed Barney with jarring blows that shook up the title-holder. But for his ring generalship, Ross might have gone down from the impact of the blows. It was a great fight which never lagged. It was a battle that saved the big show from being a complete "washout," pugilistically speaking.

The Ambers-Montanez bout that followed was a tame affair. There was too much clinching and inside work, and although hard fought, lacked the thrills that made their first fight such an exciting encounter. Although Ambers won beyond a doubt, the fight added anything but prestige to his fistic ability.

Harry Jeffra showed that his first two over-the-weight decisions over Sixto Escobar were by no means of the fluke variety when he subjected the titleholder to a beating to gain the laurels in the bantamweight class. The Oriole City youngster started off at a fast clip and never left the verdict in doubt.

In the opening four rounder Young Chappie and Augie Gonzales drew.

The undefeated Billy Beauhold continued on his winning streak at the Royal Windsor Palace, formerly the St. Nicholas Arena, by whipping the veteran Frankie Klick over the ten-round route. It was a hard fought scrap in which the Jerseyite never stopped trying and with Klick's craginess pulling him through some trying moments, and his willingness to mix with his younger adversary, made for a slam-bang affair.

The fast-rising Mickey Farber scored his greatest victory since his start in the leather pushing industry by scoring a sensational knockout over Irish Eddie Dunne. Dunne took three knockdowns before he was counted out in the third round.

On the same show, Mario Caroselli whipped Ben Wojack in a six rounder, and Freddie De Foe scored a surprise victory over Pee Wee Bonito in the four-round curtain raiser; Chris Dundee almost pulled a long shot out of his bag of high class fighters when his Phil Furr dropped Leonard Del Genio for a count of nine in losing a hard fought battle to the Harlemite at the Broadway Arena.

Al Reid whipped Sammy Garcia in the eight-round semi-final affair, while Oliver Shanks, a decided underdog in the betting, exploded a lethal wallop on the chin of Henry Cooper in the second round of their battle to score a surprise kayo.

Henry Armstrong broke into the picture again. He showed on the last Madison Square Garden card that was presented by Jimmy Johnson before Mike Jacobs took over the reign of boxing in the Eighth Avenue emporium of swat, and scored a one-sided knockout over Johnny DeFoe, whose previous claim to fame was that he had once gone the limit with hustlin' Hank. It was a different story this time.

Generally regarded as the greatest fighting machine of this age, the California Comet dropped the west side Irishman twice in the first round, twice in the third round, and once in the fourth round before the referee mercifully intervened. For DeFoe, he showed great courage against the onslaught of the incessant barrage of blows that Armstrong threw.

Bob Turner surprised the betting gentry and the spectators by winning handily over Carmen Barth in the semi-final eight. A decided underdog in the wagering, the Virginia scrapper stepped out ahead in the first round and was never headed. On the same show, Ossie Stewart whipped Tom Chester in six rounds, a contest that was not expected to go the limit because of Stewart's good punching prowess. Joe Ghnouly outpointed Young Chappie, and Johnny Cabello whipped Armand Sicilia.

Indian Quintana suffered a deep cut over his eye in his clash with Vincenzio Dell Orto and couldn't come out for the second round with the result that the Italian was rewarded with a technical knockout victory. Tommy Tucker scored a two-round knockout over Danny Peal in a fight that was scheduled for four rounds.

Nathan Mann, the New Haven heavyweight, who has been doing some good work of late in the Hippodrome, returned to the house under the Sixth Avenue elevated to score over Arturo Godoy in ten hard fought rounds. Mann, who suffered a knockdown in the first round when the Chilean hit on the break, was given the benefit of a few minutes' rest by the arbiter after he had jumped up without a count, and went on to win with a game rally in the final two heats.

Huge Eddie Blunt outpointed Hans Haverlick in an eight-round go. Johnny Whiters from Detroit made an auspicious debut into Metropolitan circles by handily whipping Pal Silvers in another eight rounder. Whiters dropped Silvers for a nine count in the third, but Pal got up and managed to stick it out to the finish. In a sixer, Oliver Shank beat Jack Tebo, and in a four-round opener, Maxie Migdal beat Jack Vaccarelli.

Bernie Friedkin, promising schoolboy battler from Brownsville, survived two first round no-count knockdowns to score handily over Young Chappie. In a semi-final eight-round bout on the same show presented at the Broadway Arena, Harry Baron nosed out Pete Cara in a hard fought skirmish. Johnny Bellus scored a knockout over Lou Camps in one round in their Coliseum feature. Johnny dropped Camps at the outset before nailing him for the full count.

Tony Ciaccio won over Petey Mike in the semi-final affair. Tiger Jack Fox, outweighed 43 pounds by Yustin Sirutis, could get no better than a draw with his huge opponent in their Rockland Palace clash, although he dropped Sirutis no less than three times in the first round.

In another battle on the show, Wesley Farrell drew with Felix Garcia. Enrico Venturi returned to the wars after a short stay in Italy when he whipped Pete Mascia in eight rounds at the Ridgewood Grove. In the semi-final, Joey Wach scored over George Karkella. Joe Ghnouly drew with Irish Eddie McGeever in eight rounds and in a six-round affair, Tony Marteliano, promising east side Italian, won from Albert Synott.

Paul Junior defeated George Zengaras in eight rounds at the Royal Windsor Palace, while Tommy Roman scored over Harry Ginsberg in six rounds. In another Royal Windsor feature attraction, George Zengaras was held to a draw by Maxie Berger in eight rounds. Although Zengaras lost three rounds by low punching, he managed to get an even break in the decision, and in one of the rounds he floored his Canadian opponent.

On the same show, Vincent Pimpinella and Frankie Cavanna engaged in an eight-round slugfest that was also ruled a draw. The Coliseum featured Lou Camps with Johnny Rohrig in a contest that was won by Camps, an eight-round event. Leroy Brown kayoed Al Donelli in the sixth round. Herbie Katz scored a technical knockout victory over Paul Pirrone in the fifth round of a scheduled eight-round affair at the Broadway Arena, when a badly cut ear prevented Pirrone from continuing. The Clevelander wasn't doing so bad, having scored a nine second knockdown over Katz in the second round, until a left hook busted his ear and upon the doctor's examination, was prevented from going on further with the match. Joey Fontana defeated Harold Valan in a semi-final six-round bout.

Jimmy Adamick, the Midland Meat Axe who was being built up into a possible opponent for a Detroit world's heavyweight championship fight with Joe Louis, suffered the worst defeat of his career at the hands of Maxie Rosenbloom in a ten-round bout. The defeat came at a time when he was "hot" and a meeting with the Detroit Darkling would have meant a tremendous gate.

At that he gave the former Harlem Harlequin a terrific struggle, there being many people in the audience who thought he had won six of the ten rounds and was entitled to the decision. Adamick floored the former world's light-heavyweight champion for a count of eight in the second round, and also had Maxie on the deck in the sixth round, but referee Slim McLelland awarded the decision to Rosenbloom, and that's how it stands.

Patsy Perroni suffered a broken jaw in his bout with Bob Olin that will keep him on the sidelines for many months. He was so hampered by the break that he was unable to come out for the fourth round with the result that Olin was awarded the bout on a technical knockout. Harry Keck, Pittsburgh sports editor, who covered the Billy Conn-Teddy Yarosz fight that was staged in the Smoky City, which was given to Conn, gave the former middleweight champion of the world thirteen of the fifteen rounds and stated he didn't see how the verdict in favor of Billy was reached.

In his opinion, Conn did not win more than two of the rounds. Apples Meyers will hereafter do his promoting at the Long Beach Arena in California which has a seating capacity of four thousand. Manager Dave Sonnenberg has taken Al Roth, his lightweight pride, and Al Delaney, young heavyweight, who is reputed to have hit Joe Louis with the hardest punch he ever received, to England where he has several lucrative offers.

Chris Dundee, prominent young manager of fighters who fight, can now be located at the Piccadilly Hotel in New York City. Chris is looking after the fistic affairs of Ken Overlin, leading middleweight contender; Young Stuhley and Bob Turner, middleweights; Phil Furr and Toots Bernstein, welterweights; and Norment Quarles and Nick Camarata, lightweight and junior lightweight, respectively. Artie Rose is doing a good job in training Leonard Del Genio and Eric Seelig. Harold Valan, ex-amateur star from Brooklyn, is making rapid strides in the professional ranks. Ken Whitman, formerly of Rochester, can be reached at the Billboard, Broadway and 47th Street. Ken is interested in securing either lightweights or heavyweights, to teach the gentle art of self-defense.

Gene Ellis of Muskogee, Oklahoma, sports promoter in boxing and wrestling, is in New York to look over the big city. He visited THE RING office, and in regards to boxing around his way, he says that Mickey McMullen, a 160 pounder, looks like a very good prospect. Junior Munsell, heavyweight, is the outstanding fighter of the district. Things are going rather slowly in Oklahoma right now, but gradually picking up and expects by the height of the winter to have boxing going in full blast. Izzy Grove, former New York middleweight, wants the fans to know that he is still very much alive and at the present time is occupied in booking prominent dance bands on personal appearance tours. Like everyone else, he is also on the lookout for a good heavyweight.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 25)

Socially prominent sportsmen were sitting at the ringside—men of the business world, high government legislators and the leaders in all kinds of life. Can you imagine three gunmen sitting at the ringside with guns in their pockets, threatening the referee, or even beckoning to him!

What sheer nonsense! I am amazed at the writing of such trash for the sake of arousing the British against the Americans.

You can walk the streets of our country the same as you can in England, without molestation. England has its gangsters and so have we, but in all my years around the boxing game, I certainly have never seen gangsters shoot up training camps, destroy cars or threaten officials. It simply never happens.

* * *

WHILE other heavyweights are taking things easy and waiting for a big shot, which may or may not materialize, Tony Galento, Jersey's leading scrapper, is paving the way for a shot at the big dough by taking the scalps of high class opponents. Tony may not be much to look at, but he is fighting better now than at any time during his long career and should be an excellent opponent for Tommy Farr or any of the other topnotchers in Mike Jacobs' plans for stirring fights in the Garden this winter.

Since his 10-round draw with Eddie Mader in Newark last June, Tony has conquered Arturo Godoy in a six-round mill, Al Ettore by the kayo route in eight rounds, and his most recent triumph was a six-round kayo over Lorenzo Pack, hard hitting Negro. That record is one that entitles Joe Jacobs' heavyweight to considerable recognition. If Tony can keep up his present form, he'll be a headliner on several big shows this winter.

* * *

AL WEILL, new matchmaker of the Hippodrome and Madison Square Garden, is as busy as a bee. He has garnered some of the best talent in several divisions for the Garden's winter shows and if the place is not a sellout in all, it won't be Al's fault. Weill has the knack of pitting boys against each other who can stir up things for the fans and that's the kind of pairing that packs 'em in.

* * *

FRIENDS of Al Lippe, who at one time was America's foremost manager of fighters, rallied to his aid a few weeks ago and staged a theatrical benefit to enable them to defray expenses to send the ailing sportsman to Arizona. Lippe, who has been desperately ill for more than two years, has had too much pride to ask for aid but his desperate condition caused his friends to come to the rescue without his request.

THE RING Editor received a contribution for the cause from Phil Zwick, one of Al's former fighters who is now in Liverpool and will be happy to receive and to acknowledge any other contributions for Lippe's army of friends in England, New Zealand and Australia. Lippe is suffering from tuberculosis. THE RING will also be delighted to accept donations for the Lippe fund from any American sportsmen who care to help this worthy cause.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

WITH both hands dangling limply by his sides, and with his head bowed, Carl Knowles marched dejectedly to his corner, a fighter thoroughly beaten . . . . but with courage undaunted. Back in his dressing room, Carl didn't look like a happy man as he lay stretched out on the dressing table. His face was haggard and drawn with fatigue. Blood trickled from gashes. His face was colored. His body, from chest to waist, was bruised pink. Yet through puffed lips, he told his many admirers who were looking at him as though he were a museum specimen, that he was feeling fine and that he hoped to come back to Durham, N. C., to show his wares there again.

In the opposite dressing room sat his adversary, a smile of confidence on his face—confidence that eventually will take him to the lofty pedestal which is the ambition of all men in this business of beak busting. Ray Matulewicz was happy—happy because he had just added a tenth win out of ten encounters to his winning column in the role of a professional pugilist. True, he has fought in 110 battles as an amateur, but in trouncing Carl Knowles he had done something that many other Southern light-heavyweights have failed to do. That's why he sat in his dressing room a happy man with a smile of confidence upon his face. Removing the wraps from his hands was Add Warren, who is guiding the destinies of Ray.

As a fighter that is coming to the front, Matulewicz has a splendid background. He won both the 1936 and 1937 national intercollegiate light-heavyweight titles. Ray was on the 1936 Olympic team that went to Germany last year but did not get to fight due to a conflict between the A.A.U. officials and the college solons. Before going to Duke University where he graduated last year, Ray was A.A.U. middleweight champion of Pennsylvania.

Through the portals of colleges have passed such men as Bob Pastor, Norment Quarles, Steve Hamas, Fidel LaBarba, Add Warren, Tom Ponte, Louis Nova and numerous others to become leaders in their divisions. Just how far Ray will go no one knows, but he is on the right track—the main track.

With winter drawing on the leather pushers of the colder climates will soon start invading the South. Daily your scribe receives letters from different promoters stating names of luminaries that they will have billed on their cards.

Now that Ken Overlin has taken a back seat due to his loss to Freddie Steele, which indeed was a big upset, one Ben Brown of Atlanta, Ga., will naturally take his place. Ben has taken the measure of many good boys, his latest win which he won by a knockout being over Stiffie Williman at Atlanta. Previous to this encounter he flattened Hobo Williams, and still prior to that match scored over Battling Burroughs, New Orleans' best middleweight.

IT HAPPENED LAST MONTH—Tommy Todd stopped Jake Moore in two and t.k.o.'d the latter's brother, Steve, in three, when he sought revenge . . . . W. R. Rowe of Jacksonville has taken over the reins in that city and hopes to put Jax back on the pugilistic map with matches that will attract nation-wide attention . . . . Jim Downing continues to promote boxing at Tampa and is getting along fine . . . . Lorre Wilson scored over Big Bill Hartwell in four . . . . At Durham, Ray Matulewicz scored over Carl Knowles in the main while Jim Johnson polished off Odell Jackson in one session. They are heavies. On the supporting card, Al Mann, 170, Durham, stopped Fighting Kid Smith, 179, Alabama; Bill Shores, 135, Durham, knocked out Glenn Penland, Durham, 141, in the third round; Early Bird, 145, Gastonia, decisioned Elijah Hayes, 145, Durham; Tiny Jackson and James Moore, both of Durham, opened the show with a four-round draw.

UPS 'N' DOWNS IN MIAMI

By KEN FERGUSON

BOBBY BRITTON, classy son of Jack Britton, looked good in licking dapper Johnny Cruz, veteran Cuban welter, in ten rounds at the Armory Arena . . . . but the most promising kid to show in South Florida in years is Yucatan Kid, lightweight champion of Mexico, who arrived in Miami via Havana, Cuba . . . . It took the shifty Kid just two rounds to render Cruz a helpless hulk, lying unconscious on his back in the resin . . . . And, as a result, the proposed Britton-Yucatan Kid match looms up as one of the season's choicest morsels . . . . If the Kid can shellac Britton, he will loom up as a definite threat to Tommy Speigal's two-year domination of southern lightweights . . . . Speigal, active in out-of-state rings, disposed of Chief Baby Miller, Joe Ghnouly and Varias Milling during the summer months to assume unquestioned leadership among southern lightweights . . . . but Ben Brown, elongated Georgia Firecracker and Speigal's only rival for favorite son honors, made the greatest advance during the off season . . . . His meteoric rise to position of eighth ranking world middleweight over such names as Carmen Barth, hard-hitting Clevelander, and Charley (Hobo) Williams, Washington favorite, together with another win over the rugged Texas Joe Dundee, takes precedent over all other southern performances.

At this writing Ben has been matched with Buck Everett, hard hitting Indiana heavyweight, in the first of a series of big show promotions under the banner of Captain W. H. Peeples, Jr., for years Miami's leading promoter . . . . In taking on the heavier Everett, Brown is emulating the ambition of another great little fighter, Mickey Walker . . . . In this department's opinion the middleweight division boasts the three best prospects in the world today . . . . and each is from a different territory . . . . Al Hostak of the Northwest, Billy Conn of the East, and Ben Brown of the South.

Abe Schneider, Jacksonville's welterweight bullfighter, wreaked havoc among Miami semifinal boys during the past month, decisioning Ace Adelman and Bobby Sylvester.

The Weinberg twins are running weekly shows at the Armory Arena and Promoter Arthur Einstein has taken over the management of the famous "Rain Bowl" at Miami Beach . . . . Captain Peeples is staging shows from time to time at Coral Gables Coliseum . . . . and Mike Jacobs has informed Miami sports writers that he intends staging one or two championship fights at the new Orange Bowl, recently constructed stadium, during the winter season . . . . All in all, there's a brighter hue looming over the Miami fistic horizon.

Any fighters unencumbered with managerial affiliations and anxious to become located in south Florida, can get in touch with the writer at Box 448, Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida.

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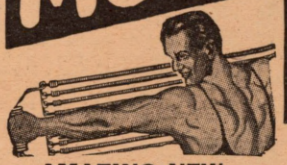

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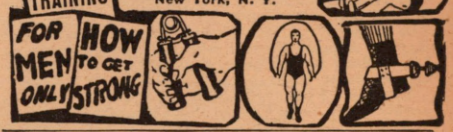

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A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE month of September was responsible for one title changing hands when Harry Jeffra, twice conqueror of Sixto Escobar, finally gained the worldly honors in whipping the Puerto Rican over the championship distance. Marcel Thil, European claimant to the world middleweight title, went down to defeat at the hands of Fred Apostoli via the technical knockout because of a badly bruised eye in the tenth round but he covered himself with glory in the gallant exhibition, which proved a losing one. Thil was leading at the termination of the contest. Barney Ross successfully held his welterweight crown against the savage attack of Ceferino Garcia, while Lou Ambers cleverly outpointed Pedro Montanez to hold his lightweight title.

In the heavyweight ranks, the promising Nathan Mann whipped Arturo Godoy. Maxie Rosenbloom upset the rising Jimmy Adamick and also defeated Nash Garrison. Tony Galento knocked out Lorenzo Pack in six rounds. Roscoe Toles disposed of Izzy Singer in four heats. Jack Roper beat Eddie Simms, who also lost to Sonny Boy Walker. Max Baer won from Nash Garrison, while brother Buddy Baer outpointed Chet Shandel. Eddie Blunt beat Hans Haverlick and also stopped Joe Lipps in two rounds. Bob Olin stopped Patsy Perroni in four while he in turn was kayoed in six by Leroy Haines. Andre Lenglet kayoed Eddie Coderre. Max Marek stopped Dick Maloney in four, while he was beaten in turn by Harry Thomas.

King Levinsky knocked out Jack Conley in the second. Big Boy Bray stopped Frankie Connolly in four rounds. Johnny Whiters whipped Pal Silvers. Steve Dudas scored over Emil Scholtz. Willie Reddish disposed of Jim Howell in eight heats. Len Harvey stopped Manuel Abrew in round fourteen. Louis Nova beat Johnny Erjavec. Ed Hogan decisioned Marty Gallagher.

Freddie Fiducia outpointed Abie Feldman. Buddy Ryan beat Johnny Briggs, while he in turn was beaten by Gus Dorazio. Frank Donofrio kayoed Billy Ketchell. Joe Walcott stopped Elmer Ray in three, who in turn was defeated by George Brothers. Oliver Shank beat Jack Tebo. Larry Gains knocked out Charley Rutz in the first.

In the ranks of the light-heavyweights, Tiger Jack Fox drew with Yustin Sirutis. Al Gainer whipped Emil Scholtz and also knocked out Johnny Romero in five. Bob Turner whipped Carmen Barth and was in turn defeated by Georgie Black. Jack Gibbons stopped Johnny Morris in eight rounds, then whipped Johnny Sykes. Gus Lesnevich and Allen Mathews drew. Ray Actis kayoed Buddy Holzhauer in ten. Leo Kelley drew with Frank Rowsey.

Ralph De John twice beat Lou Presto. George Nichols won from Eddie Saxon. Ron Richards kayoed George Simpson. Melio Bettina stopped Art Johnson in four. Emilio Martinez kayoed Lowell Sporland in ten and then whipped Tiger Jack Wright. Herbie Katz kayoed Paul Pirrone in five. Tiger Warrington licked Steve Dudas.

In the middleweight division a new I.B.U. middleweight champion was crowned when Fred Apostoli scored a ten-round technical knockout victory over Marcel Thil. Billy Conn whipped Teddy Yarosz. Ben Brown defeated Charley Jerome and kayoed Stuffie Williams in four. Fred Henneberry stopped Keith Lawson in the eleventh. Walter Woods kayoed Jose Rodriguez in two and scored over Solly Krieger. Alabama Kid stopped Emilio Martinez in nine. Eric Seelig whipped Casper LaRosa.

Frank Battaglia kayoed Mickey Misko in two. Ossie Stewart defeated Tom Chester. Frankie Blair scored over Jay Macedon. Eddie Carroll whipped Jimmy Clark, who was also defeated by Irving Pease, and who in turn knocked out Tommy Bland in the first. Johnny Rossi won over Billy Jones. Glen Lee decisioned Chief Paris. Eddie Pierce licked Frank Hough. Joe Besselman disposed of Carmelo Candel in three. Marty Sampson beat James Payne. Wendall Bubp won from Nick Nicholson.

Barney Ross led the welterweight parade by winning the decision over Ceferino Garcia in 15 blazing rounds, a successful defense of his title. Gustave Eder whipped Buratti and Fausto Rossi. Saverio Turiello won from Cocoa Kid and Frankie Cinque. Holman Williams beat Remo Fernandez and kayoed Gillito Ramirez in three. Leonard Del Genio whipped Phil Furr. Milt Aron knocked out Chuck Woods in five rounds. Bobby Pacho beat Vincent Pimpinella and Harry Rubin. Sonny Jones drew with Andre Jessurun and bested Frankie Britt, while Jessurun whipped Lambertine Williams. Sammy Luftspring outpointed Billy Lee. Wildcat O'Conner decisioned Wicky Harkins. Dem Wakerlis beat Frankie Britt. Ralph Zannelli beat Young Peter Jackson. Al Manfredo kayoed Henry Schaft in eight. Mickey Makar stopped Dave Bungy in seven. Kenny La Salle defeated Chester Rudy. Baby Miller knocked out Wesley Martin in two. Young Joe Louis disposed of Sammy Weis in one. Wesley Farrell drew with Felix Garcia. Harold Brown defeated Tony Petroskey.

Vince Pimpinella and Frankie Cavanna drew. Leon Zorrita kayoed Abie Miller in the seventh. Gene Buffalo beat Wickey Harkins, who in turn whipped Steve Kahley. Lou Raymond decisioned Ray Napolitano. Jackie Burke drew with Eddie Booker. Johnny Lucas drew with Joe Marsh. Mike Piskin scored over Pete Galiano and Bucky Taylor. Tommy Bland kayoed Six Second Powell in three. Harry Baron won from Pete Cara and Tony Ciaccio licked Pete Mike.

Lou Ambers successfully defended his lightweight title against the bid of Pedro Montanez to lead in the 135-pound class. Henry Armstrong kept on the trail of the champion by stowing away Bobby Dean and Johnny De Foe in one and four rounds respectively. Billy Beauhold won over Frankie Klick. Wesley Ramey returned into the picture by stopping Joey Alcanter in seven heats. Enrico Venturi decisioned Pete Mascia. Paul Junior outpointed George Zengaras and Frankie Wallace.

Johnny Bellus scored a one-round kayo over Lou Camps, who in turn scored over Johnny Rohrig. Maxie Berger whipped Orville Drouillard, who scored a victory over Doug Marsh. Berger also drew with George Zengaras. Eddie McGeever kayoed Freddie Caruso in seven and drew with Joe Ghnouly, who in turn decisioned Young Chappie. Tommy Cross beat Charley Gomer. Tommy Spiegal drew with Freddie Cochrane and defeated Varias Milling and Norment Quarles, who in turn kayoed Norman Cohen in three and Johnny Hall in three. Cochrane kayoed Buckey Keyes in two and Milling drew with Jimmy Christy.

Mike Gamiere beat Jimmy Vaughn. Baby Arizmendi beat Chalky Wright. Larry Greb kayoed Al George in four sessions. Irving Eldridge won from Joe Temes. Jimmy Walsh whipped Ernie Roderick. Hubert Dennis scored over Everett Symington. Harry Mizler beat Douglas Kestrell. Charley Baxter kayoed Frankie Lockwood in the fourth and Frankie Flynn in the first. Wally Hally drew with Nick Peters. Johnny Cabello decisioned Armanda Sicilia. Mickey Farber stopped Eddie Dunne in the third. George Daly kayoed Al Dunbar in two. Charlie Badami whipped Lew Raymond.

Jackie Wilson drew with Leo Rodak in the outstanding featherweight match of the month. Ginger Foran kayoed Arnold Lagrand. Johnny Cusick beat Billy Charlton. Benny Caplan beat Tommy Hyams. Johnny McGrory bested Lagrand. Pablo Dano whipped Umio Gen. Fillo Echeverria won from Lou Farber. Lew Gevinson scored over Frankie Kid Covelli.

Bernie Friedkin whipped Young Chappie. Al Reid licked Sammy Garcia. Joey Fontana scored over Harold Valan. Joey Wach licked George Karkella. Victor Vallee beat Sindulfo Diaz. Jose Villaneuva beat Mickey Miller. Vincenzo Dell Orto kayoed Indian Quintana in one, and whipped Sammy Garcia. Petey Scalzo kayoed Al Gillette in one and Harry Gentile in three rounds. Tony Dupre beat Tony Costa.

The bantamweight division witnessed the crowning of a new champion. Harry Jeffra won the title from Sixto Escobar to prove that his two previous over-the-weight victories over the Puerto Rican was no accident. K.O. Morgan bested Sammy Stewart. Indian Quintana licked Bobby Green. Henry Hook scored over Baby Yack, and then was whipped by Spider Armstrong. Johnny King kayoed Spike Robinson in three rounds. Jackie Brown decisioned Benny Jones. Dan McAllister won over George Marsden. Baltasar Sangchili kayoed Sanchez in three. Al Brown knocked out Huguenin in three. Sammy La Porte defeated Tommy Forte. Johnny Marcelline whipped Lawrence Gunn.

In the flyweight division, Ernst Weiss whipped Valentin Anglemann. Mickey O'Neill scored over Abe Tweedlie. Jackie Jurich decisioned Santos Hugo, Lupe Cardoza and was beaten by Little Dado. Dave Keller whipped Pat Palmer. Pierce Ellice defeated Willie Smith. Syd Parker drew with Billy McHugh. Phil Milligan kayoed Wolf Douglas in four rounds.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—None discernible.
Bantamweight—Tobe de La Rosa, Mexico.
Featherweight—Quintin Rangel, Mexico.
Lightweight—Freddy De Foe, New York City.
Welterweight—Jim Purcell, Australia.
Middleweight—Dallas Bennett, La Grande, Ore.
Light-heavyweight—Johann Kreitz, Germany.
Heavyweight—Bill Boyd, Tacoma, Wash.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for month ending October 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Freddy Steele	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Tiger Jack Fox	Fred Apostoli	Ceferino Garcia
2—Tommy Farr	Al Gainer	Young Corbett	Jack Carroll
3—Bob Pastor	Jock McAvoy	Billy Conn	Gustave Eder
4—Jimmy Braddock	George Black	Teddy Yarosz	Saverio Turiello
5—Alberto Lovell	Jack Gibbons	Marcel Thil	Izzy Jannazzo
6—Maxie Rosenbloom	Eddie Wenstob	Al Hostak	Holman Williams
7—Nathan Mann	Fred Lenhart	Lou Brouillard	Jimmy Leto
8—Tony Galento	Gus Lesnevich	Ben Brown	Cocoa Kid
9—Roscoe Toles	Oscar Rankins	Ken Overlin	Bert Colima
10—Maurice Strickland	Ray Actis	Alabama Kid	Leonard Del Genio

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Petey Sarron	World's Champion Harry Jeffra	World's Champion Benny Lynch
1—Pedro Montanez	Freddy Miller	Sixto Escobar	Peter Kane
2—Henry Armstrong	Jackie Wilson	K. O. Morgan	Tiny Bostock
3—Billy Beauhold	Leo Rodak	Lou Salica	Small Montana
4—Davey Day	Tony Chavez	Indian Quintana	Jim Warnock
5—Wesley Ramey	Ginger Foran	George Pace	Ernst Weiss
6—Eddie Cool	Johnny Cusick	Spider Armstrong	Valentin Anglemann
7—Enrico Venturi	Spider Kelly	Henry Hook	Mickey O'Neill
8—Johnny Bellus	Kid Chocolate	Baby Yack	Pierre Louis
9—Paul Junior	Benny Caplan	Aurel Toma	Jim Campbell
10—Frankie Wallace	Joey Archibald	Johnny King	Little Dado

Attention, Promoters

American or foreign promoters! If you are seeking talent and have difficulty in finding the manager or fighter you are looking for, you can obtain all this information by communicating with me. There is no cost for this service. Will contact anyone that you desire.

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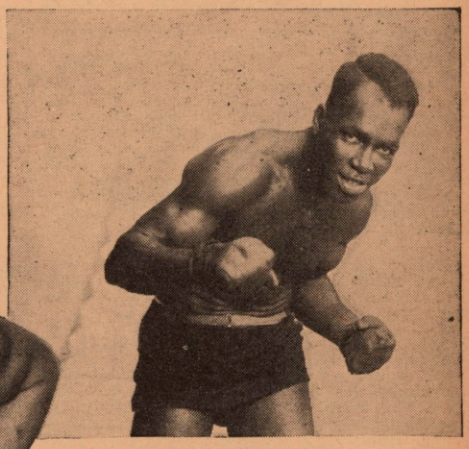
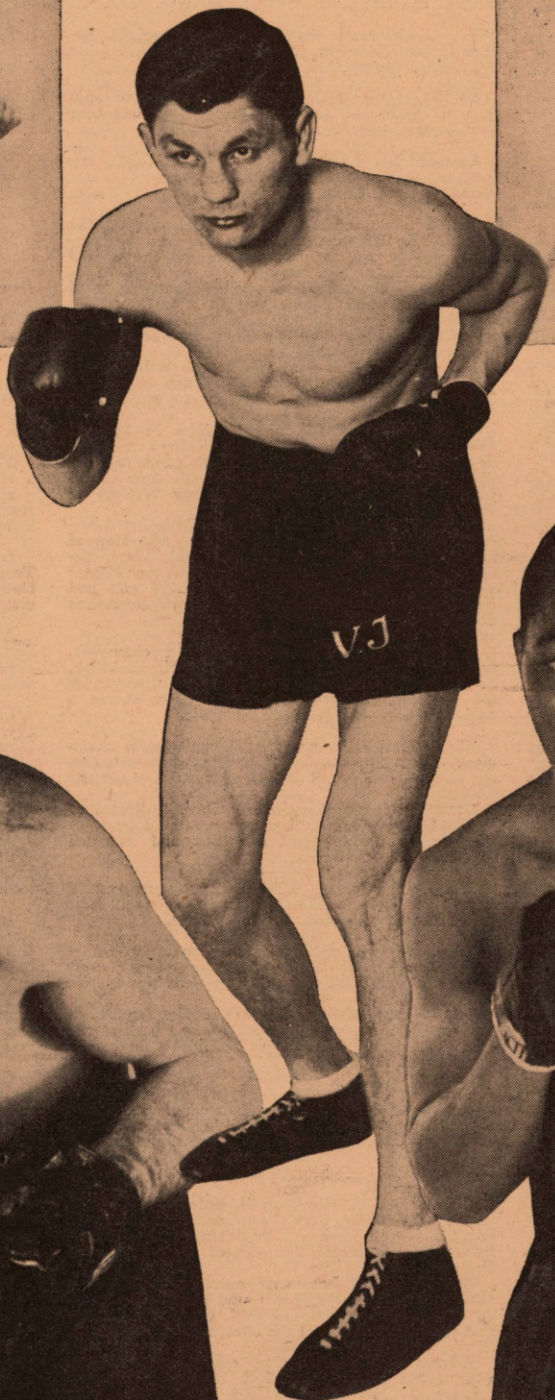
Foreigners With Good Records

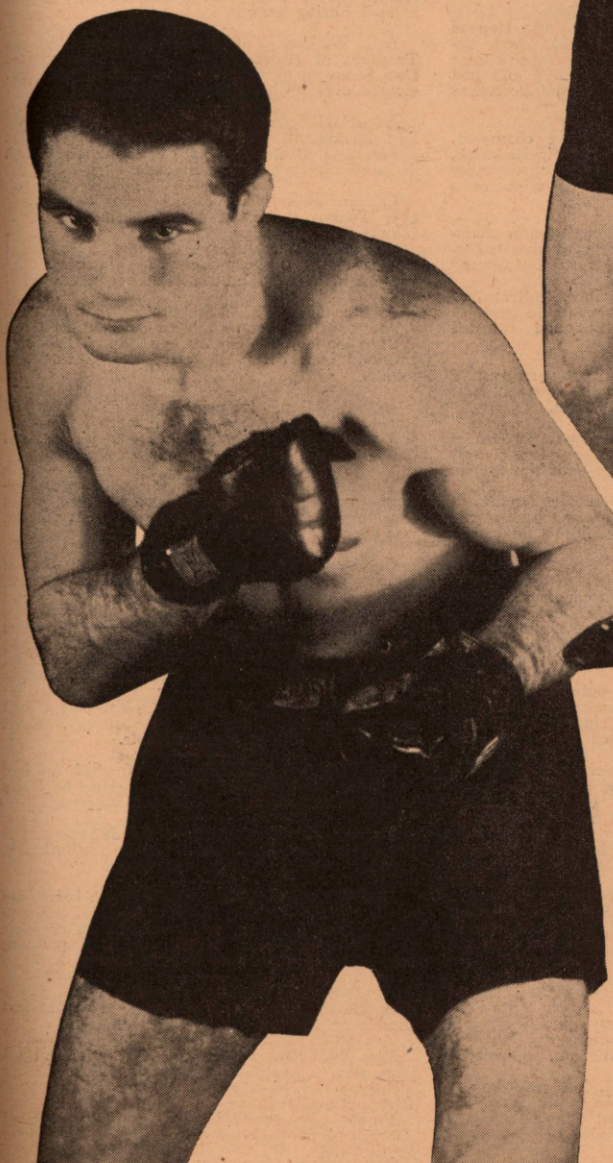
Fillo Echeverria, classy Spanish featherweight, now in New York.



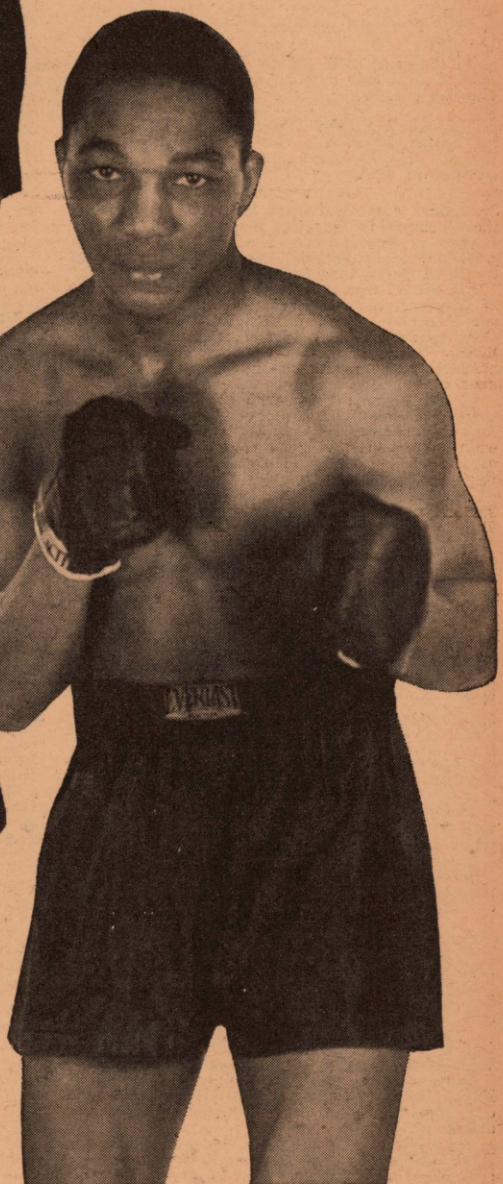
Young Herrera, light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion of Cuba and British West Indies.



Vilda Jaks, Czechoslovakian middleweight title-holder.



Charley Gomer, rugged French lightweight, who recently stepped into the limelight when he whipped Baby Casanova.



Atilio Sabatino, middleweight champion of Puerto Rico, who is doing well in New York.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

WELL, the world's heavyweight championship contest is over and England is grateful for the clear description of the fight by Bob Bowman, who sat six rows back from the ring. Bowman had thousands of listeners throughout Great Britain besides myself thrilled by his straightforward commentary on the fight, and agree on the report that Louis won, but the real hero that night was the Tonypandy miner.

Many thanks to you, Bob Bowman, for 70 minutes of entertainment that I would not have missed for anything.

Johnny Best, the Liverpool Stadium matchmaker, sighed a sigh of relief, when at last he got the much postponed contest between Peter Kane and Jimmy Warnock to enter the ring at Anfield Football Ground before a record crowd of 35,361 people, who paid $36,200. Both Kane and Warnock each received $5,000.

The match was at the flyweight limit, and the winner was matched with Benny Lynch, for the latter's world title. Kane scaled exactly 112 pounds, while Warnock was one quarter of a pound lighter.

The bout could hardly be called a match, for at the outset the tornado "Eddie Cantor" sailed right into Warnock, with a deadly left to the jaw and right to the head put Warnock down on the floor for nine. It was a slaughter, but Warnock proved very game, to rise after taking Kane's hardest punches, three times in the third he was put down for eight, and after 1 minute and 45 seconds of the fourth he was put down again flat on his face, and the referee, Ben Hardwick, of Wales, stopped the bout.

On the same card, Jimmy Walsh, British lightweight champion, outpointed Les McCarthy, the Manchester southpaw, over 10 rounds.

"Tearway" Charlie Wise, known as the Popular Poplar Express, outfought Billy Elward, of Wales, in a strenuous 12-round bout at the Devonshire Club.

Another successful open air show was run at the Springfield Grounds, Jersey, when Stafford Barton, of Jamaica, scored a win over the blond Austrian, Hein Weisner, who had to retire in the third owing to a badly cut eye.

Kid Silver, former lightweight and welter champ of Jamaica, made his European debut by knocking out Theophile Theo, of Belgium, in the third of 12 rounds and Boy Watson, of Stepney caused George Lowe, of Custom House, to retire with a severely cut mouth in the seventh round.

Gerald Eagan, the Dublin promoter, staged a successful show at Dalymount Park, Dublin, and the chief bout was between Eddie Dunne (Kerries) who had recently returned from U.S.A., and the veteran George Kelly, of Dublin, for the latter's 135-pound title.

After a scrambling bout for six rounds Dunne landed with a hard left to the body which put Kelly down for the count.

Jack Lord, of Bolton, scored a good K.O. win over Battling Parkin, of Mansfield, after 10 rounds of hard hitting at West Hartlepool.

Fred Morris won the rubber match against Jack Gubbins of Stratford at the Mile End Arena when the referee stopped the bout in the sixth, Gubbins having a badly cut eye.

Boy Finnegan, of Cuba, scored a sensational K.O. victory over Len Beynon, featherweight champion of Wales, in the third of a 12-round contest at Swansea. A left hook to the jaw started the downfall of Beynon and the hard hitting southpaw again connected with Beynon's jaw which put him down for the full count.

Jackie Brown, of Manchester, scored a points victory over Benny Jones, of Hanley, in a 10-round bout at Hanley.

Jake Carr of Low Fell gained a meritorious victory over Eric Munro, of Middlesborough, at the end of 10 exciting rounds at Stockton.

Bombardier George Markwick continued his K.O. victories when he made Tiny Woodhouse his 10th straight victim.

The bout lasted till halfway of the fourth when the Soldier let forth a barrage of body blows that put Woodhouse down and out.

The show was run in the open air at Romford by Newman Eyre, on behalf of the Romford Wellwishers Charity, for local hospitals.

Other results were: A 12-round bout between Frank Barton, of Salford, and Tommy Hyams, of Kings Cross, in which Barton received the award.

Boy Watson, of Stepney, outpointed George Lowe, of East Ham, after a good 10-round bout, and Ray Davis and Alex Burton fought a thrilling drawn battle over 10 rounds.

Chris "Ginger" Foran, of Liverpool, scored a sensational K.O. victory over the Holland featherweight champion, Arnolds Lagrand, in the 12th and last round with a punch on the chin at the Liverpool Stadium after an exciting contest.

Bantamweight Champion Johnny King scored a convincing win over Spike Robinson, of Belfast, at the Belle Vue, Manchester, when the referee stopped the bout in the fifth of a 10-round bout as the Irish lad was outclassed.

Jimmy Purcel, of Australia, again showed class in outpointing Jack Lord, Northern Area welterweight champion, in a thrilling bout over 10 rounds.

Roy Underwood, the Australian flyweight, defeated Abe Tweedlie, of Glasgow, after a good bout of 10 rounds.

Bill Hardy of Barlestone defeated Jack Strongbow, of Leicester, on points in a 10-round bout at Loushborough.

Seaman Jim Lawlor, of Lowestoft, K.O.'d the Belgian, Albert Assaloos, in the third of a 12-round bout at Great Yarmouth.

Len Harvey, ex-heavyweight champion of the British Empire, showed that he still has the beating of the young brigade, when he beat the colored Scottish heavyweight, Manuel Abrew, in the 14th round when the referee, Mr. C. B. Thomas, stopped the contest, when Abrew was in a bad way.

The open air show promoted by Alex Creamer and Charlie Black took place at Shawfield Park, Glasgow, and attracted a 20,000 crowd.

In the chief supporter, the British welter king, Jake Kilrain, fought a smashing draw with Lefty "Satan" Flynn, of Jamaica, over 10 rounds.

Dave Keller of Billingsgate (son of the old flyweight of pre-war days, Sam Keller) won the flyweight championship of the Southern Area from the holder, Pat Palmer, in one of the most thrilling 15-round bouts it has been my fortune to witness.

In an eight-round contest, Boy Boon, of Chatteris, and Charlie Wise, of Poplar, was stopped in the third, when the referee, Jack Hart, decided that the contest was unequal, the Poplar boy having been fought to a standstill and had taken six counts from hefty swings, and Boon was declared the winner.

Jimmy Walsh, British lightweight champion, boxed in his old form to outpoint Ernie Roderick, of Liverpool, who is the outstanding challenger for the welterweight title, over 12 rounds before a packed house at Liverpool Stadium.

Harry Mizler, former British lightweight champion, gave a fine display of boxing when outpointing Douglas Kestrell of Cardiff in a 10-round contest.

Dave McCleave overwhelmed Dave Sullivan, of Wolverhampton in the first of a 10-round bout, so that the referee stopped the bout and awarded McCleave the decision.

Elfryn Morris, of Wales, was too aggressive for Ginger Sadd, of Norwich, in the 10-round bout at Yarmouth and won well on points.

George Merritt, of Silvertown, outpointed Arnold Kid Shepperd, of Wales, in a 12-round contest at the Stadium Club's opening show of the season.

Jack Hyams, of Stepney, K.O.'d Bert Leyton, of Willenhall, in the third of a 10-round bout in the chief bout at the Sandsworth Stadium's final open air show of the season.

By clever boxing, Benny Caplan, of St. Georges and Southern Area featherweight champion, scored a win on points over the aggressive Tommy Hyams, of Kings Cross, in their 10-round contest.

Nat Franks, of Dalston, won on points over Harris Gains, of Smithfield, after a good bout over 10 rounds.

Billy Nash, of Clerkenwell, outpointed Johnny Griffiths, of Wales, over six rounds, and over four rounds, Harry Lucas, a promising featherweight from Covent Garden, outpointed Stan Yates of Kilburn.

Bob Firmin, of Lowestoft, scored a T.K.O. over Harry Rowles in the first round owing to a head-on collision that split Rowles' head very badly, and the referee stopped the bout in Firmin's favor.

Johnny Softly, of Poplar, scored another good win at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, when he outpointed Spud Murphy, of Manchester, over 10 rounds of a bout that was always interesting.

The much improved Harry Silver, of Clapton, scored a K.O. over Jackie Churchill, of Greenwich, in the third round of a bout that had the packed house standing on their seats.

A crowd of 11,000 fans at the Deutschland Hall, in Berlin, watched three British boxers try their skill against the German defenders, and only one of them proved victorious.

Bill Wainwright, of Birmingham, outpointed Kurt Hayman over 10 rounds.

Norman Baines, of Liverpool, lost on points to Arnold Koelblin, the German heavyweight champion, over 12 rounds, and Stan Kirby, of Leicester lost on points to Erwin Klein, after eight rounds.

Tommy Brown, the young Hackney heavyweight, scored a T.K.O. victory over Nelson Parks, of Monmouth, in the sixth and last round at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, when the referee stopped the contest after Parks had taken three counts.

Len Wickwar, of Leicester, gained a convincing win when he outpointed Charlie Smith, of Birkenhead, over 12 rounds at Shrewsbury.

Jimmy Lester of Dagenham gained a clever points victory over Leo Lee of Canning Town after a fast 10 rounds at Mile End Arena.

Joe Brahams of Mile End and Joe Green of Middlesborough boxed 10 rounds which ended in a draw.

Tommy Ireland of Bethnal Green had to fight hard to beat Cyril Johnson of Nottingham in a 12-round contest at Hackney.

Jackie Weir of Glasgow K.O.'d Jim Collins of Glasgow in the fourth of a 10-round bout at Premierland, Glasgow.

Joe Green, of Middlesborough, deputized for Jake Carr, at Blyth, Northumberland, and outpointed Ginger Lawson, of Newcastle, over 10 rounds.

Mickey O'Niel, of Sunderland, was considered lucky to receive the award over Abe Tweedlie, of Glasgow, when they met over 12 rounds at the New St. James Hall, Newcastle.

Ike Pratt, of Thornaby, again defeated Tommy Tune, of Barnsley, in a spirited 12-round contest at Stockton.

Billy McHugh, Leeds, gave a polished display at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, when he outpointed Johnny Ryan, of Kilburn, over 10 rounds before a good crowd.

The Douglas Boxing Promotion of York staged a successful show before a large crowd.

Harry Lister, the Lynemouth southpaw, defeated Charlie Bundy, of Wales, in the fifth after a hard hitting contest.

Len Wickwar, of Leicester, outpointed Jim Teasdale, of Middleborough, over 10 rounds, and Dan Sullivan, of Wombwell, scored a good points victory over Billy Graham, Gateshead.

A packed house witnessed the contest between Syd Parker, of Bolton, and Billy McHugh, of Leeds, and at the end of 12 rounds the referee declared a draw at North Shields.

Charlie Wilson, of Manchester, won cleverly over Tommy Scott, of Middlesborough, after 12 rounds at Morecambe.

On the same program, Tommy Farricker of Manchester outpointed Lefty McKie of Middlesborough in a hard hitting bout of 12 rounds.

At Rochdale, Phil Milligan, of Oldham, made a successful return to the ring when he stopped Wilf Douglas, of Sutton, in the fourth of a 12-round bout after the latter had taken several counts.

Jackie Quinn, Irish bantamweight champion, added another win to his record when he won over Jim Hardy of Middlesborough, who was game to the last distance of 10 rounds at Belfast.

Tommy Stewart, of Belfast, and Tommy Hamilton, of Middlesborough, put up a great contest over 10 rounds at the Belfast Arena before Stewart was declared the winner.

Cuthbert Taylor (Merthyr), gained a clever points decision over Griff Williams, of Cymmer, at the end of 12 rounds at Bargoed.

Jim Mount, of Greenock, carried too many guns for the heavier Tommy Henderson, Scottish cruisers champ, in their 10-round bout and scored a good win on points, at Premierland, Glasgow.

Norman Denny, of South Shields, beat a tough opponent in Kid Saxby, of Scarborough, over 12 rounds on points at North Shields.

Ray Wood, of Manchester, punched too hard for Billy Mouncey, of Preston, whom he K.O.'d in the second of a 10-round bout at Leigh.

Tommy Allen, of Anstey, did not have much trouble in outpointing Fred Hardy, of Barlestone, in their 10-round bout at Leicester.

Dan McAllister, Belfast's brilliant boxer, won again at the Belfast Sports Stadium when he K.O.'d Jim Gregory, of Liverpool, in the third of a 10-round bout. McAllister is a promising boy, and will go a long way in boxing.

Al Pedlar, of Belfast, gained a points victory over Harry Jones, of Darlington, after 10 hard rounds at Belfast.

Boy Finnegan, the Cuban featherweight champion, now campaigning in Europe, scored another victory when he outpointed Harry Edwards, of Birmingham, over 12 rounds at Swansea.

Finnegan kept throwing punches throughout, had Edwards down in the sixth and was an easy winner at the end.

George Marsden, of Nottingham, and Alex Alston, of Preston, fought a great bout over 12 rounds at Hanley which ended with the only decision possible, a draw.

Johnny McGrory, British featherweight champion, made a successful return to the ring after his broken jaw mishap to outpoint the Dutch feather champ, Arnolds Lagrand, over 12 rounds at Liverpool.

Al Brown, former world's bantamweight champ, again proved successful in his comeback, when he K.O.'d Maurice Huguenin of Paris in the third of a 10-round bout at the Salle Wagram, Paris.

A big surprise was in store for the Liverpool Stadium fans when the promising Belfast featherweight, Dan McAllister, was outpointed by Norman Denny, of South Shields, over 10 rounds.

Bombardier George Markwick, British Army heavyweight champion, lost no time when the bell started his contest against Nelson Parks, of Monmouth, in the chief bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

As Parks came forward in a bustling style, Markwick straightened him up with a left, crossed a right to the jaw, putting the Welshman down for nine, and after rising, a left and right to the body put him down for the full count, and Markwick carries on with 11 straight K.O. wins in his professional starts.

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AUSTRALIAN NEWS
By STANLEY R. PRING

HERB BISHOP and "Clever" Henry engaged in combat at Leichhardt Stadium, but the bout ended in the eighth round. Henry retired, saying his hands were damaged. Henry completely outboxed Bishop in the first round and in the second had him down for a count of "nine." Henry eased up in the third round and Bishop recovered. In the fourth round, Bishop laid Henry low but the bell then ended the round. From then on, Bishop was master and Henry's seconds opposed his wishes to retire. They even prevented him from leaving the ring at the end of the seventh, and the referee, Mick Lacey, spoke to Henry and then crowned Bishop the winner.

George Simpson fought Ron Richards at Leichhardt Stadium over two-minute rounds. Richards won in the fourteenth round by T.K.O. Simpson did not prove himself to be in the same class as Richards, although he is a most courageous fighter. Richards punished Simpson severely in the fourteenth round and although badly battered, Simpson simply refused to go down. He was "out" on his feet with his body leaning over the ropes. The referee began to count him out and on the count of "five" Simpson lurched back into battle, but he could not attack or even defend himself, and the fight was stopped.

Carlton Stadium, a suburban arena, has changed into the hands of Pat McHugh. He is using local boys as much as possible and intends bringing a boxer from another state to oppose Sydney attractions each week. His stadium is open Wednesday nights and just as this mail leaves, there is a likelihood of wrestlers heading the bill in the future.

"Hockey" Bennell, a Sydney lightweight, suffered his first defeat since turning professional some months ago. Mickey Leonard, a Queenslander, accomplished a points victory over him in twelve rounds at Newtown Stadium. Bennell, fighting at Sydney Stadium over three-minute rounds about a week later, outpointed Billy Jones (9.13). Bennell had Jones in a bad way before the tenth and last round but could do no more. If Bennell cultivates a more aggressive style he would be much more attractive and would go further.

Jose Villeneuva, Filipino, gained a points victory over Mickey Miller, Australian bantam and featherweight champion, at Brisbane Stadium. It was an interesting contest over fifteen rounds and the crowd agreed with the decision.

Fred Henneberry, in the course of his comeback campaign, gained another victory when he met a local boy, Keith Lawson, at Newtown Stadium. It was a T.K.O. win in the eleventh round. Henneberry is a clever middleweight and if he goes to America while still in his prime, should do well.

Queensland aboriginal, Tommy Jaro, who has been doing well around suburban stadiums, was given a match with "Clever" Henry at Leichhardt Stadium. Jaro hits very hard, and if his accuracy was better, he would be a very tough one to beat. However, Henry and Jaro entertained the large crowd and although Henry held a fairly large margin of points at the end of fifteen rounds, Jaro at times had the crowd very excited. Jaro was down for "eight" in the seventh, and it seemed about all over, but he rallied and tore into Henry. Tough fighting resulted, and at times the order became rough. Referee Mick Lacey, however, did not lose control and his verdict in favor of Henry was correct and popular.

When Mickey Miller (8.12) and B. de Guzman (9.1) met at Brisbane Stadium, the referee, Fred Craig, called a halt in the sixth round and declared it "no contest." The boxers' money has been held up, at least for the present.

Wrestling is still proving popular at Sydney Stadium. A crowd of 12,000, a record for wrestling this season, turned up on August 30 to see Chief Little Wolf (16.1) wrestle an eight-round draw with Sammy Stein (15.12).

Jack Lawrence arrived in Sydney during August and said he was happy to be back. He said Tommy Jones was on his way to Australia, too. Jones will arrive in Sydney early in September and this visit will fight as a middleweight and not as a welter, which he did last time. Jones is under engagement to Leichhardt Stadium and will probably have his first contest against Ron Richards, whom he defeated when here last time. Both Lawrence and Jones have many friends in Australia and boxing fans are glad to welcome them again.

The boxing season at Sydney Stadium will commence early in November, according to present arrangements, said Harry Miller. By that time Dick Lean, general manager of Stadiums, Ltd., will probably be in America signing up boxers.

Promoters in Australia are wakening up to the necessity of three-minute round contests instead of two-minute round matches which create false impressions of a boxer's real ability and stamina. A little time ago Sydney Stadium announced that all principal boxing contests including the main support at the wrestling would be of three-minute rounds. As this mail leaves Australia Leichhardt Stadium announces that in the future all contests 10 rounds and over will be of three-minute rounds. It's a very good move.

Tommy Jones has been matched with Ron Richards at Leichhardt Stadium. The Leichhardt Stadium management say they have their eye on other middleweights in America. While Sydney Stadium is featuring the wrestlers every Monday night, Leichhardt Stadium is going very strong with boxers on Tuesday nights, but still reserves Saturday nights for the mat men. Ron Richards, Mickey Miller, Tod Morgan, Filipino Henry de Guzman, Tommy Jaro and Fred Henneberry have been in action at Leichhardt lately.

There is likelihood of a boxing commission being formed in N.S.W. to control professional pugilism. Chief Secretary Capt. Chaffey of Parliament is very keen on some sort of parliamentary control of boxing in the State.

Tom Lurich and Joe Savoldi met in a wrestling contest at Carlton Stadium (N.S.W.) early in September. Fans had been waiting for a long time to see this match. It failed to reveal who is the better wrestler because each man was disqualified in the fifth round. They met in Melbourne a week later and both were disqualified again, in the sixth round. Fans still want another match.

Ron Richards gained a points decision over Max Raynor at Leichhardt Stadium, middle of September, 15 rounds. It was not a very lively battle.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA fight fans witnessed a hot contest they will not forget in a long time. Lew Farber of New York versus Fillo Echeverria of Spain.

Farber, for seven rounds, toyed with the aggressive Fillo, but tired towards the end and the decision went to Fillo. Farber's boxing was so well liked that he was asked to stay for some more contests. His next will be against Conrad Conde, one of Cuba's classy featherweights with a good punch.

Kid Chocolate, Cuba's pride, won a ten-round decision over Phil Baker, his ex-conqueror. Chocolate looked great, displaying his old-time speed and cleverness before a crowd of ten thousand at the Tropical Stadium. On the same card, Edante Chapman scored over Tony Celli, both middleweights, and Joe Pedroso easily defeated Frank Cruz, both lightweights.

Joe Coego, Cuban champ of the 135-pound division, won over Chocolate Pinareno in a really hard battle. Kid Rapides, one of Cuba's coming feathers, easily won over Juancito Alvarez in six rounds.

Baby Oriental, making a comeback, scored in two rounds over Juan Perez. This Oriental Baby, a featherweight, certainly can fight some, and is a treat to the eye. Watch him. F. Martinez won over Kid Jabao in six rounds, and Chino Mercado scored a technical kayo over Machito Garcia in three rounds.

Kid Bradad scored a two-round K.O. over Paris Apice and then stiffened Ventura Arana of Mexico in five rounds. Bradad, under Pincho Gutierrez's pilotage, looks like a coming great. Enrique Delgado won over Ramon Sigarroa.

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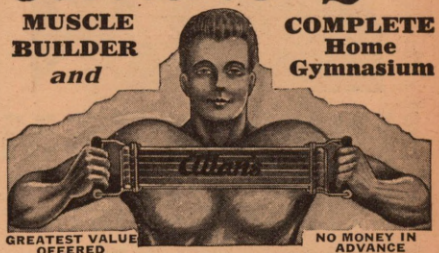

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Juan Belmonte is helping the boxing game, and has some very interesting cards prepared for the future.

Aramis Del Pino has some good fighters in the making, who will soon be doing their stuff at the Cristal Arena, Cuba's popular fight place.

Fernando Rios, Cuba's great referee, should be doing some more work than he has been doing. With this referee in the ring, good results are sure to be had.

BOXING IN LIMA, PERU
By PROF. WILFRED STEPHENSON

THE most important fight down here during last month was the return joust between Simon Guerra, Chilean challenger, and Baby de la Paz, Cuban champ, the latter losing the decision after some very meagre fighting on his part. The Chilean fought ten furious rounds from bell to bell. A few weeks before this clash, Baby de la Paz had won a decisive points victory over Guerra. Both men have since left Peru for their native countries, Baby de la Paz to defend his title against a Cuban challenger at Havana, and Guerra to fight against René Sanchez, Antillian welterweight, at present in Santiago de Chile.

José Gularte, Uruguayan welterweight, was badly beaten by Joaquin Torregrosa, Cuban boxer, in a ten-rounder at the Manco Capac Arena. This was Gularte's first fight in Lima, and much was expected of him owing to the fame by which he was preceded. He left for Montevideo three days after his beating.

An announcement was made by Willie del Pino, Cuban manager, now over here on a very extended visit, to the effect that Joe Coego, lightweight champion of Cuba, will soon be in Lima to fight the Peruvian champion, Augusto Martens, as well as Billy Carrillo, the Rimac hitter. This Joe Coego, as far as I know, has had important victories over such men as Joe Legón, Mario Calixto, Chocolate Pinareño and a few other good men in Havana. He is the best man in his weight in Cuba, and plans are being made here for him to meet Raul Carabantes and Simon Guerra, who are expected back in Lima.

HYPNOTISM

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IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

THE first show staged by Mique Malloy at the Chicago Stadium resulted in a ten-round victory for Harry Thomas over Max Marek. It was a bitterly fought contest and the crowd gave every indication of enjoying the swatfest.

Billy Marquart, hard-punching Winnipeg, Man., featherweight, lambasted the highly-touted Sammy Angott of Louisville, Ky., his first defeat in nineteen pro contests, in an eight-rounder at Marigold Gardens before 2,200 enthusiastic spectators. Marquart clipped Angott on the jaw in the fourth round, setting him down for an eight count, and took the Italian's measure for the balance of the slugfest. Mike Pereira, squatty Houston, Tex., 150-pounder, fought a six-round draw with Chester Rudy of Los Angeles; the latter eked out a win in a previous engagement . . . . Holman Williams, Detroit's colored welter sensation, scored a technical knockout over Gillito Ramierz of Mexico in the third round of a scheduled tenner at White City. Johnny Behr, Olympic boxing coach, refereed the match. Williams dropped his adversary three times before this one-sided slugging bee was interrupted.

Promoters Irving Schoenwald and Jack Begun, guiding luminaries of the Marigold Gardens Arena, offered a corker in the Frankie Sagilio and Johnny Barbara welter onslaught with the South Bend, Ind., battler winning a unanimous verdict over the slugging Italian from Chicago's West Side. This was Barbara's first main event appearance. Al Manriquez of Sioux City, Ia., and Lloyd Pine of Akron, O., displayed an old-fashioned give and take feud, with the Mexican, Manriquez, landing the more frequent belts to gain the nod. They are 130-pounders. Pete Lello, Gary, Ind., Izzy Kline's sharpshooter, who was the 135-pound Golden Glove champion in 1937, beat Harvey Woods, St. Paul, Minn., scrapper, 134 pounds. All eight-rounders.

In the opening fracas, Frankie Agnes avenged a previous defeat at the hands of Johnny Helstrom by taking a well-earned decision in a four-round lightweight contest. Both are Chicagoans.

James Jackson, colored battler, has scored kayos in his only two pro appearances. Jack Ross is handling the destinies of this 165-pounder, who is sparring daily with Buddy Knox to further his boxing knowledge.

Watch Phil Saeli, Jimmy Christopher's dynamic 138-pounder. He has triumphed via the kayo route four out of his seven conquests in as many fights. Frank Noto, 124-pounder, is another protege of Christopher's, as is Martin O'Gradney, hard-punching middleweight, whose ability was highly commented upon in the amateur ranks. This lad will make his pro debut shortly. Christopher, whose name might appear vague to the boxing followers, was a fair to middling lightie ten years ago, fighting under the monicker of "Jimmy Flynn" . . . . Schenley Liquor Distributors will present their annual boxing show at the Chicago Stadium on November 16. This exploitation is a part of their convention festivities. Eddie Long, "famous managerial impresario," has been selected as matchmaker for this affair. The fans, who will number some twenty thousand, are restricted to liquor dealers.

Ross Mullen, son of James C., Sr., has taken under his wing two up and coming scrappers from the amateur ranks. They are: Johnny Barbara, welterweight, one of the nation's leading Simonpures, who is undefeated as a professional, although a draw decision mars his clean slate. However, in a rematch, Barbara got even. The other pugilist is Joe Chizar, 1937 runner-up Golden Glover in the bantamweight division. Sam Buxbaum, experienced and capable handler of fighters and their deficiencies, is the trainer of these two boys and, I might add, doing one magnificent job up to date . . . . A new fight organization will unveil itself in the Park Casino, located on Madison Street near Hamlin Avenue. Andy Anderson heads this club as promoter and Howard Carr, who needs no introduction to fight goers, has been assigned as matchmaker. The seating capacity will be in the neighborhood of 2,500, which should reveal some attractive encounters.

OTHER FIGHT RESULTS—Johnny Helstrom scored his fifteenth consecutive victory by decisioning Frankie Agnes in four rounds; Georgie White, rangy Franklin Park welter, took the measure of Pat Schoenberger in four rounds; Phil Saeli, lean Chicagoan, belted Ollie Graff of Milwaukee into submission in two rounds of their proposed four-round fiasco; Bill Palmer, Catholic Youth Organization light-heavyweight, took the nod over Jack Sylvester of Milwaukee in the fourth round due to a cut forehead; Mike Pereira, Houston, Texas, welter, beat Joey Richards, Chicago; Gene Spencer, South Chicago featherweight, won from Charley Mack, Racine, Wis.; Jimmy Mason, Milwaukee 124-pounder, won a disputed verdict from Joe Chizar, South Bend, Ind.

Please send all news of interest to yours truly, 5340 Winthrop Ave. I would like to hear especially from the various fight clubs. Don't forget to have your information in not later than the first of each month.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

NEODESHA, Kans.—Amateur boxing results one night show: Bat Green beat Millard McMurray; Sonny Prebble beat Elmer Bleckley; Harve Stover knocked out Jack Meehan in two; Max Pixley beat Pat Kennedy; Don Higgins beat Kenny Ogle; Tommy Neal knocked out Raymond Scott in one; Young Bat Green knocked out Byron Johnson in two; John Schabble knocked out Max Lohr in two; Mike Hogan beat Kid Cullison.

Wichita, Kans.—Results of bouts held at the Petroleum Association picnic. Jack Slattery directed the show for the Oil men and it was one of the fastest and best fight cards ever held in Wichita. Earl Bartholomew beat Everett Nutter in three; Ray Williamson won from Kenny Ogle in three; Byron Johnson and Manuel Vasquez, three rounds to a draw; Floyd Everly knocked out Jack Morton in one; Max Pixley and Gyp Bartholomew drew in three.

The entertainment committee of the I.P.A. voted unanimously to stage boxing shows hereafter at their annual picnic, and Jack Slattery will be the director since this show was such a big success. Slattery is in line for promotion for other shows for organizations staging shows next year at their conventions and picnics.

Pittsburgh, Kans.—Steve Salina is promoting amateur shows in this city at the Shrine Mosque and staged his first show the last of September, and a big crowd witnessed a high class amateur boxing show. Salina will stage shows regularly every two weeks.

Neodesha, Kans.—Ira Krueger, promoter, closed the outdoor boxing season with a very colorful show and has decided not to stage indoor shows this fall and winter owing to having no suitable place for holding same.

Les Showers, leading amateur boxing director of the Middle West, just completed a three-day amateur tournament at Rapid City, South Dakota, with a complete sellout all three nights, the biggest fight show ever held in the Dakota city. Showers is now in Wichita resting up for a few days before staging his next tournament. He is considering some offers from organizations in several Texas cities desiring his services.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT SCRANTON . . . . Making his first start in a Scranton ring in six months, Walter "Wildcat" O'Connor of Carbondale, defeated Wickey Harkins, rugged Philadelphia welterweight in ten bruising rounds. O'Connor gained an early lead which he needed as Harkins finished strong and had the crowd in an uproar when the official verdict was rendered.

Jack Downey, promising young heavyweight from Scranton, kayoed Sergt. Jack Rilen of Wilkes-Barre in the second round. Downey is improving very fast and should go places in the heavyweight division with a little more experience.

In the other bouts, Johnny Van Durek outpointed Gene McColligan in six fast rounds. Both boys hail from the west side section of Scranton. Joe Orlosky, light-heavyweight from Carbondale, defeated Nick Dorsey of Binghamton in six rounds. While in the opening bout Roy Davis lost to Joe Merrick. Both Scranton youngsters were former amateur stars, and made a hit in their professional debut.

At Rocky Glen . . . . In the final outdoor show of the season Pete Susky of Scranton, present middleweight champion of the Coal Region, continued his winning streak by defeating Steve Kahley of Hazleton in the featured bout of eight rounds. Susky displayed his old-time form in his last two battles.

Jack Downey, Scranton heavyweight, was again a winner. This time he was pressed to go the entire distance of six rounds by Johnny Reilly of Wilkes-Barre. This pair "stole" the show with their hard fought battle.

Danny Dempsey, veteran Scranton featherweight, kayoed the up and coming LeRoy Ponzi of Hazleton in the second round of a scheduled six-round bout. Gene McColligan of Scranton kayoed Willie Hoppe of Exeter in the fifth round, while Joe Tassi of North Scranton was the winner in a close battle over Johnny Nealon of Hyde Park.

At Scranton (Amateurs) . . . . Before fifteen hundred amateur boxing enthusiasts at Town Hall the show sponsored by the Mid-Valley Hospital was a huge success in the elimination round which offered nine bouts.

In the heavyweight bout, Joe Downey, brother of the Scranton Jack Downey, defeated Eddie Bator of Taylor. Lewis Novack of Blakely beat Sam Talarico of Scranton in the middleweight bout. Tony Lutch of Wyoming beat Billy Belez of Mosco in the welterweight bout. Eddie Long of Scranton beat Steve Polcha of Dunmore in the lightweight bout. Charles Crane of Dickson City beat Myron Wasilchak of Jessup. George Simko of Taylor beat Rolly Koohan of Mosco in the bantamweight bout. Barney Murphy of West Scranton T.K.O.'ed Joe Pabis of Dickson City in another bantamweight affair. Eddie Hettman of Throop kayoed George Llewellyn of Scranton in a junior welterweight bout.

In an amateur show at Madison Square Garden Bowl Bill Speary of Nanticoke, national amateur champion in the flyweight class, kayoed Bebe Rick of Kansas City in the third round. Joe Kelly of Nanticoke beat Billy White of New York. Dick Powell of Nanticoke, international bantamweight champ, lost to Manuel Ross of New York. In another amateur show at New York City, Bill Speary of Nanticoke again emerged victorious. This time Speary beat Johnny Forte. Dick Powell of Nanticoke lost to Carleton Adams.

Arthur Thomas of Nanticoke, who brought all of the champs hailing from that section of the Coal Fields, was dealt a severe blow when certain gossipers talked his fighters away from him. Thomas spent several years developing the Nanticoke array of Simon-pures.

Mike Latzo, noted fight handler, who is associated with the writer, has taken over the Hazleton A. C. Latzo will run the best boxing shows available in the Coal Fields. His main goal is to develop local talent.

Just Rambling . . . . Jackie Munley, Scranton favorite, will be ready for action by the time this column goes to press. His hand which troubled him for the past three months has healed. Munley should be the outstanding middleweight in this territory before the summer rolls around . . . . Eddie McGeever of Scranton kayoed Freddie Camuso at Providence, R. I., in the seventh round . . . . Mickey Serrian, Scranton welterweight, was kayoed by Frankie Blair of Camden, N. J., at New York . . . . Jack Gormeley is kept busy these days as Stezar's Gym is doing a rushing business. The leading fighters from these parts make Stezar's Gym their training headquarters.

Any fighters wishing to show their wares in the Coal Regions would do well to contact Mike Latzo as he is well connected in this part of the state. THE RING is getting a "big play" in this section as all Coal Region boxing fans reach for it when discussing the grand and glorious pastime. THE RING is on sale the fifth of each month and can be bought at most newsstands throughout the Coal Fields. When in Scranton you can buy THE RING at Spec's book shop, corner Wyoming and Linden Streets.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

THE past month having been devoid of any outstanding boxfights, Yours Truly apologetically doffs the green fedora and humbly confesses an inability to afford readers of this column with anything more enlightening than a hodge-podge of results and a few comments anent the local leather situation, as follows:

The Sonnyboy Walker-Eddie Simms heavyweight go was perhaps the outstanding San Francisco attraction, while Louie Nova's meeting with Johnny Erjavec carried off the month's feature billing across the Bridge at Oakland. Walker took a hard fought 10-round decision over Simms at the Dreamland Auditorium in a replay of their draw battle last month, while Nova floored Erjavec four times to walk off with the victory after 10 good rounds . . . . Ray Actis, the Excelsior Exterminator, returned to the ring after a goodly absence and surprised everyone by flattening young Buddy Holzhauer of Los Angeles in the last chapter of the Dreamland tenner. It was a thrilling kayo, Ray's swinging left hook to the jaw depositing Holzhauer on the back of his neck with a crash. The Los Angeleno had a 15-pound pull in the weights, but Actis' Sunday punch would derail a locomotive . . . . Eddie Fagundes' reign of glory following his stunning victory over Horace Mann, was cut short in abrupt fashion when the San Hosay bantamweight ran into the right hand of Gene Espinosa, Filipino. Fagundes took the fatal flop in one round . . . . Espinosa reappeared at San Jose later and was held to a ten-round draw by Tomboy Romero of Sacramento.

George Theodoratos, giant Greek heavyweight, is starting all over again, following a long layoff . . . . he was stopped by Louie Nova in his last showing . . . . "Chuck" Crowell, L. A., stiffened Jack Petric of Mountain view in the second stanza of their San Jose meeting . . . . Leo Kelly, the dusky light-heavyweight recently returned from Australia, was held to a 10-round draw at Oakland by Frank Rowsey, veteran "Powder River Kid" from Montana, via Los Angeles . . . . Kelly had any edge there was . . . . The best welterweight west of the Rockies at this writing is colored Eddie Booker, who hails from San Jose and has had something like 50 pro starts without suffering a single setback . . . . Booker can box and punch and has worlds of class.

Chalk up another one for Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom. Returning from Detroit, scene of his conquest of Jimmy Adamick, the veteran Rosie cuffed Nash Garrison, Mexican from San Jose, hither and yon for ten stanzas to walk off with a unanimous decision . . . . The bout was staged at Oakland . . . . Domingo Valin and "Sunny Jim" McVey, Oakland's oft-featured heavyweights, offered a return engagement of their initial meeting wherein Domingo pickled James with a single wallop . . . . In this 'un, however, McVey kept his button out of harm's way, and received a draw at the end of ten hard fought rounds . . . . Arnold Sharkey, whose clowning has kept amateur fans in hysterics for three years, is going to turn pro . . . . He'll never be a champ, but he has R. O. appeal a-plenty! . . . . Yours Truly, watching movies of the "Carnival of Champions" was particularly impressed with the new bantamweight champion, Harry Jeffra . . . . Man, is he fast! . . . . Marcel Thil surprised with the argument he afforded San Francisco's Fred Apostoli . . . . And speaking of the "bald eagle," reports have it that he'll be seen locally in the near future.

Joe Gavras, up-and-coming young Greek lightweight, was held to a six-round draw by Joe Ybarra of El Cerrito . . . . Mario Duchini of Sacramento dropped one to Harold Dettman, middleweight stablemate of Eddie Simms . . . . Al Marino, rotund Italian heavy, fought a comical six-round draw with Pio Pico, Wirt Ross' Meyheecan.

The State Commission is staging a big heavyweight tournament in the hope of discovering among the various and sundry collection of oversized mitt-slingers a fighter capable of affording the top-flighters with some stiff California opposition . . . . Louie Nova is the best bet—in our book.

King Football is starting to muscle in on the boxfight business, as is usual at this time of the year . . . . Despite that, we'll be back next month, and until then—Au revoir!

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

MIDDLEWEIGHTS may come and middleweights may go, but the 160-pound championship continues to rest securely on Freddie Steele's head. Since the Tacoma Terror started his drive for titular honors, until the present day, he has swept aside all opposition that was thrust before him.

Among the list of fighters that have fallen before the mighty fists of Steele are included the following names: Fred Apostoli, Babe Risko, Hobo Williams, Gorilla Jones, Gus Lesnevich, Allen Matthews, Young Stuhley, Frank Battaglia, and last but not least, the formidable Ken Overlin.

Overlin is the latest of Steele's opponents who had to be counted out by the referee in the ring. Twice the Steele-Overlin fight had to be postponed, but when the Washington, D. C., challenger entered the ring to do battle with the champion, he lasted less than four rounds.

At the weighing-in before the fight, Ken Overlin tipped the scales at one and a half pounds over the middleweight limit. Overlin was given time to take off the extra poundage, but when he returned, it was found that the scales still read slightly over 160. Chris Dundee requested Steele's manager, Eddie Miller, to allow the champion to fight Overlin at that weight. However, Miller insisted that the title would not be at stake if Overlin came in over the recognized limit. Ken was forced to come in at 160.

Ken Overlin fought a careful fight in the first three rounds and gave Steele plenty of trouble, but when he changed his tactics in the fourth round and waded right into the champion, he found himself on the canvas with the referee counting over his prostrate form. The short left hook that caught Overlin in this round carried enough dynamite to put ten fighters to sleep. Overlin never arose after the first knockdown, was counted out by the referee and had to be carried to his corner.

The Steele-Overlin fight took place just three weeks after the death of Dave Miller, Steele's beloved manager. After the fight, Freddie wept bitterly because Dave was not there to see one of the greatest fights that he had fought. Dave Miller may not be living to see Steele fight, but his soul is still with the champion inspiring him on to further fistic honors.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES—The gross receipts of the Steele-Overlin fight were reported at about $30,000 . . . . Steele left after the fight to take in the World Series . . . . After that he will map out a busy winter campaign . . . . Wild Bill Boyd, having scored kayo wins over Ford Smith and Wes Hayes, has left for a series of fights in and around Los Angeles . . . . Norman Dawson, promising young protege of Ted Moore, is coming along very fast and it will take a topnotch welter to beat him in the coming amateur battles . . . . As this goes to press, a fight between Eddie Wenstob and Sonny Buxton is in the making for Vancouver . . . . the match will be for the undisputed Canadian light-heavyweight championship . . . . Wenstob is at present in the British Columbia metropolis, and if he gets by Buxton, it is hoped that he will fight one or two leading light-heavies from California.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Santa Fe, N. M.—Emilio Martinez, Denver, Colo., light-heavyweight, scored a close 10-round decision over Tiger Jack Wright, San Diego, Calif., Negro heavyweight.

Sammy James, Phoenix middleweight, decisioned veteran Mike Montoya, La Veta, Colo., middleweight, in a torrid eight-round semi-windup.

At Antonito, Colo.—Young Joe Louis, Walsenburg's "Baby Bomber," racked up a Labor Day knockout over Bobby Cortez of Cincinnati, O. Cortez went out in the third heat from a right-hander to the chin.

In the other half of the twin main event, Bobby Valdez, San Luis 118 pounder, won the state bantamweight crown by pounding out a decision over Denver's Trevino Orlando, over the 10-round route.

At Albuquerque, N. M.—Johnny Johnson, flashy Las Vegas welterweight, made short work of Charley Tate, erstwhile "Black Panther," who a couple of years ago was one of the region's most impressive ringmen.

Tate was flattened in the third after making a mediocre showing in the first two rounds. He is definitely "through" and the colored kid will do well to realize as much.

Fight fans throughout the entire Southwest mourned the tragic death of little Bobby Valdez of San Luis, Colo., who was killed in a motorcycle accident five days after winning the Colorado bantamweight title.

Young Valdez, 23, had been coming along like a house afire in the past few months and appeared to be on the threshhold of more than regional fame. He had been fighting professionally about four years and had won something like 60 ring contests.

At Santa Fe, N. M.—Emilio Martinez, Denver light-heavyweight, scored a technical knockout over Lowell Sporland of Phoenix, Ariz., in the final round of their 10-round setto at the Rialto Theater. The scrap was a hammer-and-tongs affair throughout with the colored Sporland holding his own until he wilted under a couple of portside digs to the belly in the final round.

Ted Garcia, Denver lightweight, scored a seven-round kayo over Santa Fe's rugged Joe Garcia in the semi-final. The Denverite was on the ragged edge of a kayo himself throughout the first three rounds, but finally dug up a defense for the round-house shots that threatened to wreck his classic profile.

Almost on a par with the two above bouts was the unscheduled mills Joe M. Roybal, Las Vegas promoter, staged with first, Emilio Martinez, which required the efforts of half a dozen ringsiders to quell. Later, Joe tried his hand against Juan Ortiz of the Santa Fe police force, and gave about as well as he received.

Joe seems about to uncover a real headliner in . . . . himself.

At Pueblo, Colo.—Young Joe Louis, Walsenburg middleweight, made short work of Sammy Weiss, Chicago mauler, by scoring a knockout in less than half a round of their scheduled 10-rounder.

In the second half of the twin main event bill, Ernie Lara, Pueblo, dropped a 10-round decision to Ted Garcia, Colorado featherweight champ. Lara's state lightweight title also passed to the Denver warrior.

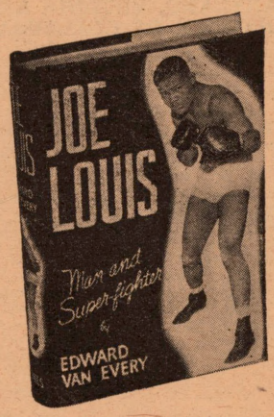
At Denver, Colo.—Alabama Kid, Columbus, O., battler, scored a technical kayo over Denver's Emilio Martinez in the ninth round of a 10-round go. Martinez won the opening session, but thereafter absorbed a terrific battering that ended only when Referee Joe Russell stepped in and halted the massacre.

There was a time when Martinez was a capable ringman, but them days are gone forever, and the sooner they get the Mex out of there, the better off he'll be. He's definitely through.

Remember, the writer has a complete list of boxing promoters out in this neck of the woods that you can have for a two-bit piece. Will also be glad to answer any questions relative to the mitt industry out here in the Rockies.

Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

B. B., Minneapolis, Minn.—Yes, there was a capable lightweight by the name of Johnny Marto who was in circulation about twenty-five years back. I don't know where he resides at the present time. If I'm not mistaken, he fought out of Brooklyn in his day. Rudie Unholz is dead. I have no data on the present whereabouts of Maurice Thompson. I don't think he and Cyclone Johnny Thompson were related.



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MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

TOMMY Speigal of Uniontown, Pa., scored a hard earned victory over Norment Quarles of Richmond in a 10 rounder at Richmond. One of the largest houses in years was on hand to see the boys battle for the Southern lightweight title.

Lou Gevinson, Washington featherweight, took a unanimous 10-round decision over Frankie Covelli, of New York, at the Griffith Stadium in Washington. Gevinson punched entirely too hard for the New York veteran, who hit the deck for two long counts during the encounter. It took all of Frankie's ring experience to weather the storm on many occasions, but he gamely made a last round stand that had his younger opponent dazed. Sailor Born and Irish Johnny Dean fought a terrific eight-round semi-final with honors even. The affair was one of those rough brawls that has the fans on their feet most of the time.

Saverio Turiello of Italy returned to Baltimore to give Louis Kid Cocoa another boxing lesson over the 12-round route. The New Englander has yet to hit the Italian a good clean punch, and while Saverio is not much of a puncher himself, he is just about the busiest boxer in the game today, hitting Cocoa at will.

Red Cochrane of Elizabeth surprised the Richmond fans when he held Tommy Speigal to a 10-round draw in the Virginia capital. Cochrane started with a rush, winning the first round, but was floored for a nine count in round two but weathered the storm and came back to give Speigal his hardest fight to date in Richmond. Stumpie Jacobs of Richmond, Va., scored a one-round technical knockout over Bill Shores of Charlotte, N. C., when the latter's lip was severely cut.

Marty Gallagher of Washington lost a unanimous decision to Eddie Hogan of Waterbury after 10 rounds of hard fighting. Hogan got off to an early lead, punching Gallagher around quite a bit for the first four rounds, then Marty started finding his range and from then on it was a nip and tuck affair with Gallagher finishing far the stronger of the two men. It was Marty's first bout in many months.

Andrea Jessurun, the South American welterweight, and Lambertine Williams, local Negro battler, fought an interesting 10 rounder in Baltimore with the South American taking the nod. Williams started and finished the bout at a terrific pace but Jessurun won several of the intervening rounds. Williams' let-down during the middle of the battle cost him the duke as he finished with a burst that had Jessurun plenty weary at the final bell. Reds Transperanti lost to Lawrence Gunn in the eight-round semi-final. Lou Transperanti won a six-round decision over Jiggs Knight in the feature prelim.

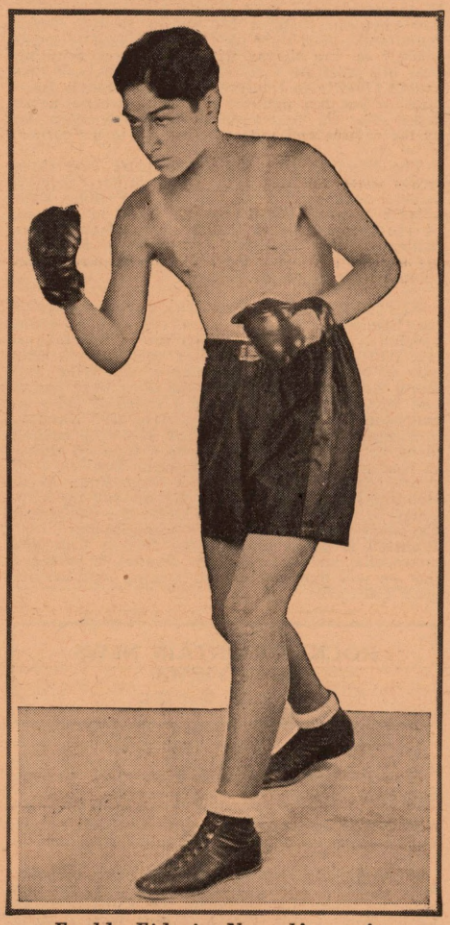
PICKUPS—With fire burning both the indoor and open air arenas at Carlin's Park in Baltimore, Matchmaker Sylvan Bass is dickering to promote his shows for the coming winter at the 5th Regiment Armory in the Monumental City. The Armory will seat nearly 20,000 fans, consequently it will take high class shows to make much of an impression in this large structure. Negotiations are already under way whereby a new arena will be built at the site of the burned one with a considerably larger seating capacity. Many Baltimoreans were on hand to see Harry Jeffra win the bantamweight title in New York recently, among them being Johnny Kid Williams of Baltimore, who by the way, is an ex-bantamweight titleholder and just about the best to hold that title thus far. Heinie Blaustein, the Baltimore fight manager who developed Harry Jeffra, is the same man who brought out the Dundee brothers, Vince and Joe. His friendship with Max Waxman, the present business manager for Jeffra and with the Dundee brothers during their careers, has been since boyhood. Chris Dundee, manager of Ken Overlin, Phil Furr, Norment Quarles and Bob Turner, is now making New York his headquarters. Chris recently returned from the Coast. He can be reached at the Piccadilly Hotel, New York City.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES

By SAM PORCELLI

FOLLOWING are the results of the best amateur bouts of the month that took place at the Elks Club of Rochester: Attileo Bellucci, Rochester, won five-round decision from Jack Walters, Binghamton, welterweights; Sergeant Sam Leta, Rochester, won by sensational two-round kayo over Eddie Pagan, Binghamton, light-heavies; Kid Snookie, Rochester, lost five-round verdict to Chicky Harton, Binghamton, light-weights; Ossie Sussman, Rochester, won five-round decision over Tony Felice, Binghamton, featherweights; Jimmy Bevins, Cleveland, won over Slambango Sammy Goritz, Rochester, light-weights, in five rounds; Ossie Sussman won from Lou Dell, of Cleveland, in five rounds, feathers; Nelson Hawkins, Cleveland, beat Joe Birdie in five rounds, welterweights; Johnny Walker, Rochester, k.o.'d Billy Huff, of Cleveland, in third round, heavyweights.

Fistic morsels: Sammy Garat and Eddie Clarke are boxing instructors at Edison Technical High School. Billy Baird is developing some new good talent at his gym on 110 Adams Street. Billy also has a business men's conditioning class. Hughie Smith will be on the shelf for a while on account of his old rib injury. Frankie Wallace of Cleveland, in his brief stay in town, endeared himself to the hearts of many Rochester fight fans for his very likeable ways and ready smile. Frankie stayed 10 rounds with Pedro Montanez last July in Pedro's home town, Puerto Rico. Frankie picked the four winners on Mike Jacobs' Carnival of Champions. We thought C. R. Schaare's drawing of the four aces on the October issue of "The Ring" to be superb. Eddie Thomas has a new automobile and so has Joe Sicnalfi. How about giving Rochester a Bert Courage-Sam Leta bout?



Freddy Fiducia, Newark's coming heavyweight.

Mickey Cardarelli, one-time Niagara district flyweight and bantamweight champion, will spend the winter in Florida with his buddy, Jackie Polvino. Jackie's younger brother, Charlie, is training to become a professional heavyweight wrestler. Chuck is only 17 years of age and weighs 183 pounds. He has already captured three scholastic titles and is a very good prospect.

Mike Donovan, now a local fireman, is the handsomest old-time fighter in these parts. Mike fought many stirring battles with Jack Blackburn, Joe Louis' trainer. Joey Manual wins that distinction among the fighters of a décade ago. When will Joe Birdie's oft-announced retirement come into effect? Battling Barry has a new job. "Baby Face" Willie Neelin should try to regain some of his lost prestige. Willie can do well in many other fields. Tiger Smith is doing well around New York. Mike Pago has a good position and looks like a retired business man, and is always in good shape.

Miss M. Lorenzo, Argburth, Liverpool, England. Very sorry I could not send you a picture of Young Ruffo. Write to Mr. Nat Fleischer, in care of this magazine. I am sure he will do all he can. Perhaps you mean Young Griffo, the great Australian welterweight, whom some consider the cleverest boxer ever to lace on a pair of gloves. I have many of his pictures in my collection.

Tony Fortorice, Perry, N. Y.: Your A.A.U. license fee is only twenty-five cents.

Bill Salvage, Baltimore, Maryland: Will do all I can for you. Will write to you soon.

CONNECTICUT NEWS

By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

AT Silver City Stadium, Meriden, Conn., Johnny Lasinski, Meriden socker, scored a sensational triumph in knocking out George Fitch, New Haven ringster, in the third round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Lasinski put Fitch down for keeps with a barrage of lefts and rights to the head and chin. Lasinski looks like a coming prospect.

Johnny Baker of Meriden lost no time in disposing of his foe, Emil Saunders of Providence, R. I., in two heats. Snooks Lacey, New Haven, won a six-round verdict over Red Hutchins. Tony Costa came through, winning on points over Eddie McGraw in six. Tom Grady, from Springfield, gained the decision over Frankie Young in a four-rounder.

Before five thousand spectators, Lou Ambers, world's lightweight champion, outclassed and outsmarted Howard Scott to score a decisive decision in the feature ten-round bout at South Park, Hartford. Scott was dropped to the canvas twice, once in the fifth and again in the tenth and final round. Right-hand smashes brought Scott down.

Eddie Reed, Hartford mittster, hammered out a points victory over Red Hutchins, from Athens, Ga., in six rounds. A knockout victory was scored in the fourth round by George Fitch, a hard-hitting light-heavy, over Larry Schucks, of New York. Tommy Desco, Niagara Falls, had an easy time in kayoing his opponent, Frankie Smith of Norwalk, with a hard right to the chin for the count. Jimmy Stewart, New Haven warrior, and Joe Rosia of New Britain, mixed for four rounds with the decision being a draw.

Former heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey officiated as referee.

Floored for the count of eight in the second round, Fanis Tzanatopoulos arose only to be knocked out in the third round by Johnny Lasinski, hard-hitting Meriden light-heavyweight, when he unleashed a two-fisted attack to the mid-section and head to send Fanis to the mat to be counted out.

The scheduled semi-final of six rounds between Johnny Baker, Meriden, and Tom Grady of Springfield went into the second round when Baker dumped Grady to the floor to end the encounter via a knockout win. Frankie Young of New Haven gained a four-round decision over Paul Andrews of Springfield. Gene Gregory, New Haven, was given the referee's decision over Pinboy Savino of Stamford in a six-round bout. Snooks Lacey of New Haven received the duke over Eddie McGraw of New Britain in four rounds.

On the Henry Armstrong-Young Charley Burns undercard, in the eight-round semi-final, Irish Eddie Dolan, Waterbury leather-tosser, whipped Charley Burley of Pittsburgh. He also scored over Jay Macedon in a six-round bout and disposed of Paul Cortlyn in the fourth round, during the month.

Amateur boxing has taken the spotlight from the professional boxing game, drawing capacity attendances.

Irish Eddie Dolan, welterweight, hailing from Waterbury, now fighting in New York, is steadily making headway. Dolan is clever, fast and a fine boxer. He is piloted by Jack Moore and Dave Karess.

The writer would like to hear from fighters of all weights who are not under any managerial contracts. Address is 50 Crown St., Waterbury, Conn.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY

By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

ERWIN POCHE, head of the Lousiana Boxing Commission, feted Joe Triner, Illinois Boxing Commission chairman, when the latter visited New Orleans recently. Triner gave out the information that Chicago will make every possible move to obtain the forthcoming Louis-Schmeling championship fight.

The latest New Orleans promoter, Murray Cribb, staged two cards during the month, all the bouts being over the four-round route. The two shows together only grossed around $700.

Johnny Chong stopped Ace Corley, but was chilled himself by Bill Raggio; John Donnelan decisioned Jerome Chong; Jimmy Hall kayoed K.O. Baer, all middleweights. Jumbo Rovira beat George Clausen; Cleve Gos lost to Jack Kearney and Douglas Berlier; George Holmes drew with Berlier, but was beaten by Joe Muscarello; Muscarello drew with Joe Argiz, and Argiz beat Dave Casebone, all welterweights. Tommy Pauley beat Merlin Springer and kayoed Russell Gonzales, featherweights. Angelo Musso defeated Joe Barrios, but lost to Sammy Batson, bantamweights.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

HONOLULU—A small crowd of only 1,500 fans tuned out for the Baby Johnson and Georgie Hansford fiasco at the Civic Auditorium. Johnson got the nod over the mainlander in a slow and uninteresting fight.

The semi-windup took the spotlight with a fast setup between Red Farmer, former Army champ, who scored a lucky win over Johnny Disopa of San Jose. Hol Housanint beat Young Evaristo via T.K.O. in the fourth round. Kid Waianae beat Henry Callejo. Al Silvano and Sonny Labaste, a draw. Kid Waialua T.K.O.'ed Battling Pering in three rounds.

Honolulu—A crowd of 5,000 fans crowded the Civic Auditorium to see two boys from the Orient give impressive accounts of themselves. The main bout was decisively won by Little Dado over Jackie Jurich, who is rated tenth in the July issue of THE RING by Eddie Borden. Dado's victory was impressive. He displayed his cunning attack with his both hands. Jurich seemed to be off his stride. His timing was off. Dado was the better of the two in boxing and punching. Dado hit 114⅜ pounds and Jurich, 113⅜.

Cunning Nene took a well-earned decision from Tommy Cobb of San Jose in an eight-rounder. Connecting hard with his right, Nene floored Cobb in the very first round for a nine count. The fight was all Nene's for he was the better boxer. Kid Felipe won from Chick Sales. Harry Higa and Benny Visayan, a draw. Louie Ramirez T.K.O.'ed Astor Aludino in the fourth. Toy Tamanoha kayoed Francis Iniz in two rounds.

Kauai—Little Dado kayoed Tommy Cobb via the technical kayo route before a fair sized crowd, which was held at the Garden Island for the first time this year. Cunning Nene, Dado's stablemate, outpointed Louie Ramirez.

Honolulu—Ernest (Red) Farmer won a close slugfest from Ben Ahakuelo at the Civic Auditorium weekly show before a packed house of 4,000 fans. Both started out fast, giving no quarter, which resulted in the best slugging match seen in a long while. Farmer scored the first knockdown when he had Ahakuelo down for a nine count in the opening round. However, the game Hawaiian boy evened it by flooring Farmer for a nine count in the third with a hard right to the chin. In the semi-windup, Johnny Di Sopa pulled a surprise by winning the welterweight title from Kid Moro, the crowning boxer, in a six-rounder. The Coast lad had the upper hand in most every round and won the bout without doubt. Tommy Cobb, with a few hours' notice, fought Maurice Seria to a draw. George Hansford took a T.K.O. win over Kid Felipe, who suffered a cut eye. Charley Higa beat Filomena Zustia. Herman Waltero won from Cornelio Lapinid.

Honolulu—Tommy Jones, the dusky welterweight from the Coast, proved his mettle before a packed house of over 3,000 fans by knocking the daylights out of Tony Roccaforte in five rounds at the Civic Auditorium weekly card. Tommy carried too much class and outboxed and outpunched the Italian from the outset of hostilities.

Disapproval was shown of the draw verdict between Maurice Seria and Adolph Samuels. The crowd was in an uproar voicing their disapproval. Everyone claimed that Seria had the edge in the bout and should have been given the nod. Johnny Flores polished off Ted Abrams in the fourth. These boys are the first heavyweights to fight locally for many years. David Young made his pro debut with a slashing knockout win over Henry Callejo in the first round in 49 seconds with a hard left to the mouth, and Benny Mateo, another former Simon-pure, made good by kayoing Hilo Francisco in one heat.

Honolulu—Dommy Ganzon, in his second local appearance, made the most impressive showing of all the fighters now showing in Honolulu. His ability was questioned in his debut against Rego but later he proved that he is one of those that belong in the upper bracket by scoring a surprising second round knockout over Korean Chin, a boy who can take it with the best of them.

Age didn't count much on the semi-windup when Kid Moro, the Filipino clowning scrapper, beat "Red" Farmer handily to take the decision. The Fil proved a little too clever for the former Army boy. Flashy Sebastian beat Banzal Kawahara easily. Young Benny Leonard won from Rusty Ramirez. Emery McLaughlin (manager and trainer of the visiting San Jose boys) beat Cornelio Lapinid. Harry Higa T.K.O.'ed Chic Sales in the second frame.

Honolulu—Spotting five pounds to the most feared colored scrapper in the local rings, Kid Moro made Tommy Jones a just so-so fighter. Putting up the best fight of his long career, the Filipino won a clean-cut decision without encountering much difficulty in the ten rounds they fought before a packed house of more than 5,000 fans. Moro's big round was the seventh, when he had Jones reeling and sure for the cleaner; instead Moro stalled for a bigger opening and lost his one chance of a knockout.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

TOMMY FARR, the walloping Welsh blond who sold himself to fistic fandom with his grand display against Joe Louis, was Montreal's biggest ring attraction of the year to date, without lifting a glove. The outspoken Britisher, secured to referee the scheduled Al McCoy-Andre Lenglet heavyweight clash at the Forum, was the saviour of Armand Vincent's fine card when McCoy failed to show up, serving a day's notice, as more than 7,000 fans paid their way in to see Farr refereeing the main clash between Lenglet and Eddie Coderre, young heavy from Pawtucket, R. I., who was a last-minute substitute for McCoy.

Farr got a tremendous ovation when he strode down the aisle to the ring and the bout didn't get under way for more than twenty minutes with Farr being besieged by milling swarms of autograph hunters. The attendance was surprisingly good in view of the last-minute substitution of an unknown fighter for McCoy, who is a big drawing card here, and it was obvious that Farr was the magnet for most of those present. The public received fair play, however, with the substitution being announced in the newspapers and on the radio. There were 2200 cancellations, which, together with others that would have attended, would have resulted in a $15,000 gate if McCoy had appeared.

Lenglet, showing greatly improved form over his initial appearance locally, had little trouble with Coderre, a game lad, who entertained the fans at times with his bits of showmanship. Lenglet crashed Coderre to the canvas in the first stanza and it looked to be all over, but the New Englander gamely stuck it out for seven heats when his seconds threw in the towel. Coderre was taking another of his frequent canvas vacations and was badly battered up, bleeding profusely, and there was little need of the slaughter continuing. Lenglet's performance indicates that a meeting with McCoy would be a tasty fistic dish.

Orville Drouillard, Windsor's blond bulldog of the lightweights, outbattled Doug Marsh, promising local welter, in a catchweights battle that featured the supporting card. Marsh held his own for four rounds, but Drouillard's experience and aggressiveness were too much for him in the last four heats. In another spicy eight-rounder, Joe Marsh, Doug's older brother, outscored Tommy Corbett, a rugged welter billed from Detroit. Gamelin Dumas, Sam Gibbs' promising featherweight hope, outslugged Al Castilloux in a six-rounder, and Paul Joffre, local heavy, licked George Richard, Windsor, in a crude but entertaining six-round curtain-raiser. Harry Gerson, hard-hitting local bantam, had little trouble in disposing of Georgie Mandello, Boston, in the second of a scheduled eight-rounder.

Maxie Berger retained his newly won Canadian lightweight title by defeating Orville Drouillard in a ten-rounder that featured Raoul Godbout's initial promotorial venture at the Forum. The battle was a dandy and deserved better than the 3,000 attendance. Drouillard, in marvelous shape, staged a smart, determined battle and finished strong to make it a close pick, the ringsiders swarming around the ring, many in anticipation of the championship changing hands. The decision in Berger's favor was none too popular, many figuring Drouillard had proven Berger's master by nullifying the champ's smashing rights, making him miss consistently, while others thought his roaring finish entitled him to a draw.

Dave Castilloux had little trouble disposing of Larry Esposito, New York lightweight, in two rounds, flooring him four times in the first and twice in the second, and Harry Gerson shaded Frankie Kid Anslem in a ten-rounder that failed to enthuse the fans though the boys put on a clever display. This decision did not appeal to the fans either as they figured Anslem's brilliant boxing offset Gerson's harder hitting. Fresh from a three-round kayo over Young Leblanc at Quebec, young Gamelin Dumas packed too many guns for Roger Lapointe, local southpaw, in a six-rounder, and in the opening six-rounder, Eddie Petrin, former amateur bantam star, returned to the ring after a two-year layoff to outslug Vic Gauthier, another former local amateur boxer.

Paul Doucet, known in the ring as "Kid" Lulu, won the Maritime lightweight title from Kid Hart of Moncton in ten rounds at Bathurst, N. B. The fight was hard fought with Lulu clinching the crown with his furious tenth-round barrages. The attendance was about 1500. Jack Carroll, the new champ's manager, is ready for any offers and can be reached at Box 324, Bathurst, N. B.

STRAY SHOTS—Frank Hogan, former chairman of the Montreal Athletic Commission, was elected president of the N. B. A., and he is the first Canadian to win that distinction . . . . Hogan is an able commissioner and should live up to expectations . . . . Tommy Osborne, local boy who wears the Canadian amateur heavyweight crown, scored impressively on the international amateur tourney here when he stopped Johnny Bang, New York Golden Glove champ, in the first round . . . . Promoter Billy Fitzgerald figures on a big attendance when Babe McLeod battles Battling Johnson in his next feature.

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HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

DONALD "RED" BARRY went 10 rounds with Bill Irby at Fort Bennings, Ga. Tommy Burns also made the trip to Georgia, boxing Pal Loyd.

Tommy Burns is a traveling boxer. He has averaged 500 miles for each fight he has taken part in. His last trip was 2,400 miles for one fight.

Andre Jessurun won over Mickey Maker; Eddie Mays, Hartford, won over Bill Conerty of Boston; Jimmy Stathis lost to Gus McLellan of Boston; Lou McGuire won by a knockout over Mickey Laiko; Johnny Baranowski won on a technical k.o. from Earl Johnson of Boston.

Victor Vallee won a decision over Sindulfo Diaz of Mexico City. The fight was close, Diaz making a strong finish to nearly even up the affair.

Joe Gelinas, of Athol, Mass., won over Joe Ricciotti, of Boston, in the other 10-rounder. Joe Coll, of Athol, Mass., won over Ralph Morgan of Boston in a four. Tommy Burns, of Springfield, and Norman Cournoyer, of Worcester, fought a hard fought draw. Terry Rogers, Amherst, fought a four-round draw with Eddie Perreault, of Worcester.

Joe Marsh, of Montreal, fought a draw with Johnny Lucas, of Camden, in a 10-round main bout at the Valley Arena. Eddie Hass, of Worcester, fought a six-round draw with Jimmy Richie of Hartford; Stanley Morris, of Brockton, won over Eddie Fotree, Providence, in another six; Jack Haggerty, Worcester, and Eddie McGee, Brockton, fought a draw; Johnny Baranowski, Dalton, Mass., won over Sylvester Davis, Worcester, in a four.

Sonny Jones, of Vancouver, and Andre Jessurun fought a draw in 10 rounds. Salvatore Bartolo, of Boston, lost to Red Hutchens, of Hartford, in a six-round bout. Jimmy Richie, of Hartford, won on a technical knockout from Enrico Freeman of New York. Eddie Hass won over Bobby Martinez, of Albany. Martinez proved a tough foe. Johnny Baranowski won by t.k.o. over Lou Maguire, of Worcester, in the third round.

Joe Gelinas, of Athol, Mass., won a decision over Tony Gouvia at North Adams in a 10-round main bout. Earl Duquette, of Pittsfield, won over Ruby Bradley, of Holyoke, in an eight-round semi.

Jerry Maloney of Springfield and Joe Gelinas fought a hard main bout with Maloney gaining the decision at the Meadowbrook Arena of North Adams.

Bennington, Vt., will open up for the winter season. The amateurs went over big at Thompsonville, Conn., this summer, and they intend to put them on indoors throughout the winter. Al Ryll, a heavyweight, of Southwick, Conn., packs them in with any fair opponent.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

RALPH DE JOHN, Syracuse's coming challenger for Freddie Steele's world's middleweight crown, is about the best boxing prospect developed in this man's town in many years. Ralph is not only a mighty clever ringster, but a great showman, and over in Buffalo, where he packs Charley Murray's club every time he goes to the post, they think our North Side Italian is the greatest battler to come over the pike since the heyday of Jimmy Slattery.

'Tis a strange quirk of fate that De John has made his climb up the ladder in Buffalo instead of Syracuse, where he is a natural box office attraction. But Ralph has drawn tremendous gates in the Bison City, and at the present time is the most popular fighter the town has. In his last two outings, De John handed the tough, hard hitting Lou Presto, former amateur knockout artist, a pair of first class shellackings. It wasn't the fact Ralph beat Presto that made his victories stand out, it was the manner in which he accomplished the wins. He boxes like a champion, hooks, jabs, right-crosses, shoots uppercuts, is fast on his feet, and can punch with both dukes.

Now that Babe Risko has hung up his gloves, De John is the leading 160 pounder up state. He is being managed very smartly by Joe Netro, a veteran pilot of boxers, and under Joe's shrewd care Ralph is a cinch to go places. Netro is the man who handled such ring material as: Caveman Fisher, Jackie Brady, Bucky Lawless and a host of others. He knows the game, this fellow, and deserves a hand for the manner in which he has brought De John along.

Jackie Brady, former Central New York light and welter champ, is operating a modernly equipped gymnasium here, and has close to fifty fighters, amateur and pro, working out at his sweat shop every day. Jackie is assisted in the management of the gym by two brothers, both former fighters. Ralph, a crack lightweight of other days, and Umbert, who was as rough and rugged a slugger as ever laced on a glove. Bill Robinson, one-time trainer of Baby Joe Gans and who was with Tom Cox for years, is rubber.

Bert Courage, the Hobart College heavyweight knockout sensation, now boasts a string of 38 knockouts, and by the time this pillar goes to press, he will probably add five or six more to his list. In his last three starts, Courage knocked out Al Fields in three rounds at the Arena, kayoed Hank Behrends in one at Auburn, and returned to the Arena to whale the tar out of Harry Griffin, Cleveland glover, in a thriller. Bert is still an amateur, but packs the fans in no matter who he fights because they know he will give them action from taw. His best punch is a left hook, and he murders them with this wallop.

Your correspondent is now staging weekly pro wrestling cards at the Arena. We opened with a bang-up battle between Danno O'Mahony of Boston, former world's champ, and Tor Johnson of Sweden, the 365-pound behemoth.

LEFT HOOKS: Gabe Genovese believes his new heavyweight, Hans Havileck, will be in there battling the leaders before the winter is over . . . . The dapper Gabe has also added another promising scrapper to his stable in Joe Boscarino, former Rochester lightweight, now fighting successfully in and around New York . . . . Mickey Serrian, who was quite a card here a few years back, visited town for several days and looked like a million . . . . Irv Robbins is drawing capacity crowds every Friday night to the Arena with his action packed amateur cards . . . . Robbins and Joe Netro have leased an office at 431 South Warren Street . . . . Walter (Red) Johnson, former Jamestown lightweight, is now living here and fighting on the average of once a week . . . . Rome, N. Y., has two fine fistic prospects in Cozy Storace, 147 pounder, and Ralph Di Castro lightweight, who won the Hearst All-America championship last year . . . . Babe Risko is going to be a cop . . . . He will make the handsomest police officer in the burg, and boy we sure have some good looking bluecoats here . . . . We have been authoring a series of fight articles for several upstate (N.Y.) papers and prior to Mike Jacobs' Carnival of Champions at the Polo Grounds we picked them as follows: Ambers to beat Montanez, Apostoli to stop Thil, Ross to beat Garcia and Escobar to whip Jeffra . . . . We batted .075 on that, being wrong only on the Jeffra scrap . . . . Marc Buckland, Sam Birney, Bob Kenefick, Gabe Genovese and Red Kantor and Hymie Fineberg took in the Havileck-Blunt fight at the Hipp while in Gotham for the series.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
With SPARKY RUDOLPH

MIKE GAMIERE, little Cleveland Italian, gave Jimmy Vaughn a real boxing lesson in Cleveland's Public Hall. Gamiere won eight out of ten rounds by using a tantalizing left jab. In the second round Vaughn scored the only knockdown in the fight with a left hook that dropped Mike to the floor for a no-count. Mike rose to his feet to win the rest of the round with ease. By the looks of Gamiere's showing he is about ready for the boys they have in the ratings.

Charley Baxter, out of Columbus, put the K.O. on Frankie Flynn of Batavia, N. Y., in fifty-nine seconds of the first round.

Ted Keating of Toronto stopped George Sutka of Detroit in the sixth round of their scheduled eight-round scrap. Mike Mitchell, who is making his home in Cleveland, was sitting at the ringside.

Young Tiger Flowers lost an eight-round decision to Jimmy Brown of Canton. Midge Mangine won his first pro fight by putting the K.O. on Ed DiLuzio in the second round with a driving left hand to the mid-section. Ralph Vasey also started with a flying start when he knocked out Al Lombardi in four rounds.

Lew Raymond is contemplating a show in Canton with Henry Armstrong on the top and Mike Mitchell in the semi-final. It will be a great show as long as Lew has anything to do with it. The first show they had in years went over big when Patsy Perroni stole the hearts of his home folks when he stopped Dewey Kimrey.

George Pace, flashy colored lad out of Cleveland, had to go to Canada to get into the limelight. His last win was a knockout over Frankie Martin, former Canadian champ. Incidentally, Pace is rated among the ten leading bantams of the world.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—The amateur boxing game has started in full bloom with a lot of promising kids . . . . Frankie Wallace is still a geat card around New York . . . . Andy Vusky is doing fine down in Bridgeport, Ohio, operating a high class night club . . . . Jimmy Dunn is still on the Coast . . . . Hello, Jim, from the gang . . . . Bryan Downey has a big smile these days (business is good) . . . . Ross Fields is doing very well operating a tavern in Weirton, W. Va. . . . . Franny O'Donnell took the dive—get me right, I mean hooked up to a sweet girl who is always in the front seat at every show.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

AL GEORGE, Columbus lightweight and champion of Ohio state, eliminated Charlie Bell, the rival Capital City battler, from the long list of claimants to the Buckeye title. Bill Garrison's plunging scrapper dished out a terrific lacing to the former Negro amateur star in 10 rounds of the feature attraction at Hafts Acre in Columbus. Bel, in defeat, proved himself a capable and courageous scrapper who'll be plenty heard from before the green leaves are in our midst.

Another Columbus battler has gained the national spotlight. He is Alabama Kid, 160-pound warrior, who is quite a big card out west. The Kid split decisions with Marty Simmons at Denver, came back to kayo Emilio Martinez and jumped over to San Francisco and lost a hard fought "light-heavyweight" battle to Gus Lesnovich. Alabama Kid is nothing but a middleweight and if he and his manager, Less Huffman, an experienced mitt pilot, would confine their activities alone to the rightful 160-pound glass, Freddy Steele would soon find an able contender for the world's middleweight championship.

Cincinnati has been a quiet spot for fisticuffs. With the exception of Billy Saffin's arena out in Mount Washington, there has not been any scraps carded. What, with the Music Hall Arena all lined with the Roller Derby, no other indoor spot was available. The hall is now ready with the Derby complete and rumor has it that a new promoter will invade the Queen City. Herman Katz, dean of Southern Ohio promoters, is on the Coast again with heavyweight Don Koons.

Wendall Bubp's last three fights resulted in victories for the kingpin of Indiana's welterweights. Bubp knocked out Norman Tieere in four and Chuck Vickers in five heats at Indianapolis and stowed Nick Nicholson away from the verdict in 10 sessions on one of Archie Hindman's Richmond, Ind., programs. There is no stopping Bubp, a hard hitter and fairly good boxer. To date, Bubp has engaged in 31 contests, winning 18 by knockouts, seven by decision, drew in two and lost four very close decisions. Hindman's shows in Richmond are going over great. His last offering drew twelve hundred cash dollars. A later show, featuring the cream of Indiana and Illinois and Ohio welterweights, was staged with the idea to procure a strong opponent for Bubp, who it seems is running out of opposition in mid-western territory. What a hit Bubp would make on the Coast, with such stars at Sparr, Corbett, Barnes and others.

Henry Huerta, crack Mexican junior lightweight, tops Jack Lofthouse's Peoria, Ill., list of fighting scrappers. Lofthouse also has Wally Elkins, heavyweight, George Adams, a colored lightie, Mickey Brooks, New York lightweight. Lofthouse's entire stable of fighters may appear on an early Cincinnati indoor program.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Tiger Jackson's sound knockout over Izzy Schwartz came near sending the latter to a Youngstown hospital . . . . Charlie Baxter, Columbus lightweight, followed with a knockout over Franky Lockwood, immediately after his kayo over Mike Gamiaere at Cleveland . . . . Joe Basco has done wonders with the curley headed blond battler . . . . Any information in this territory I will gladly furnish upon receipt of a self-stamped envelope . . . . the suspension on Bob Bonner has drawn a fine matter which can only be ironed out quickly . . . . Johnny Stevens' Greater Cincinnati lightweight title match with Franky Gilmore would draw a house full in any club in Cincinnati and for the good of both Gilmore and Stevens, the suspension on Bonner should be lifted . . . . how about it boxing commissioners? . . . .

Jimmy Sullivan, former local boxer, is one of the forty-one candidates for Cincinnati's City Council . . . . Al George, state lightweight champ, drew and won a decision against Joey Zodda, and won decisions from Johnny Morgan and Charlie Bell during the current month . . . . Herb Oldaker, Clarksburg, W. Va., lightie, was imported to a Columbus ring and then turned the invincible trick of beating Charlie Bell, winner of nine straight . . . . Oldaker kayoed Bell in the fifth . . . . another reigning sensation in the dome city is Pennah Ranzella, the Mexican welterweight . . . . Pennah, who is being handled by Less Huffman, knocked out Ray Finn, Toledo protege of Harry English . . . . the Mexican dropped a hard fought decision to Bob Turner, the West Virginia star . . . . Vernon Woods and Less Huffman are to open a high class gymnasium in Columbus around November 1 . . . . Woods, a well known and well liked sportsman, and Huffman, Columbus' veteran fight pilot, invite all visiting fighters to train at the new gym . . . . Huffman can be located at 2013 Lockbourne Street, Columbus, O. . . . . over in Fort Wayne, Dick Detrick is running into hard breaks since his return to the fight game . . . . Dick had his star feather, Frankie Jarr, all set to go . . . . Frankie hurt his hand in a Louisville battle and has since been on the shelf, affecting Detrick's other top scrappers.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

"I RATE Tony Bruno as the best middleweight Promoter Benbow has ever brought to Houston, Joey Parks not excluded," is the tribute paid the Italian dynamiter by Vic Emanuel in his "Pardon My Glove" of the Houston *Post*.

Bruno's work has been even more sensational than was that of Parks, who was a favorite here last winter. In his five local appearances, Cowboy Owens, Roy Bailey, Wildcat O'Connor, Jimmy LaMarr and Billy Hood have all been knocked kicking in a manner that bespeaks of a workman worthy of his hire. Tony is a throwback to the old school of fighters, asking no quarter and giving none; a two-fisted puncher who needs a referee for counting purposes only.

It is indeed remarkable how quickly a fighter can make or break himself in a place. For instance, while Bruno's popularity has been rapidly increasing, Parks all but ruined himself locally with a couple of bad showings the last time he was here. Nevertheless, a match between the pair would draw quite well.

Houston appears to be the ideal spot for fighters with ability, but who for some reason never had the breaks, to get started on the right road. George Salvadore, Sammy Meadows, Joey Parks, Tony Bruno and now, Kenny LaSalle, among others, have found something here that somehow seems to work wonders with them.

LaSalle came here last spring, after months of idleness on the Pacific Coast, and is now going like the proverbial house afire. Lester Francis, Willard Brown, Battling Chino, Cowboy Owens, Tracy Cox, Buddy Etheridge and Chester Rudy have proven easy touches for the rejuvenated Frenchman. His only loss was a close one to clever Kid Azteca several months ago and a rematch is in the making, with Kenny favored to come home in front this time.

Big Barney Brock came to Texas several months ago and whipped J. D. Turner. He saw the state's leading heavyweight hope, Pat McDuff, in action and decided that he could do likewise to Mr. McDuff. Last month he returned here with the avowed purpose of doing so, and when given the opportunity, made good in a great, big way. Now Mr. Brock is kingpin of the heavies hereabouts and quite a capable, too. Efforts are being made to match him with Max Roesch, but the latter hasn't accepted as yet.

Ralph Sikes, former fistic star, is now managing a big stable of fighters and seems to be doing quite as well as he did when he was tossing the leather himself, inasmuch as his boys are working regularly and getting the best spots. Pleasing fighters without managerial connections would do well to write Sikes. He can be reached at 214½ Main St., Houston.

George Salvadore, local boy, who has been campaigning in and around Chicago, has been laid up with a severe spell of the flu. It was a tough break for George and his affable manager, Jack Thurmond, as they had several shots lined up that were worthwhile. Mike Pereira, stablemate of Salvadore's, has been doing well around the Windy City, having won several fights. Mike is a very pleasing as well as a promising boy.

Billy Deeg, hard-hitting San Antonio welter, seems to be improving with leaps and bounds. Last month he was given a decision over Gallito Ramirez that most everyone, including your scribe, thought unfair. To prove it wasn't, he gave Ramirez a return match and won to the satisfaction of most everyone. Here's wishing the lad and his likeable manager, Baldy Baldesareli, a world of luck on their way up.

The writer's address is: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas. All correspondence will be promptly taken care of.

OTHER RESULTS—

Jack Thompson, Travis McCall's heavyweight star, made a punching bag of Paul Pross in ten rounds. Jack broke his right hand early in the fight or it probably wouldn't have lasted the distance.

Louis Arriola beat Paul Landry. Popeye Carroll K.O.'ed Lou Duran. Pork Chops Alexander stopped Ace of Spades Winston. Henry Marshall drew with Lilton Walker. Walker was beaten by George Coffee, who lost to Willie Neyland. Myrko Balaban knocked out James Tucker and beat Joe Jordan. Jack Kirkland K.O.'ed James Riley but lost to George Thomas via T.K.O. when his eye was badly cut.

Tony Bruno knocked out Wildcat O'Connor, Billy Hood and Jimmy LaMarr. Billy Pereira beat Clyde Morris, K.O.'ed Eddie Flores, but lost to Ralph Vitela. Vitela scored over Frankie Rao. Louis Arriola won over Ted Tellos. Tellos lost on a foul to Paul Landry. Jack Rodriquez stopped Harry Mason. Billy Deeg stopped Midget Mexico.

California Joe Rivers won from Frankie Graham in a great battle. Kenny LaSalle beat Tracy Cox and Chester Rudy. Babe Hunt drew with Sandy McDonald. Soldier Jones K.O.'ed Mickey Powers. Weldon Waycott stopped George Thomas. Thomas drew with Jack Rodriquez. Buster Deramus K.O.'ed Bob Henry. Ralph Vitela kayoed Clyde Morris.

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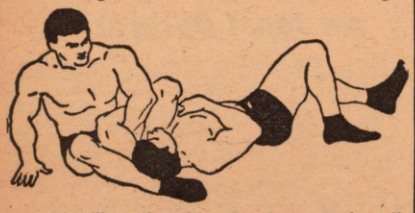

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IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

TY DILLON, matchmaker at the Uptown Arena, and Billy Colbert, matchmaker at the Riverview Park Arena, closed the 1937 outdoor boxing season after having dished out some of the best boxing cards staged in Sioux City for many moons. Both have plans for indoor cards.

Sioux City, Ia.—Uptown Arena: Henry Schaft, Minneapolis welterweight, scored over Kid Carlson of Chicago in eight whirlwind rounds. A wrenched back, suffered in the second round by Carlson, slowed the Chicago battler down considerably, but at that his loss was not a wide one. In a dandy sixer, Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight, dropped a close one to Buddy McCrea, St. Louis Negro; Young Jack Gantz, Des Moines welterweight, knocked out Mickey Powers of Omaha in two rounds; Jimmy Caffrey, Omaha light-heavy, won by a T.K.O. over Dutch Walker of Hinton, Ia., in two rounds; Lloyd Rawson, Sioux City welterweight, knocked out Jimmy Constance of Des Moines in one heat. Claude Pender, Omaha middleweight, won by a T.K.O. over Duke Williams of Sioux City in four rounds.

Des Moines, Ia.—Al Manfredo, Fresno, Cal., welterweight, stopped Henry Schaft of Minneapolis in seven rounds; Russ Wassener, Minneapolis heavy, knocked out Tiger Flores of St. Louis in one round.

Sioux City, Ia.—Riverview Park Arena: Young Jack Gibbons, St. Paul light-heavyweight contender, with a stinging punch, won an eight-round decision over Johnny Sykes of Tacoma, Wash.; Miles Martinez, St. Paul featherweight, and Billy Smith of Minneapolis fought a fast six-round draw; Charley Dawson, Omaha welterweight, edged out a win over Ray Mann of Sioux City in six; Harvey Woods, St. Paul featherweight, and Jess Ackerman of Des Moines, battled on fairly even terms in their sixer; Jimmy Collins, Minneapolis welter, scored a kayo over Johnny De Cruz of Des Moines in four.

Emmetsburg, Ia.—Ray Mann, Sioux City, scored over Mike Klomp of Lime Springs, Ia., heavyweight, in eight rounds; Bob Jackson, Milford, Ia., welter, drew with Johnny Goodson of Ruthven, Ia.; Barney Hassell, Graettinger heavyweight, outpointed Jimmy Riley of Ruthven.

Notice: Mail for the writer should be sent to either the Sports Department, Sioux City *Tribune*, or 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa.

Sioux City, Ia.—Uptown Arena: Verne Patterson, clever Chicago Negro welterweight, scored over Les Morris of Milwaukee in eight rounds; Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight, drew with Buddy McCrea of St. Louis in six; Young Jack Cantz of Des Moines drew with Lloyd Rawson of Sioux City in six; Claude Hender, Omaha middleweight, won by a T.K.O. over Tiger Jack Fox of Wahoo, Nebr., in four rounds; Leroy Palmer, Des Moines featherweight, won over Eddie Reynolds of Le Mars, Ia., in four.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS — Earl Puryear, Omaha boxing promoter, is looking for talent . . . . Puryear is promoting for the Omaha Eagles Club and can be reached c/o Baseball Headquarters, Omaha, Nebr. . . . . By the way, the old town of Omaha, which has produced some of the toughest fighters is again showing signs of life . . . . Several good looking prospects are booking out of there . . . . Ken Ferguson, who can be reached at Box 448, Hollywood by the Sea, Florida, is seeking talent . . . . R. R. Brooks, c/o Monon, Y. M. C. A., Lafayette, Ind., veteran boxing manager, has several good boys under his wing and would like to hear from talent coming his way . . . . Buddy Short, Sioux City light-heavy, is booking out of Chicago . . . . Mel Rice, Sioux City welter, scored a kayo over Wild Bill Hendricks at Perry, Ia. . . . . Eddie Kruse, veteran Iowa fighter, is one of the leading seconds for fighters coming to Sioux City . . . . Ross Abramo is the manager of Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight . . . . Mike Gibbons, former middleweight contender, spent several days in Sioux City.

Everette Rightmire spent a short vacation at the Detroit Lakes . . . . Johnny Solomon is promoting for the American Legion at Sioux Falls, So. Dak. . . . . Johnny has staged several dandy cards recently . . . . Frankie Wolfram, former featherweight contender, drops us a line from Detroit . . . . Frankie is now retired and doing well . . . . Matt Smith, former lightweight champion, is a frequent visitor to Sioux City . . . . Roy Gillman is back in the game at Fort Dodge, Ia. . . . . Pinkie George has things going good at Des Moines . . . . Al Pahl, Sioux City lightweight, is on the rest list . . . . E. Quillin Hoberg, A. A. U. commissioner for northwest Iowa, informs amateur boxers that they will be suspended for appearing on unsanctioned cards . . . . Everett Rightmire narrowly escaped serious injury in an auto crash . . . . Dick Neibur, Newton, Ia., welterweight, fought a draw with Willie Anderson of Waterloo at Des Moines . . . . Council Bluffs is back on the fistic map.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

JIMMY CLARK went down to defeat at the hands of Irving Pease of Toronto in the windup of six rounds in the leadline bout of the Q. A. C. boxing card at Broadway Auditorium. Clark and Pease, red-hot rivals during their amateur days, have seesawed on decisions, with Pease winning the greater number.

Something must be radically wrong with Clark, who was beating all comers last season. Jimmy is not fighting as well as he did by a long shot.

Darky Daniels of Toronto, Pease's manager, has maintained right along that his boy could beat Clark as a pro if given a chance. Pease did a good job although the decision was close.

They trotted in some gink named Mickey Shaw, who was no match for George (Bird) Burke, St. Catherines heavyweight. Burke knocked out the invader in a punch.

Billy Mitchie, Burke's mentor, is highly elated over the prospects of the young Canadian. But Burke will have to fight tougher game in order to give the fans a line on his real ability. In the gym the big fellow looks good.

Results of bouts on the Clark-Pease card follow: George Burke, 186, St. Catherines, Ont., knocked out Mickey Shaw, 184, Milford, Del., 40 seconds of first round.

Don Eddy, 131½, Niagara Falls, outpointed Jeff Furrone, 130½, Syracuse (6); decision fair.

Schoolboy Andrews, 170, Buffalo, knocked out Freddie Zelinsky, 186, Syracuse, 48 seconds of first round.

Mel Glionna, 127, Toronto, outpointed Jimmy Gilligan, 125, Buffalo (6); decision fair.

Officials, all Buffalo men, were: Luke Carr, referee; Dan Russo, John Krysinski, judges; George Needham, timer; Manny Weitz, announcer.

Playfair Brown and Jack Corcoran are running good shows and drawing nice crowds at Toronto. The writer attended Corcoran's recent show at Maple Leaf Gardens in the Ontario metropolis and was much impressed with the slashing bout staged by Henry Hook, Indianapolis, and Baby Yack, Toronto, crack bantams. Hook won after a furious set-to. Tommy Farr, British Empire heavyweight champion, was the referee.

Lou Presto gained a lot of friends and lost no prestige by giving Ralph De John a whale of a fight in the opening show of the current indoor season. De John won the decision. A good turnout of fans made Promoter Murray cheerful for the evening.

Promoter Fred Johnson of the Orioles will get his amateur shows under way in October. Fred has one splendid match brewing that should jam them in. The bout we have in mind is the widely discussed bantam fuss between Jack Donovan, local champion, and Hiram Jackson, Lackawanna speedball. Jackson, a Negro, is expected to give Donovan plenty of trouble.

Boxing is due for a real comeback in Buffalo. The fans are clamoring for new faces, and boxers who can fight can make plenty of money around here. Boxers of all weights who are without managerial tie-ups or contracts should write Hugh Shannon, Crescent A. A., 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

FISTIC GRAB-BAG—There are two gymnasiums operating here at present and two more are likely to enter the field . . . . This means that the boys must think boxing is going to be pretty healthy . . . . Jack Singer's place is in the downtown area and Sam Mineo's compact emporium is at Jefferson and East Eagle Streets . . . . Bert Finch, former manager for Lou Scozza and a veteran in the fight game, threatens to come out with a brand new gymnasium . . . . Tommy Paul, ex-fighter, also plans to become a gym proprietor . . . . Jack Herman will have the wrestling field all to himself . . . . His Buffalo Sporting Club plans a show every Friday night . . . . Charlie Murray wants no more wrestling . . . . At least not for the present . . . . A new club, to be known as the Crescent A. A., will soon enter the ranks of pro fight promotions here . . . . Erie, Rochester and Jamestown will have pro boxing this fall and winter, and Jack O'Brien, hustling promoter of St. Marys, Pa., will run his shows at the Auditorium in that city . . . . Eddie Dolan, Waterbury southpaw, is a tough nut to crack . . . . his peculiar ring style baffles orthodox ringmen.

Knockout Brennan is getting wrestling assignments but still waits for his initial boxing show . . . . George (Pop) Needham, capable judge, is handling the timing for his friend, Frank E. (Ike) Klipfel, who is ill . . . . Red Murray was in Toronto last week renewing acquaintances with Duke McGarry, Sam Leonard and Promoters Playfair Brown and Jack Corcoran . . . . Joe Netro is getting plenty of work for his men at Buffalo . . . . Jimmy Dunn, the Cleveland manager, writes me from San Francisco that things are breaking nicely for him on the Coast . . . . Dunn, Eddie Mead and Suey Welch, all Ohio men, had to take Horace Greeley's advice and go West to get the dough . . . . The trio have gone over big in California . . . . The Elks and the Eagles here will also be active in the promotion of amateur boxing this fall and winter.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By MARTIN STEINBERG

TONY GALENTO of Orange seems to be on his way to a shot at Joe Louis or Tommy Farr. Two Ton Tony followed his victory over Al Ettore with a smashing six-round knockout over Lorenzo Pack at the Convention Hall in Philadelphia before a house that paid over $11,000. Galento is now rated eighth leading heavyweight in the world by THE RING and if his last two performances are to be taken as a criterion, he will soon be in the upper brackets and will be clamoring for a title shot.

Another New Jersey boxer who is going great guns in Philadelphia is Mike Piskin, the Freehold farmer boy. Piskin, who is managed by Angelo Pucci, defeated Johnny Jadick, former junior welterweight champion, for the second time at the Cambria A. A. He also copped a decision over Pete Galiano. Pucci is making arrangements for Piskin to meet Bucky Taylor and Eddie Cool at the same club.

For the first time in over ten years, the Laurel Gardens in Newark missed a scheduled boxing show. In the opening card of the season, Tippy Larkin of Garfield was rematched with Maxie Fisher of Newark. The boys had previously met, with Larkin outpointing the more experienced Fisher. Matchmaker Babe Culnan signed the fighters for the first card of the season, but on the day of the fight, Fisher was forced to bed with a severe attack of the grippe and Laurel Gardens remained dark. Culnan could have secured a substitute for Fisher, but he decided against that, fearing it might put a damper on the interest in the fight.

Babe Culnan of Newark is convinced today that it pays to have friends. When Ted Broadribb first came to Newark years ago, he became very friendly with Culnan and their friendship has continued for many years. Broadribb, when he came over to this country at the beginning of the summer with Tommy Farr to train for the Louis fight, appointed Culnan head of the Long Branch training camp. Farr went ahead to put up his great fight against Louis and about two weeks after the fight, Broadribb decided to break relations with Farr. Broadribb appointed his pal, Culnan, as his representative in Farr's affairs, which makes Culnan virtually Farr's manager, thereby elevating the popular Newarker into the boxing limelight.

Broadribb remained in Newark for more than a month after the Farr-Louis affair. He and his wife lived at the Hotel Douglas. The ever-smiling Briton made himself a multitude of friends in this state.

George Daly and Bob Scally, who came over from England with Tommy Farr, were the feature attractions on the Laurel Gardens opening show of the season. Daly, a classy lightweight, kayoed Al Dunbar of New York in two rounds. His compatriot, Scally, a cruiserweight, or light-heavyweight, did not fare as well. Scally fought Al Zappolo of Jersey City, and although he showed himself to be Zappolo's master in the first round, the bout was called at the end of the round because of a cut over Scally's eye and Zappolo was declared the winner.

Joe Wagner, transplanted Clevelander, who has made Newark his home, was on the same card and continued his undefeated record by knocking out Bob Howell of Texas in the first round. Wagner is undoubtedly a fine prospect, but of late fight fans have been complaining because they thought he was fighting set-ups.

Mike Piskin closed the Long Branch outdoor season by defeating Felix Garcia of Puerto Rico . . . . Red Cochrane of Elizabeth kayoed Bucky Keyes in the second round at the Adelphia A. A. in Elizabeth . . . . On the same card, the sensational Larry Scalone of Newark, protege of Larry Corbett, knocked out Jimmy Walsh. It was Scalone's eighth knockout victory in nine fights and the lad seems to be on his way to an illustrious career in the squared circle . . . . Ray Miller scored the biggest upset of the outdoor season in Elizabeth by defeating the highly touted Buddy Ryan of Roselle Park . . . . Ryan came back the next week and defeated Johnny Briggs of Asbury Park and is hot after a return match with Miller . . . . Vince Dundee, former world's middleweight champ, is up and around following the operation on his eye.

Indoor boxing in Plainfield will be promoted for the fourth straight year by James Reilly. Reilly's first show at the Queen City Boxing Club featured Buster Hardy, one of the outstanding welters in the state, against Bob McNeil. Hardy kayoed McNeil in the first . . . . Nunzio Bisogno, one of the finest lightweights in the state, faced Mickey Duca of Paulsboro at Long Branch and inflicted a deep cut over Duca's eye in the first round, thereby winning a technical knockout victory . . . . On the same card, Tippy Larkin added another kayo win to his long list by sending Johnny Mason of New York to the canvas for the count.

New Jersey was once more the center of training camp activities when almost all the contestants in Mike Jacobs' Carnival of Champions went through their building-up chores in the Garden State. Fred Apostoli, Lou Ambers and Sixto Escobar were stationed at Madame Bey's in Summit, while Marcel Thil, Ceferino Garcia and Pedro Montanez were at Pompton Lakes. Oddly enough, all three boxers who trained at Pompton Lakes were defeated.

The sensational Billy Beauhold of Jersey City added another notch to his long list of victories by defeating the veteran Frankie Klick in New York. Klick gave Beauhold one of the hardest fights of his career, but the fast stepping Jersey City lad, who is rapidly approaching a chance at the lightweight crown, was not to be denied and Klick found his scalp among several other outstanding lightweights. It is very difficult to determine how many victories Beauhold has scored since his professional debut. Some sources say it is forty-five while others say he has won seventy fights. The only definite fact about him is that he is undefeated and that he is the fourth best lightweight in the world today.

Johnny Rohrig of Clifton fought Lou Camps in New York and dropped a close decision . . . . Although two of the best light-heavyweights in the country, Gus Lesnevich and Melio Bettino, hail from New Jersey, they are seldom seen in the Garden State. Lesnevich has gained most of his glory on the Coast and Bettino confines most of his activities to New York and the New England States . . . . Jimmy Braddock, ex-world's champ, probably will not fight Maxie Baer, but the former dock hand who climbed to boxing's highest honors, expects to swing into action very shortly.

Wrestling fans in Newark can expect the very best in shows for a war is being waged between two rival syndicates. Jack Pfeffer is running his troupe at the Laurel Gardens under the promotion of Jack Friedlander. The Hanley brothers, who had exhibited their shows at Laurel Gardens for many years, only to be superseded by Pfeffer and his troupe, have engaged the Newark Armory and are putting on fine shows in opposition to Pfeffer. The Freres Hanley use Rudy Dusek and his crew of grapplers.

After Vince Dundee of Belleville had fought and lost a decision to Pittsburgh's fast rising Billy Conn, Dundee stated that Conn would be the sensation of the middleweight class. His prediction is proven every time that Conn fights, for the Smoky City lad wins with monotonous regularity . . . . Tommy Ross, one of the finest trainers in the state, has a real prospect under his wing, Clarence Elwood. Elwood weighs 122 pounds and in eight professional fights has yet to be defeated . . . . There is a need for good lightweights in the state. If you desire good connections, address the writer at 190 Chadwick Avenue, Newark . . . . Jerry Rothberg, Newark sportsman, is considering a spot to promote fights in North Jersey . . . . Moe Fisher and Bennie Grad have several clever lightweights under wraps and promise to spring them later in the indoor season.

Freddie Fiducia followed his win over Izzy Singer of Paterson with a clever eight-round decision over the veteran, Abe Feldman of New York, at the Laurel Gardens. Fiducia had an edge on Feldman in speed and managed to stave off a late rally to receive Referee Whitie Healey's nod . . . . Larry Scalone scored his second knockout victory over Jimmy Walsh on the same card . . . . Pete Van would like to make connections for Willie Skidmore, a speedy bantamweight, and Buster Hardy, a welter . . . . Ted Williams is managing Tiger Leo Brown and claims his boy will meet all comers.

In answer to mail: To Jerry Mays, Ontario, Canada: Tommy Farr recently returned from an exhibition tour with Babe Culnan. They touched nine cities on the trip and expect to leave on another tour very shortly . . . . To Alfred Gluckstein, Los Angeles, California: Don Petrin has retired from the ring. I have relayed your regards to him. You can reach Don at 14 Heddan Place in Newark . . . . Mike DeMayo, New York: The Newark Armory is used for outstanding boxing shows and is usually the site of a Christmas Benefit Card . . . . The writer welcomes mail and can be reached at the following address, Martin Steinberg, 190 Chadwick Avenue, Newark, N. J. . . . . I. Q. Gross, well known publicist and radio commentator from Newark who formerly wrote this column, is at present in Buffalo on a business jaunt and is expected back in Newark very shortly . . . . Gross wishes to connect with good light-heavyweights and heavyweights who wish to fight in Northern Jersey. You can contact him at 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark . . . . To Fred Soloway, Ann Arbor, Michigan: Thank you for your kind letter. Yes, Paul Cortlyn is still fighting. Cortlyn has scored several fine victories in Atlantic City . . . . To Eddie Wilson, New Orleans, La.: You win your bet. Johnny Jadick was junior welterweight champion of the world.

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

THANKS to the energy of the Goodwin A. C. of this city, now endeavoring to click on a semi-monthly basis, the fistic fans have been treated to two very good "pro" tourneys within recent weeks. The Goodwin A. C. has hired the Boston Garden arena for its major indoor activities. A card of four 10-round bouts attracted more than 8,000 fans and a real "gate." The outstanding fray saw Frankie Britt, Fall River middleweight, lose a close decision to Dem Wakerlis, Greece, recently imported by Johnny Buckley. It was a good fight all the way. In another "10," George Martin, Boston, and Freddy Camuso, Fall River, each weighing 143½, and intensive rivals in last season's amateurs, put up a great battle. The decision went to Martin, who slowed Camuso down to a walk with a body attack.

Young Peter Jackson of Frisco, known to New Yorkers, also elsewhere, weighing 137½, took on Ralph Zanelli, Providence, R. I., welter, in another "10." Zanelli was picked to win, and did so, but a draw would have been much fairer. Zanelli, who has been doing a lot of fighting, and that successfully, came into the ring tired and fought that way. He was very wild at times and was outboxed by Jackson when the latter, a veteran, let himself out. Zanelli, however, sent Jackson into the resin for a count of nine in the third heat with a wild left swing to the jaw. Terry "Tiger" Warrington, Nova Scotia light-heavy, encountered Steve Dudas, 188, of New York, in the 10-round windup. Dudas was willing to hold and loaf, and Warrington let him. Warrington warmed up in the last two chapters and had Dudas very weary at the bell. The decision went to Warrington.

The Goodwin A. C. staged another show at Boston Garden, the affair drawing about 6,000 customers. The feature brought together Max Marek of Chicago, 186¼, vs. Dick Maloney, 172, South Boston, in a "10." Maloney, younger brother of Jim Maloney, prominent Boston heavy of years back, was fighting his first main bout. Though Marek had weight and experience on the youngster, the latter, a very good, two-handed performer, was expected by many to come through. As Marek has begun to slip, Dick certainly did make a great start against him. The boy was out ahead in the second, third and fourth stanzas, he getting inside Marek's leads and punching sharply to body and head with both hands. In the second minute of the fourth, however, their heads clicked and a bad cut was opened over Maloney's right eye. He finished the round but on coming to his corner, Dan Carroll, his manager, surrendered the scrap. The award went to Marek. Whether, barring the accident, Maloney would have won or not, nobody knows. It was the opinion of ringsiders that he needs more seasoning before again tackling experienced game.

The best fight on the card was contributed by Mike Kaplan, Roxbury, and Pat Foley, Worcester, lightweights. Long rivals, they went to it from the first bell and at no time was there a letup. At the end of six frames it was declared a draw—a decision fair to both. In another sensational six, Roy Kelley, Brookline, and Walter Cunningham, Dorchester, former amateur foes, clashed. In the fifth, when Cunningham was traveling in high, Kelley, the better boxer, shot a fine right to his jaw. The blow stopped the Dorchester chap in his tracks. The bell, a few seconds later, was a joyful sound to him. In the sixth, when Kelley was about to kayo his foe, the bout was stopped. The award went to Kelley, his first outstanding win since he quit the "pures" a few months ago.

A plan is afoot to put Kelley in there with Lou Brouillard, ex-world's welter and middle champion, but it shapes as too much of a Roman holiday idea to go over. Though Brouillard is on his way to the sidelines, he is still too rugged and knows too much for the Brookline "hope." Kelley may shine in fast company later on as he has the makings.

In other bouts on the Goodwin A. C. card, Nick Fusaro, 162½, Fall River, whipped Dante Yanetti, 155½, Chelsea, in eight rounds, winning by a big margin, while Max Zona, Chicago heavy and Marek's stablemate, defeated Yancey Henry, Lynn, in eight rather uninteresting stanzas.

Johnny Rogers, manager of Small Montana and other boxers, now making Boston his temporary headquarters, is reported as rounding up a team of American performers to show in the British Isles during the 1937-38 season. It is possible he may hook-up Al McCoy, N. E. heavy champion, and Tony Shucco, also of Boston and the chap from whom Al won the crown, for the trip should they care to make the crossing. We are of the view that either McCoy or Shucco are fitted to make the going interesting for Louis or Farr, or any opponent whom they might encounter abroad.

For the time being McCoy is tied up to go through at Montreal with Andre Lenglet, the French heavy—a bout postponed from early in September, when the Bostonian injured his foot and was unable to appear in a scheduled match. The Montreal Commission has served notice that McCoy stands suspended until he fulfills the Lenglet engagement. It seems likely that they will clash the latter part of October. Lenglet, because of his reach and height, is likely to give McCoy an interesting session.

The amateur boxing season, now going strong, was ushered in early in September by the annual novice tourney staged in South Boston under the auspices of the Boston park department, playgrounds division. It was a free affair, and attracted close to 45,000 spectators. Twenty-four bouts went into the ring and eight champions were crowned, as follows:—85 pounds, Donald Loudin, Roxbury; 95, George McNeil, Roxbury; 105, Andrew Raferty, Neponset; 115, Donald Iverson, Roxbury; 125, Howard Dunderdale, Allston; 135, Fred Johnson, Roxbury; 145, Mike DeNapoli, Roslindale; 155, Phil Campbell, Roxbury.

The Irish-American A. A. of South Boston, the big New England amateur organization, got going for the 1937-38 season on Sept. 19 at Boston Arena, and is staging shows every Monday night. The tourneys to date have been very good, and the same for attendance. Two or three classes for novices on each card are giving the beginners a chance to break into the sport. The club will launch the first of its annual New England eliminations in November, and the All-Eastern finals at Boston Garden Dec. 6. Thus early some very good performers, among the number several new boys, have come to the front.

Tommy Farr, British heavyweight champion, figured as a referee of a wrestling "battle royal" at Boston Arena, the event attracting about 4,000 spectators. During the fray, Farr punched Ted Germaine, one of the warring matmen, a bit harder to the mouth than he had intended, the blow cutting a gash and drawing color. The wrestler, though staggered for the moment, immediately flew into Farr and downed him, also was for finishing him off with a strangle hold with both hands on the champion's throat. Germaine was pulled off by the other wrestlers before he could do any serious damage. The incident was not a bit of play-acting but the real thing. It served as an impromptu answer to the fighter vs. wrestler argument, a subject frequently discussed. Following the "royal," Farr squared himself with Germaine. They shook hands and let it go at that.

Farr, being tied up by Promoter Mike Jacobs, and therefore unable to say very much, was rather an uninteresting subject for interviewing. His few remarks are not likely to cause any international complications. He impressed the writer—one of the very few who thought he would last the distance with Joe Louis, as a good guy but rather dumb. While Farr was in the ring prior to the entrance of the mat gladiators, he was challenged by Tony Shucco, the Boston heavy, to meet him in the Boston Garden ring, 10 or 15 rounds, winner-take-all, the mill to be promoted by the Goodwin A. C. Such a match would draw $50,000 or more in Boston. Farr refused to commit himself—nor is he at all likely to at any time.

The silence of the Lou Brouillard forces during the visit to this country of Marcel Thil, as compared with the roaring they did on the occasions when the Worcester boy lost on alleged fouls to the French middleweight ace, has caused much comment. It was generally supposed that they would make the most of Thil's visitation in the matter of throwing cash-backed challenges for a settlement of affairs in a Boston ring. However, insofar as the public is aware, they never let out a peep. Perhaps they figured that any such action would be just lost energy which, in all probability, would have been the case.

Charley Miller, the Maine guide and conditioner, who is pretty well known, plans to make Manchester, N. H., his headquarters during the winter where he will promote boxing. Al Delmont of Boston, former N. E. bantam and feather champion, is acting as matchmaker for Miller.

The idea of a new boxing class—185 pounds, suggested by the N.B.A., has been put up to the Bay State Commission, also other similar bodies throughout the country. Commenting on the subject, we can see no particular demand for such a class. With very few and infrequent exceptions, the ringster of 180 pounds who has stamina, ability and courage has very little to fear from the heavies, even the 200 pounders and over, whom he is likely to meet. It is fact and not fiction that more than one of the heavyweight champions of the past—a number of them very good ones, weighed 180 pounds or less. Though Louis and Farr, at fighting edge, weigh around 200 pounds, either Fitz or Stan Ketchel, back in their prime and at 175 pounds or less, would stop them, while Joe Walcott, at 150 pounds, would not be such a bad short-ender. And, the same for the John Henry Lewis of the present in a catchweights encounter. Admitting exceptions, it is the man himself who counts, rather than size or weight, to which all must agree who saw Dempsey chew up Willard at Toledo, back in 1919. If there are chaps in the ring today weighing 180-185 pounds who cannot fight heavies, that's just too bad for both them and the eyes of the cash customers. But, as for coddling such along with a new 185-pound division, we fail to see the value of the proposition.

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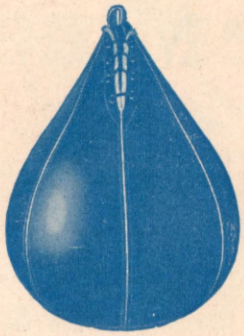

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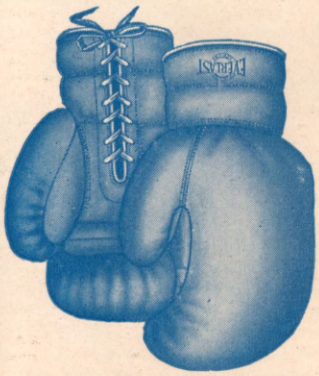

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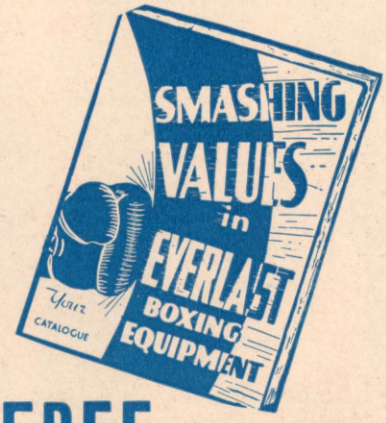

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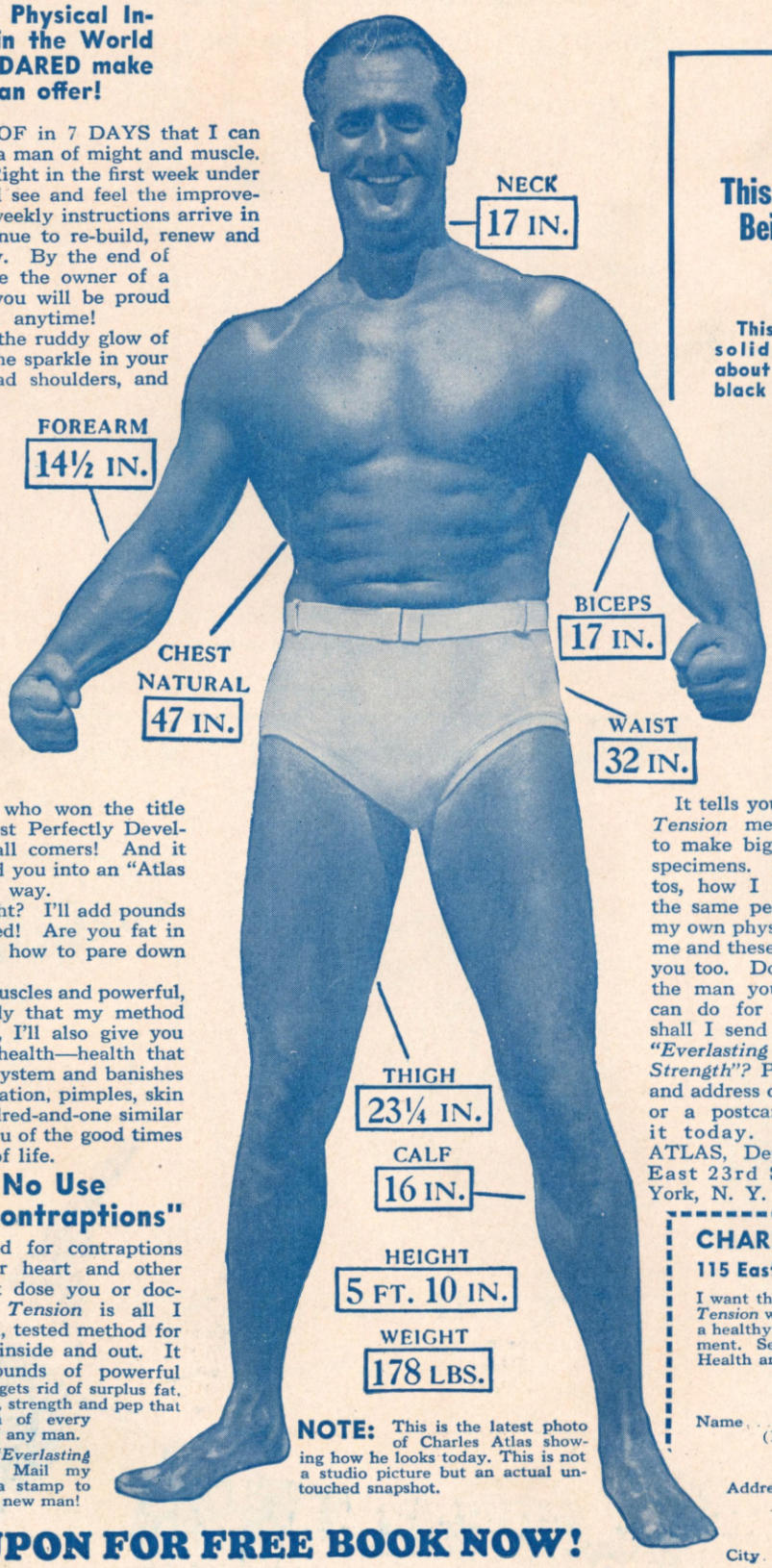

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